This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

## Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

## About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

Hi
9443
[illegible]

HV
9443
.G25

# SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE

VOL. II.

OLD METHOD OF EMPLOYING CONVICTS.

# SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE

OR

# GAOL STUDIES AND SKETCHES

BY

## ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

MAJOR LATE 63RD REGIMENT, ONE OF H. M. INSPECTORS OF PRISONS,
"JOHN HOWARD" GOLD MEDALLIST

AUTHOR OF
"CHRONICLES OF NEWGATE," "MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK,"
ETC., ETC.

Illustrations by George D. Rowlandson.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

*VOL. II.*

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LD.
1894

[*All rights reserved*]

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.

# CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

## PART IV.

### TYPES OF PRISONERS.

CHAP. PAGE
I. FEMALE PRISONERS GENERALLY ... ... ... 1
II. THREE FEMALE CHARACTERS ... ... ... 30
III. GENTLEMEN IN GAOL ... ... ... ... 75
IV. SOME GENTLEMEN GAOL-BIRDS ... ... ... 105
V. COMMONPLACE CRIMINALS ... ... ... 135
VI. SOME FOREIGNERS ... ... ... ... 155
VII. COMPLAINANTS, MALINGERERS, OLD HANDS ... ... 190
VIII. A CHAPTER ON CAIN ... ... ... ... 216
IX. THREE TYPES OF MURDERERS ... ... ... 238

## PART V.

### ESCAPES.

I. GENERAL ACCOUNT OF ESCAPES ... ... ... 282
II. TWO REMARKABLE PRISON-BREAKERS ... ... 318

361913

# PART VI.

## JUVENILE CRIME.

CHAP. PAGE

I. JUVENILE CRIME ... ... ... ... 347

II. A REFORMATORY OUTBREAK ... ... ... 379

III. FOREIGN SYSTEMS ... ... ... ... 394

# PART VII.

## GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

I. BRITISH PRISONS OF TO-DAY ... ... ... 440

II. DITTO DITTO ... ... ... 466

III. LATEST EXPERIMENTS ... ... ... ... 479

INDEX ... ... ... ... ... 506

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

## VOL II.

PAGE

OLD METHOD OF EMPLOYING CONVICTS (*Frontispiece*).

A FRENCH FEMALE PRISONER ... ... ... ... 5

A FEMALE POISONER ... ... ... ... 13

A GENTLEMAN GAOL-BIRD ... ... ... ... 78

"THERE WAS THE CAB" ... ... ... ... 101

A CUTE YANKEE CROOK ... ... ... ... 109

A YANKEE CONFIDENCE TRICK MAN ... ... ... 117

IN PENTONVILLE ... ... ... ... ... 121

"COILED HIMSELF UP" ... ... ... ... 161

"THOUGHT IT WAS AN INFERNAL MACHINE" ... ... 180

"IT WAS 'RED RUFUS' WHO HAD DONE IT" ... ... 186

CAUGHT IN THE VERY ACT ... ... ... ... 209

"YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN ESCAPED LUNATIC?" ... 214

EXECUTION PLACE AT LINCOLN ... ... ... 219

PEL, A FRENCH MURDERER ... ... ... ... 228

DEEMING ... ... ... ... ... ... 239

BRANDISHING A CELL STOOL ... ... ... ... 253

WENT OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF ... ... ... 263

OVERHEARD A COUPLE QUARRELLING LOUDLY ... ... 269

HE FELL INTO A CART ... ... ... ... 305

PAGE
OFFERED TO SELL HIM FOR A SONG ... ... ... 337
"WHO'S IN HERE?" ... ... ... ... 391
OLD COTTAGE NEAR DARTMOOR PRISON ... ... ... 475
"CIVIL GUARD" SENTINEL ON THE WORKS ... ... 480
A CONVICT SIGNALMAN ... ... ... ... 486
THE SIGNAL STATION AT BORSTAL PRISON ... ... 487

# SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

## PART IV.—TYPES OF PRISONERS.

## CHAPTER I.

### FEMALE PRISONERS GENERALLY.

Women in gaol more difficult to manage than men—Peculiar female traits: caprice, obstinacy, intolerance of authority, jealousy, ultra-sensitiveness, craving for revenge—But the female sex is everywhere less criminal than the male, although their re-convictions are more frequent—Women often the cause of crime—Three classes of female prisoners: the impulsive or accidental, the professional, and the hopelessly habitual criminal—Examples of each: Dixblanc, Constance Kent, Madame Rachel—Female poisoners: Edmunds—Infanticides—Forgers—Same offence—Tottie Fay—Conduct of female prisoners—Contagious insubordination—"Breakings out"—Combined misconduct in a Northern prison—Yet females very susceptible to gentler influences—Their better feelings shown—Religious sentiment—Women very impressionable—Pleasing traits—Maternal instinct—A fictitious mother.

A WISE philosopher once said that no man ever thoroughly understood a woman. The dictum, if true of the highest and noblest, is equally so of the worst and most degraded of their sex. It especially applies

6

to female prisoners, who, although controlled in the first instance by female officers, come under male rule in matters of appeal and higher discipline. I have always found female prisoners more difficult to manage than male. This is the direct consequence of that highly nervous, often delicate organization, so intricate and fine strung, so subject to fits of hysterical exaltation or morbid depression, alternating with abject surrender, which is part of woman's heritage on earth. Traits peculiar to, or most strongly marked in, the gentler sex, enter largely into the problem and greatly complicate it. Caprice that amounts in its worst phase to wrong-headedness; obstinacy at times most mulish and indefinitely protracted; intolerance of control and contempt of authority unexpectedly exhibited, and following some deep unreasoning dislike of the individual entrusted with discipline; jealousy of the fiercest kind, which includes "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," and rises into a consuming passion, all for the silliest reasons, the most trivial things; a jealousy which is not sufficiently appeased by spiteful backbiting, but breaks out into open truculence; ultra-sensitiveness, fancying wrong and injustice, slight or insult, where none was intended, to be followed by long brooding and a growing thirst for revenge, the blackest and most dangerous of all qualities, which when fully indulged in may turn the prison into a shambles, the scene of some sanguinary crime—such traits may be latent and embryotic, their existence quite unsuspected, in many more happily placed, in women who have escaped the storms and worst temptations of life; but in the criminal, in the woman who has been at warfare with society and the laws it imposes, and who has degenerated into the gaol-bird, they are strongly marked, and greatly increase the difficulties of those who have to deal with her.

Women according to most recent modern statistics are everywhere less criminal than men; the proportion, that is to say, of female offenders, as compared to female population, is at a very much lower ratio than that of males. This proportion varies moreover in different countries. Mr. Havelock Ellis tells us that in France male criminals are four times as numerous as females. M. Adolphe Guillot, basing his statement on French ministerial figures, says it is six times. In the United States, criminal men to women are said to be as twelve to one; but according to the last Census Bulletin, the convicts in penitentiaries—the most serious offenders, that is to say—are as twenty-four males to one female. In Italy and Spain the proportion is still more against the males. With us, although female crime has followed the very general decrease so marked in recent years,[1] the proportion is as fifteen males to one female in the convict population, and as five to one in the local prisons. With us too there are more re-convictions,[1] relatively, among women, a sad fact easily explained by the well-known experience that recovery is rarer in the female who has once dropped into the downward path. They go rather from bad to worse, and degenerate inevitably into hopeless habitual criminals. So it is that in the great female convict prison at Woking, by far the largest number in custody are grey-haired, old, almost venerable-looking women. An examination of the ages of the inmates, made a year or two ago by the medical governor, gave as a result the average age at forty-three. Taken in connection with the great diminution in numbers, it is evident from this great preponderance of elderly over more youthful female prisoners, that the sources of supply are running dry. This conclusion may be extended to the lesser criminals, for whose misdeeds terms shorter than penal servitude suffice.

---

[1] "Twenty years ago there were altogether 1046 females under sentence of penal servitude in Great Britain; now there are considerably under 400. Woking female prison was built for upwards of 700, and used to be always full. I found there about 250 inmates, the representatives, or I might say survivals, of these 700."—Sir E. Du Cane (1891).

Although women can thus be proved to lapse less

---

[1] The proportion per cent. of re-committals is given as follows in the last two years, compared with those of 1876-7 (Judicial Statistics).

| PREVIOUS COMMITMENTS. | 1891-2. | | 1890-1. | | 1876-7. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | MALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL MALES. | FEMALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL FEMALES. | MALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL MALES. | FEMALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL FEMALES. | MALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL MALES. | FEMALES. PROPORTION TO TOTAL FEMALES. |
| Once ... ... | 34·4 | 18·0 | 33·0 | 18·5 | 40·5 | 24·9 |
| Four times ... | 6·8 | 6·1 | 7·2 | 6·3 | 7·2 | 7·7 |
| Eight and nine times ... | 6·8 | 8·3 | 6·6 | 8·0 | 4·8 | 8·1 |
| Above ten times ... | 14·0 | 36·7 | 14·6 | 34·7 | 8·3 | 22·1 |

frequently into crime than men, it must not be overlooked that though not always criminal themselves, they are often the cause of criminality in others of the opposite sex. Crime is often committed to gain their favour, if not at their direct instigation. They may not always exactly know how the money is gained that is to be spent in gratifying their caprices,

A French Female Prisoner.

although they may shrewdly guess its origin, and in their inner conscience know that men have been driven into crime by them. Crime in fact is largely committed for them if not by them. Sometimes indeed they have taken the lead, and are the prompters and originators of the crime. This is as old as the Garden of Eden, as true as when the great poet created Lady Macbeth. It was "the woman who tempted" the man when the two Mannings planned to kill the gauger O'Connor, over whose still reeking remains they eat their hot roast goose; it was the woman Catherine Hayes who hired the murderers, and who herself cut off her husband's head; the woman Miss Blandy who instigated the death of her father. There have been as many or more such cases in France. Rosalie Lecat induced her lover to murder her husband; the moving spirit of the horrible tragedy at Sologne, when a poor old woman was put on the fire and burnt alive, was the woman's daughter, who inspired and assisted her husband and brothers to do the deed. A Spanish woman, who had lost her place as servant to the *curé*, persuaded a gang of men to break into the house and rob him of a considerable sum of money.

Females in durance belong to three broadly defined categories or classes. There are, first, the impulsive criminals, whose misdeed is more or less unpremeditated, born of some sudden overmastering access of fury—a momentary madness, not sufficient to satisfy the courts of their irresponsibility, but only to be explained as the temporary withdrawal of all barriers in a nature too easily inflamed. This is a small class, comprising mainly those who have taken life, for reasons not always obvious; they are usually repentant, and expiate their one frightful sin in lifelong remorse, although their contrition and the anguish that consumes them are not always to be traced in their outward demeanour. The second and largest class of criminal women include all who have taken to crime deliberately for their own base purposes; all who have drifted into it imperceptibly, the result of inheritance, of early associations, of evil teaching and example; all who once embarked in crime are seldom weaned from it, especially if it has been undertaken and continued at the instance of or through devotion to some criminal man, the parent, child, husband, more often the lover, to whom they are quite as faithful as though bound by the marriage tie. The strength of attachment shown by such women, their loyalty and constancy, their patient endurance of suffering and ill treatment, are bright, almost redeeming qualities in their degraded character. When once they have fallen under the evil influence of the male, they will go before him in audacity and cunning; but while the partnership or tyranny endures, there is but little hope of their amendment. More often they drift into the third class, the lees and residuum of the other two, that of the habitual and irreclaimable offenders. These are the hardened and hopeless, the utterly debased and besotted, who are perpetually passing in and out of gaol. They are not the worst, regarded in the light of the atrocity of their crimes, which have become serious only by constant repetition, and which do more injury to the law-breaker than the law. Their vicious ways are all but ineradicable, the inevitable consequences of their abject condition and manner of life; they sell themselves to live, drink to drown memory; rob, if opportunity offers, to gain the means for further debauchery and oblivion. These are probably happier, and they are certainly safer both morally and physically, in gaol than out of it. Outside existence is precarious, sodden discomfort or positive danger; at large, they are the prey, alternate plaything or victim, of human fiends who shamefully misuse them. Inside they find security, a warm and comparatively comfortable shelter, peaceful, steadying, not uncongenial employment, sufficient clothing, a dry clean bed, and if ailing, as is the rule with many, there is the clean cosy hospital with every necessary and attentive medical advice. No wonder that the prospect of a short visit to prison is hailed with satisfaction by many an unfortunate in her rags or tawdry finery, that she looks forward to the gaol "bed and wash-up" much as the tired Londoner hankers after his "Saturday to Monday" at the seaside. The pity of it is that the ebb and flow should be so unremitting, that these wretched candidates for imprisonment cannot be more frequently rescued from their abasement. All honour to the charitable and compassionate who have organized and strenously support homes and refuges for their fallen sisters. Such institutions as Mrs. Meredith's Home, and that of the West Riding at Wakefield, have done much in this direction. Women who are on the border-land, on the verge of passing from occasional to habitual crime, have been often saved and restored to a decent life by these means. It is undoubtedly the beneficent action of these private charities, working side by side with the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, that has largely contributed to the diminution of female crime. Recruiting for the great criminal army is checked; many who have been drawn into it are assisted to desert.

Let us pass on to consider some few individuals of these several classes more in detail. Of the first or impulsive animal, a remarkable character was Marguerite Dixblanc, the French cook who murdered her mistress, Madame Riel, in Park Lane. The uncontrollable temper that culminated in the bloody deed showed itself at times in prison; she was liable to furious outbursts of rage when vexed or thwarted, but the habitual demeanour of this tall, robust creature was orderly; she was quietly morose rather than actively savage. She seldom spoke; ignorance of English was her excuse, although she understood it, and her only reply to my daily inquiry whether she was "all right," was a gloomy shake of her head and a droop of the eyelids over the dark, lack-lustre eyes, which could on occasion blaze with the light of a tiger's. Women often display masculine strength and violence; but a still worse feature is their cold-blooded cruel insensibility when their jealousy or other evil passions are aroused. Thus, an old Spanish gipsy woman, who killed her lover from jealousy, so far from showing remorse, swore that if he rose from the grave a hundred times, she would kill him every time. Another Spanish woman, mad with rage that her sister had married first, stabbed her to death, and murdered also the sister's unborn babe. Another was so remorseless that she chased her victim about till, to escape her, the other hid in the bottom of a well; the murderess followed her, threw down stones upon her, and a quantity of inflammable materials, to which she applied a torch, and the woman at the bottom was killed by suffocation. Another murderess, self-confessed, although a certain school of ingenious jurists still deny the possibility of her guilt, was Constance Kent, whom I remember at Millbank, where she was first employed in the laundry, and afterwards as a nurse in the infirmary. A small, mouse-like little creature, with much of the promptitude of the mouse or lizard surprised, in disappearing when alarmed. The approach of any strange or unknown face, whom she feared might come to spy her out and stare, constituted a real alarm for Constance Kent. When any one went the length of asking, "Which is Constance?" she had already concealed herself somewhere with wonderful rapidity and cleverness. She was a mystery in every way. It was almost impossible to believe that this insignificant, inoffensive little person could have cut her infant brother's throat under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. No doubt there were features in her face which the criminal anthropologist would have seized as suggestive of instinctive criminality —high cheek-bones, a lowering, overhanging brow, and deep-set, small eyes; but yet her manner was prepossessing, and her intelligence was of a high order, while nothing could exceed the devoted attention she gave the sick under her charge as nurse.

The impulsive criminal who has been a gentlewoman, or who belonged to the easy or cultured class, is often a source of infinite trouble and annoyance to the authorities. The sharp contrast between past and present is irksome and painful beyond endurance, and superinduces continual repining and discontent. Their condition is no doubt aggravated by the hostility generally shown towards them by their commoner companions; moreover, they weary the patience of their warders by the endless trouble they give; they put the superior officers against them by their querulous and unceasing fault-finding. There was universal rejoicing when Madame Rachel, as she was called, left Millbank. She had no friends inside, and this in spite of her profuse promises to make the matrons "beautiful for ever." Madame Rachel was one of the few prisoners who after release voluntarily returned to gaol. What was her particular purpose never transpired, but she called one day on the Governor of Millbank dressed in satin and ostrich feathers, and was shown into his office, where she sat and talked idly for some time. It was supposed that she wished to astonish her former gaolers by her splendour.

The second category of females in gaol is naturally the largest, and includes many and great varieties. Some were murderesses, but not of the impulsive kind, goaded into sudden homicide by strong provocation. Their crime was long premeditated, slowly and astutely prepared. The female poisoner, of whom I have met several in prison, belongs to this class, for poisoning has always been a favourite weapon with the female resolved to destroy life. There have been Lucretia Borgias in every age and clime. Instances innumerable might be quoted. The famous Aqua Tofana was invented for female use, and, with the crime it made so easy, it will always be identified with the Marchioness of Brinvilliers.

The inducements to use this most despicable and insidious method of homicide are of course its simplicity, and the facilities it offers to a sex so generally employed as mistress, housewife, nurse, or cook.[1] Men-poisoners—so far as they have been discovered, and there are well-informed people prepared to assert that the crime is far more common and successful, though undetected, than is supposed—have been chiefly those who enjoyed some of the woman's fateful advantages, free access and permision to administer the noxious drugs. They have been mostly medical men; and among the greatest miscreants of this class may be mentioned Palmer, the wholesale murderer, and Lampson, whose murder of his brother-in-law by means of a lozenge was a more recent *cause célèbre.*

---

[1] I find in American statistics the curious fact that females employed in "personal service" furnish about five-eighths of the whole number of female homicides in the United States. The general total was 393, the number of those in personal service 244, and of these 26 were housewives, 50 housekeepers (female), servants 138, washerwomen 16, and nurses 10.

### A Female Poisoner.

Of the female poisoners I have met, I remember particularly a woman who gave her master a fowl boiled with arsenic, who, I think, escaped conviction for the capital offence through the adroit eloquence of her counsel. She was a little, snake-like creature, with handsome, regular features, a soft voice, and very self-possessed, dignified air. It was her contention that the charge was all a foolish and absurd mistake, that she ought never to have been arrested, but should be incontinently set free. So she treated her keepers with disdainful contempt, and passed through prison protesting against her detention; but always with the utmost *sang-froid.* Another prisoner I saw in a later stage, at Broadmoor. This was Christina Edmunds, who gave children poisoned chocolate drops in the street. When I saw her she was painting flowers in water-colours, using her brush with infinite complacency, waving her head to and fro in harmony with her hand, and smiling in blank self-conceit. Her eyes were cold, steely grey; her lips thick, full, and red, the lower pendulous, showing a very bad set of teeth. Her face was weak, vapid, foolish, yet it showed no particular vice. A third, and perhaps the most atrocious of all poisoners, was the mother who had condemned her own children to a horrible death by poisoning with the first lethal substance, vermin-killer, laudanum, arsenic, or the phosphorus scraped off a box of matches. This vied in horror with the case of Rebecca Smith, who in 1849 was sentenced to death for murdering her baby a month old, who confessed on the scaffold that she had poisoned seven of her other children; or the woman Chesham, who had carried on a large business in removing husbands by poison for years, both on her account and in instigating and assisting others. I have seen more than one of these female fiends in gaol posing as ill-used martyrs unjustly sentenced, whose misdeeds place them on a par with the Sara Brownriggs of past and the Mrs. Montagues of modern times. For sheer brutality and cold-blooded cruelty, the devilish ingenuity and utter indifference to suffering, where kindliness and sympathy might fairly be expected, a wicked woman has no equal on earth. In the protracted agonies inflicted upon the victim of the Stauntons' the females of the family took the lead. There is hardly a parallel to the following, which I extract from a chaplain's journal in a far-north prison:—"M—— W——, convicted of shocking ill-usage of a step-child, who was kept constantly in a room where the stench was foul enough to sicken a strong man on entering; who was starved and beaten; her poor little diseased body left to rot uncared for, till it was marvellous how she could have survived to tell the tale of her unspeakable tortures." Strange to say, the chaplain describes this cruel wretch as "a very mild and gentle-looking woman," a fact worthy of note by the criminal anthropologists.

I have seen in gaol other murderesses, whether as accessories or principals. Infanticides, frequently, of various degrees of guilt; some meriting compassion, others so brutal and abandoned, the details of their deed so revolting, that one death seemed hardly sufficient expiation. A mulatto girl, who had transmitted her dark skin to her child and victim, a piece of damning evidence that led to the murderess' arrest. Another, a small querulous creature, who had no regrets for the baby she had killed, but was only anxious to legitimize the child still unborn—for whose sake she had murdered her first child—by marriage with the father of both. I remember the mother of the Horsforth murderer, the wretch who eventually suffered death for the murder of a little child of five, whom he had decoyed and cut into little pieces. She had become *particeps criminis* by helping him to conceal the mutilated parts, and it was through her evidence alone, obtained by the judge himself after he had given her a life-sentence, that the son had been convicted. When I saw her she seemed still utterly crushed by the horror of the tragedy through which she had passed. She had shrunk to nothing, a tiny, shrivelled atom of a woman, with a pale, pain-drawn face and terror-stricken eyes. She was no doubt still haunted by awful sights and memories. Her son had been quite callous to the last, except that he bore implacable resentment against his mother as the cause of his conviction, and positively refused to see her before he was executed.

The second and third categories of prisoners overlap and intermingle. The gay, dashing creature who has been the willing decoy in great jewel or shop-robberies often degenerating into the most abject of habitual gaol inmates. Few female thieves work alone, or on their own account; they are partners with one another, hunting often in couples with a friend or fancy man, or as members of a large gang. It is seldom that a woman plans and executes an extensive fraud like one who is at present in penal servitude for a most ingenious and daring will-forgery. I cannot say whether she has settled down as yet to accept the inevitable, but during the many months she was under my observation her unvarying refrain was the injustice of her sentence. Her case, so far as it was reported, was perfectly clear, and I told her so, only to be answered with the strongest indignation that if I thought so I could not have followed the evidence closely. The privilege of petitioning the Secretary of State against conviction, or sentence, or in mitigation thereof, is never withheld from a convict, and she made many such appeals without effect. It is difficult to persuade the prisoner that such petitions are closely and carefully considered, as they undoubtedly are by the highest officials; but the fact is, that interference with the course of law is so rare that petitioners firmly believe their applications are ignored. Faith in the wisdom of a judge and the common sense of a jury is a strong sentiment with us, and it is difficult to believe that injustice has been done.

One of the most curious characteristics of criminals, both male and female, is their conservatism, so to speak, their persistent adherence to a particular line of crime. When once an offender has embarked in misdoing, he or she seldom changes the crime. They constantly repeat the same offence. I knew one decrepit old woman in the North, nearly seventy years of age, who had passed the greater part of her life in prison for stealing wedding-rings. It was her practice to go, decently dressed, and ask to see some rings, as her daughter was shortly to be married. While the stock was shown her, she always tried to secrete two or three while pretending to choose one. I saw her in a country prison, but London was her favourite hunting-ground. Another woman was an unvarying pickpocket; she always stole purses, and if released one week, would certainly be re-convicted the next for the same offence, and when I knew her she had already expiated it thirty-one times. An old charwoman, who turned her engagements to good account, always carried off, when she could, clothes, overcoats, frocks, table-cloths, even the glass lustres and lamp-brackets from the walls. Some steal fowls, ducks, some oranges and lemons, anything exposed in a shop-front. Hotel robbery is a craze with another class, as it was with the notorious Tottie Fay, with whom I had an extended acquaintance up to the time of her removal to the criminal asylum at Broadmoor. There is a comic side to this offence, owing to the fact that the offender is often taken red-handed, and committed to gaol in the very garb in which she was arrested. Sometimes it is meagre enough, at others incongruously fine: a silk skirt of some bright colour, and a white cashmere opera cloak. Tottie's wardrobe was always more gorgeous than extensive. I have given a slight sketch of her proceedings elsewhere, and under another name.

It is always the same story, from that of the aristocratic Mrs. G. B., whose elaborate system of swindling, continued again and again, embraced a banking account, a good house in the West End, many smart dresses, and a dashing carriage and pair, to that of poor old Jane Johnson, committed eighty-one times for drunkenness and assaulting the police.

One of the great obstacles to the effective control of female prisoners is the difficulty of maintaining discipline. There is on the one side an ever-present tendency to defiance, which soon grows into active misconduct, and on the other the limitations that must obviously exist with regard to their punishment and coercion. The sharpest penalties that can be imposed are isolation and reduction of diet, but neither of these can be greatly prolonged without danger to health and reason. Women cannot be kept apart and in absolute silence for very long, while considerations of sex forbid the severer forms of restraint, and encourage women to still further defy discipline. An especial weakness is the love of riot, a fondness for noisy insubordination, shoutings, and loud outcries. They are much more reckless in their demeanour, more openly and contemptuously disrespectful, more careless of the disgrace of their position. The problem of management is still further complicated by the rapidity with which the contagion of misconduct will spread in a female prison. Somewhat too much, perhaps, has been made of the so-called favourite prison offence of "breaking out," which has been called a peculiarly feminine offence. The thoughtful writer already frequently quoted has closely investigated it, and come to the conclusion that "it is an illogical, deliberate attempt at revenge for the pains and penalties to which their imprisonment subjects them." No doubt this is perfectly true; the only mistake is to suppose that women have a monopoly of the business, and that "breakings out" do not occur at the other side of the prison. As a matter of fact they are just as common among men as women. The cause is probably the same in both; an explosion of insensate rage, venting its whole force upon the nearest and most fragile things, and having its origin in deep disappointment and vexation. It is the same feeling as that which prompts a scolded child to get into mischief, or even grown-up and non-criminal men to cut off the tops or blossoms of a flowering bush under some strong excitement. "Breakings out," it may be added, are very frequent in workhouses, both among male and female inmates.

What is, however, peculiar to the female sex in this unreasoning exhibition of temper, is its epidemic and contagious character. When once begun, when the fashion has been set, it is not easy to stamp it out, and a single "sporadic" case soon spreads until the disease has attacked half the prison. Women are notoriously imitative, and prisoners are especially quick to follow a first evil example. I have seen this repeatedly. One of the most obstinate cases on record was at Millbank, where the disorder took the noisy form of drumming upon cell-doors, first with fists and next with the soles of the heavy shoes worn in prison. The operators lay on the ground to get the right purchase; and when as a last remedy all shoes were removed, these fanatics continued the drumming with their bare feet, until they became as sore and pulpy as if bastinadoed. Millbank, while it existed as a female prison, was often agitated by combined disturbances among the female prisoners. The construction of the buildings favoured it: each block being a pentagon, or built around four sides (the fifth being the general passage way), and as all cells looked into the central open space, communication across from window to window was easy. A favourite hour to begin was that of exercise, when one or more wards were in the central yard. Then one yell from some malcontent Mænad of those still in their cells, would ring out clear and defiant, to be answered promptly, shout for shout, till the whole place was in an uproar, and it was well if the exercise could be stopped before the contagion of misconduct had extended to the fifty or sixty at large in the yard.

Weakness in the executive, a too yielding and pampering spirit, generally encourages defiance of authority in the female prisons. This is often aggravated, for a time, when the bonds of discipline have been tightened after a period of laxity and undue concession. Some years ago, in a northern prison, the female wing had been governed by an aged, injudicious matron, who gave in weakly to every caprice of her charges. Rules and regulations were freely broken; the worst women secured the highest privileges, the easiest employment; they were permitted to gather together unchecked, three or four in a cell, to gossip and idle away the time. One day there was a change in the *personnel*, a sterner discipline was imposed with a firmer hand; and something very like mutiny was the immediate result. Several score of women "broke out" simultaneously, refused to go to work, destroyed clothing and furniture, congregated together in threatening groups, and hurled defiance at the whole prison.

I happened to visit it that very morning, and even at the outer gate, a couple of hundred yards distant, I could hear the unseemly and unusual din in a place where cloistered silence is the general rule. I proceeded straight to the female wing, and as I approached it my ears were saluted with shouts and yells, the crash of breaking glass, discordant laughter, snatches of ribald songs. On entering the building I found that a number of the mutineers had gone down into the basement, and barricaded themselves inside the chamber occupied with the heating apparatus, where they were snug and warm and beyond all interference. This was not to be tolerated, and proceeding to the trap-door that communicated with the underground premises, I called to the insurgents by name, and desired them to come up-stairs at once. There was a short pause, and then I heard a rather sobered voice say, "Lord save us, it's the Major!" and I congratulated myself on the good effect my appearance on the scene seemed to produce. I was the more pleased as one by one they ascended the ladder and formed in a row—a dozen surly but shamefaced women—just before me in the hall. "Let them be taken to their cells," I began to the attendant matrons, when with one unanimous shriek of derision and defiance, the whole lot lifted their skirts and ran for their lives, scuttling up the stairs as hard as they could do to the topmost floor, and up again into the low open passage left for ventilating purposes just below the roof.

For the moment we were beaten, badly beaten, for there were skylights in this roof, and I soon found that through each a woman's head and arms were protruded, the first uttering piercing cries, the latter waving petticoats and shawls, all towards the neighbouring male prison. But now I called in a posse of male officers, and sent a couple of the strongest along the passage under the roof, with orders to seize each woman, one by one, and bring her, willy and nilly, to the top of the stairs. It was an unpleasant duty, full of difficulty and risk, for the mutineers were mostly hale, robust creatures, women of low and disreputable life from a well-known sea-port hard by; they were alert and heavy-handed, ready to tear and rend all who offended or attacked them. But they were conquered in detail, and as they were brought down one by one, lodged and locked up securely, each in a separate cell. Not that victory was yet assured; a woman's voice is still an effective weapon when denied all other means of offence. The noise in the prison was as though pandemonium had broken loose. The yells and cat-calls were incessant, the hammering and drumming on the door continued without intermission all through the prison, for the subjection of the first lot of rioters had only roused their fury, which had spread like wild-fire to all the rest in their cells.

It was an occasion on which prompt measures were necessary, and working the wire through London, I summoned additional strength of female warders from other neighbouring prisons, and obtained permission to apply any necessary measures for checking the disturbance. It continued, however, during the rest of the day, and for the greater part of the night. When I returned next morning, accompanied by a magistrate, to execute judgment, the shouting and yelling, although only intermittent, had by no means subsided. However, retribution was now at hand, and exemplary punishment, with restraints for the most violent, in due course re-established good order. These female prisoners were never again suffered to "get their own way." Since that day a firmer discipline has been maintained, and the prison, with many of the very same prisoners in it, is one of the most orderly in the country. Some of the women will grin at times in a conscious way, as they "make their manners," or curtsey in answer to my greeting, and then I know I have spoken to one of the redoubtable D—— rioters, who is now clothed in her right mind.

It is fortunate that while women are thus prone to fits of grave and protracted insubordination, they are yet more susceptible to gentle influences than are men. They may more often be led than driven. The most sullen and intractable may be won by conciliation, when unbending severity might accentuate their resistance to authority. Some say that the persuasion to which they most readily yield is not that exercised by their own officers, upon whom they generally look as their natural enemies. It has been remarked by two widely different observers that female prisoners are soonest affected by the counsels and ministrations of independent, disinterested advisers; that they are easily touched by the friends who come to them out of pure charity, and of their own free-will. It is this probably that gives the nuns or sisters to whom the discipline and control of female prisoners is generally entrusted abroad, so much authority over their charges. These devoted creatures are discharging duties which they have voluntarily accepted on the highest grounds. The ordinary official, on the other hand, is a professional, performing duty for which she is paid, and as such "has no moral weight, but simply wastes time in preaching to a prisoner."[1] The author of *Scenes from a Silent World* has arrived at the same conclusion, and gives a remarkable instance of the conquest of a woman in the last stage of outrage and defiance by the friendly interposition of an outside visitor. There may be truth in the general principle, but it must be accepted with some reserve. Inexperienced visitors are so easily misled; they may be subject to so much imposition by designing hypocrites who can assume any mood, that their aid is more often mischievous than beneficial.

---

[1] Guillot, *Prison de Paris.*

It is, however, refreshing to note amidst so much that is dark and forbidding, the existence of some glimmerings of better feeling in female prisoners. However sunk and degraded, they will at times exhibit gratitude, self-sacrifice, chivalrous and kindly emotions. Some marked instances of this I have thrown into the form of narratives, which are in the main authentic. These feelings may be evanescent, but they are real and tangible while they last. Under the wildest and most uncontrolled impulses lies a passionate strength of affection, which will be freely lavished on any near object; upon the poor puling innocent infant who is suffered to share the mother's incarceration, upon a prisoner friend, upon any prison pet, one of the many cats in the prison kitchen, the birds that make their way into the prison hall, even upon the officer with whom they may be in daily conflict. One woman thus amply endowed with the unbounded power of love "attached herself vehemently" to a friend she found within the walls of the prison, "through whom she learnt to know the supreme Object of an adoration that could alone satisfy and subdue her ardent nature."[1]

The religious sentiment is strong at times in female prisoners, although that of English women does not in my experience equal that of prisoners abroad. Whether called by the highest name or mere superstition, there is a touching simplicity in the way French prisoners show their devoutness. The most abandoned will spend the pittance painfully earned at their daily toil in candles or flowers for the altar, instead of on small creature comforts at the canteen. Women leaving prison for the court, where they can only expect conviction and sentence, will kneel and pray fervently as they pass a shrine. Their companions who remain behind will also follow them with their prayers, and will burn candles to their favourite saints in supplication for their friends on trial. These are facts based upon the experience of a shrewd observer, who was decidedly of opinion that criminal women are more susceptible to good advice than men, more easily moved to repentance.

Women are no doubt more impressionable, more sanguine, more easily depressed than men. Nothing shows their hopefulness more, the clinging dependence of woman's nature, than the reliance placed in their counsel, when they have one. I have read that a writing on the wall—one of those chance inscriptions in which prisoners of both sexes and in all

[1] *Scenes from a Silent World.*

countries publicly pour out their most secret thoughts—was found once in the *Souricière*, the "secret" side of the old French prison of the *Conciergerie*. It was in a female hand, and ran, "I have been taken up for theft, three thousand francs, but I've got an advocate!"—and at the end was a large note of admiration, intended to convey the full sense of her hopeful satisfaction. The lawyer who is to assist a woman at her trial is her providence, her salvation; she would like to see him daily, hourly; continually sends for him, and is in despair at his absence or fancied neglect.

Women, too, a few of the most unnatural and depraved alone excepted, possess certain instinctive feelings which under certain conditions show them in a pleasing light. The instinct of maternity is strong in them. The prisoner mother is as proud of her offspring, as watchful over her, as jealous for her, as is the purest and least soiled of her sex. Nothing as a rule more triumphantly conquers misconduct than the threat to remove an infant from her mother's care. The only bright and redeeming side to the dark prison picture is the prison nursery and the babies' ward, where the poor little gaol-born brats will crow merrily, and stretch out their chubby fingers towards their mothers' keepers and task-mistresses. But the exercising-yard, when the mothers' ward is out, is a painful sight, and no one can look at the sad circle of women, each bearing her baby in her arms, without pondering on the future of these little ones.

There are however real and fictitious mothers to be found in gaol, and of all the strange crimes, that of the woman in the East Riding convicted of stealing a neighbour's child was the strangest. The woman who really owned it swore that immediately after her confinement she gave it to her neighbour to have it registered. Her friend took it, registered it as her own child, and kept it altogether. Nothing would induce her to surrender the child; even when arrested and charged with the theft, she persisted in declaring that it was her own. The case was clearly against her. The most unmistakable medical evidence proved that she had never been a mother at all. In the end the infant was restored by the court to its own parent, and this without having recourse to the extreme measures adopted by King Solomon to settle a similar dispute. The false mother did twelve months' imprisonment for the offence, but always posed as an ill-used and unjustly sentenced woman.

I will now pass on to further illustrate certain phases of female prison character in narratives of episodes that have come under my own observation. I have especially selected cases which show the poor creatures in the most favourable light, instances in which their better feelings are in the ascendant, or have been evoked by touching the still tender spot under the hardened outside shell.

# CHAPTER II.

## THREE FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Shurley's infant—Shurley's wives—The real wife—Drusilla Drane—Shurley a hawker, or tally-man—The second Mrs. Shurley—Conflicts—Drusilla's misconduct—Her removal to Woking—Again in trouble—Whose baby?—Drusilla's charge—Flossie Fitzherbert—The murderous assault—The matron's grief—Flossie's antecedents—Her appearances—Attempts to rescue and reform her—Bars her cell—Matron and Flossie face to face—Flossie conquered—Matron's serious illness—Effect on the prisoners—Flossie's tribute—Minxie Bligh—Not a common prisoner, but "a real lady"—Minxie's taste in dress—Her personal adornment—In trouble—Interviews "mosheer"—The magistrates—The inspector—Her attitude to her fellow-prisoners—Feud with Dossor—Causes—Thirst for revenge—Goes to hospital to secure it—Dossor's devoted care—The feud ended.

### I.

"SHURLEY'S infant to have three pints of milk daily," was the entry made by the medical officer in the extra diet book at Hawksfield Gaol.

"How is she—Shurley I mean?" asked the matron, reading over his shoulder.

"As bad as she can be, poor creature—cannot possibly live."

"Dear, dear! I never suspected that," said the matron, with much feeling. "Poor thing! And that child——"

"Yes, exactly: that child. It ought never to have been allowed to come here. They should have sent it straight to the prison workhouse. But, then, Shurley was not thought to be in any great danger, I suppose, when she was admitted."

"What is it now, sir? Anything fresh?"

"Internal injuries. That fiend—he must have kicked her cruelly in some vital part. The poor woman was very delicate, and now she stands simply no chance."

"He will be hanged, I trust."

"That's what he richly deserves, although the law does not seem to think wife-beating, or even wife-murder, a very atrocious offence."

"Wife? Why, he isn't her husband at all. She's no right to be called Shurley. The real Mrs. Shurley is one Drusilla Drane."

"Drusilla Drane? God bless my soul!" exclaimed the good old doctor; "I never heard that before."

"It's the fact, sir; and, what's more, it was that which first put Drusilla astray. She was fond of her man in her own peculiar fashion. You know she has strong feelings."

The doctor nodded. He had had sufficient experience of Drusilla's feelings, which, in other words, meant a fiendish, unappeasable temper.

"Well, there's good in her, sir, as well as bad, I believe, and the last has been uppermost for some time. But she would not have been half so bad if that villain Shurley had not deserted her, and taken up with this other woman, whom he has still more cruelly ill-used."

"Does Drane know what has happened; that Shurley is here on what will probably be a capital charge? That this woman who supplanted her is dying, and from what cause?"

"I doubt it, sir. Who was to tell her? And why should we? It would probably have sent her off on the rampage, and she has been keeping pretty quiet of late. You know, sir, what a relief that is to us."

Drusilla Drane was one of those prisoners who at times make the lives of their officers almost intolerable. She was of the same type as Baldock, *alias* Flossie Fitzherbert, whose doings will be chronicled directly; but the first-named was a Londoner, a pure Cockney, with all her native smartness developed by criminal life in the great metropolis; she was more impudently and ingeniously defiant when the fit of opposition to authority was upon her, more liable to sudden excesses of rage, more impulsive and more reckless in her retaliation for what she deemed crossing or affront. Drusilla, on the other hand, was a provincial, country bred, although resident, when at large, in a populous Midland town; there was Yorkshire blood in her, with a strong strain of Irish, and this pedigree made her stolid and sturdy, slow to wrath, yet wildly passionate when roused; ungovernable in her rage, unyielding and almost implacable—a species of madness then possessed her; it was little less than aberration of intellect; reason was for the moment unseated by hysteria in its latest and most terrible form.

She was a strapping, well-made wench, still quite young; tall and of large proportions; not bad-looking when her features were not distorted by passion; the blue "Irish" eyes did not always flash the fire of bloodthirsty hate, and could melt into pleasant, almost insinuating mildness. She had an abundance of dark red hair, on which she bestowed much pains, and cut (despite all regulations) into a monstrously becoming fringe, but which, when she was in a tantrum, had a trick of getting loose, and casting dark shadows over her lowering face. Drusilla had great personal strength, undaunted courage and endurance, and a voice of great compass, not always most musical in its tones, qualities that served her well when the dark fit was on her, and she had thrown herself into rebellious opposition to discipline and authority.

There was much in her private history to entitle Drusilla to a certain sympathetic pity. It was true, as the matron had told the doctor, that she had been very badly used. When working as a farm-servant at Acton Cotes, Shurley had first crossed her path. He was a hawker—what is commonly known in those parts as a "tally-man," or "menage man," one who carried his well-filled pack through the country districts and tempted weak women with ribbons and "fallals," for which, as he declared, they might pay when they pleased. The credit system, thus started, was always unknown to the bread-winner, the hard-working labourer, or small *employé*, whose absence was first carefully espied before the menage man ventured to plant his goods. Shurley was greatly struck with the comeliness of Drusilla; her industry was remarkable, and her character stood high. A wife of this sort would keep his home in Hawkspool comfortable, and his honour safe, during his long absences on the road. Drusilla proved all he expected, and a little more. She was hard-working, obedient, well-behaved, but she had strong opinions as to conduct; and while willing enough to keep straight herself, she would not tolerate faithlessness in her spouse. But when Shurley stayed away for months at a time, urging that trade was bad, and leaving Drusilla to earn her own living, her suspicions were aroused, and she presently discovered that her husband, like more aristocratic *roués*, had a second establishment in a neighbouring city, and a second Mrs. Shurley, with no real title to the name.

Drusilla grew mad with jealousy, a passion which only showed now for the first time. She panted for revenge, and took the first train for Hawksham, where she found the second Mrs. Shurley—a small, fragile, delicately-constituted creature—enjoying the esteem of her neighbours, and posing as a lawfully wedded wife. Shurley was absent on business, and the two women stood face to face. Drusilla made only a mouthful of Emily Ann. When the latter's despairing cries for help summoned neighbours, and eventually the police, Emily Ann lay like a mere bundle of rags upon the floor. Drusilla was a stranger in Hawksham; she had not brought her "lines," and the magistrates, disbelieving her story of the priority of her claim to Shurley, sent her to Hawksham Gaol for six months for a brutal and unprovoked assault.

It was at Hawksham that Drusilla first exhibited the intractable side of her character. She was new to prison life, its restrictions and restraints, still smarting under a sharp sense of outrage, of great wrongs endured. Her husband had used her shamefully; her vengeance upon the usurping wife was only meritorious; to punish her for it the rankest injustice. They had no right to put her in gaol; she would not obey the rules, or work, or do anything she was told. For the first week or two she lay huddled up all of a heap upon the floor, in a state of sullen, silent semi-stupor, moaning continuously, refusing food, deaf to all remonstrance. The necessity for administering sustenance by force roused her at last. Now she changed suddenly into furious activity, struggled, fought, bit, tore, scratched, and otherwise demeaned herself most violently. She was such a wild beast, and looked so savage and threatening, that the female officers were afraid to tackle her, and the male warders were called in to subdue her by their superior strength. They handcuffed her with difficulty, but this physical restraint only maddened her the more. Nothing could stop the torrent of her foul-mouthed abuse; her language was so awful, her occasional yells so long, piercing, and discordant that it was necessary to remove her to a punishment cell, and this was only accomplished after a severe struggle, which ended in her being carried there like a bale.

When a woman starts like this in the wrong direction she seldom regains the right groove. Drusilla, moreover, depressed and dejected as she was by the complete shipwreck of her domestic happiness, found positive delight in defying discipline and making continual disturbance. She persisted in her misconduct to the very end of her sentence, and left Hawksham Gaol with a very bad name. It followed her wherever and into whatever gaol she went. She visited many; all, indeed, in the neighbourhood; and was equally notorious in all. For, once upon the downward path, she followed it always. She was by no means satisfied with the first summary vengeance inflicted on Emily Ann. The moment she was set free she sought her enemy again, meaning to renew her attack. Shurley, no doubt anticipating this, had moved from Hawksham, and tried to hide in another town. But there was no escaping Drusilla. She made it her business to find the Shurleys, and did so, always with unpleasant consequences for the two women. Emily Ann was grievously battered about, and Drusilla paid the penalty of her triumph in gaol.

They came to know her very well at Hawksham, Hawksfield, and Jewbury, and she was perpetually in one or the other. At Hawksfield she especially distinguished herself. After a long conflict with authority, she had been removed to the punishment-cell for destroying all her cell furniture. She held the place against all comers, so that a male officer had to be employed to take in her meals to her. This was an added affront, which Drusilla tried to wipe out by making a most murderous assault upon the man, whom she had wounded seriously, but with what weapon it was for a long time impossible to discover. At last they took from her a very hard and thick hairpin which she had secreted, and after straightening it had patiently sharpened one end till it formed a very cruel and dangerous instrument. With this she had endeavoured to gouge out the officer's eyes, but fortunately had only wounded him in the cheek.

She was in due course committed for trial at the assizes on a charge of wounding with intent, but in the interval managed to keep the officials busy. Assaults, outbreaks, smashes were matters of almost daily occurrence with her, until one day, in a wild paroxysm of rage, she broke everything in her cell—every pane of glass, every article—tore up her bedding and her clothes into little shreds, and then barricaded herself in. At last the door was forced; the governor himself and two male officers rushed in, seized her, laid her with her face-downward on the floor. One officer sat upon her feet, the other drew her hands behind her back, when the governor smartly put the "figure-of-eight" handcuffs on her wrists.

"Ah! you've come yourself, have you, old man?" cried Drusilla, taking the presence of the governor as a great personal compliment. "Hold up a bit. I'll do far worse than this yet."

But in the evening when he visited her she spoke to him quite affably.

"I know what's brought you here—it's the handcuffs. You've got to change them to the front."

Yes, that was so. The rules prescribe that handcuffs of this pattern, which are a somewhat stern instrument of restraint, shall be removed at night from back to front; they would be far too painful, and sleep would be impossible, if they were kept in the former irksome position.

"Suppose I take them off altogether," said the governor with kindly meaning, "will you behave yourself?"

"It wouldn't be no manner of good," replied Drusilla, frankly. "It's too soon. I should be just as bad again before to-morrow. I can't help myself while the fit is on me."

Next morning the fit had passed, but left her sullen and silently smouldering, like a half-extinguished fire.

The time had now arrived for removing her to Hawksham, where the assizes were to be held, and where she was to take her trial. To get her over quietly was the first thought of the governor, and yet he did not feel sure it could be accomplished. However, he went to her where she still lay in the semi-dark punishment-cell, and spoke to her fairly.

"It's all over now, Drane, isn't it? We will take off the cuffs. Throw back the shutter," he ordered. "Let in the light."

"You only do that to see the keyhole of the cuffs," remarked Drusilla defiantly.

"I did it on purpose. It's bright and fine to-day, and I want you to see a little of the sunshine the last day you are here."

"Well, colnul, you're real grit. No one else would 'a thought of that. You're a white man, a daisy, a proper handsome old soldier" (only twenty-four hours before she had called him a "white-whiskered, salmon-nosed son of a gun"), "and I won't do nothing more to vex you. Honest Ingun, I won't. I'll keep good, strike me silly if I don't, as long—as long as—I am here."

She went off next day in state. In spite of her sudden, smooth-faced submissiveness, great precautions were taken with 'her. She was handcuffed, and from one of the bracelets a light steel chain was appended which joined another cuff upon a male officer's wrist. He was on her left hand; a female officer walked upon her right; a third, in command of the escort, followed close behind. A cab was waiting at the gate to convey the party to the railway-station, and it so happened that a grey horse was harnessed in the shafts.

"Glory! glory!" cried Drusilla, in great glee.

" I never was made so much of in all my life before. It's a great day for Ireland. I'm like as if I was going on my honeymoon—but not with Shurley! By the Lord, I'd rather go to his wake!"

Drusilla did not return from Hawksham. The offence for which she was tried was deemed so serious, the assault had been so bloodthirsty, and she had so many previous convictions, that the presiding judge decided to send her to penal servitude for five years. So Drane passed on direct from Hawksham to "Woking Female," and a great gladness filled the Hawksfield staff at being well rid of her for so long.

For a long time nothing was heard of her. It was vaguely reported that she had succumbed to the stronger and more equable discipline of a convict prison, and that, except on one occasion when she had come to blows with a fellow-convict, whose false teeth she knocked fairly down her throat, her conduct had been almost exemplary. Some of the good results of this firm treatment were still apparent when next she reappeared in Hawksfield Gaol; for in due course she earned her ticket-of-leave, was released, returned home, and renewed her vendetta against the Shurleys, whose house she tried to burn over their heads. Her licence had been revoked for this; she was ordered to complete her original sentence, and had been some weeks in prison when the irony of fate had secured her an unlooked-for and much deeper vengeance upon the woman she loathed. The two Shurleys had been charged by the police with receiving stolen goods, and the man believed that Emily Ann had "put him away." He had seized a moment when the watch upon him was relaxed, and with unbridled, murderous ferocity had attacked the poor wretch who had so long supplanted his lawful wife. They were both brought to Hawksfield to await trial as receivers ; but it was clearly the opinion of good judges that the victim would not survive, and the man would be arraigned on a far graver charge.

Drusilla was in complete ignorance of what had occurred until the day after the doctor had condemned Emily Ann; but then, as the real wife was washing down the landings, just outside her cell door, she saw Miss Maynard passing, and leading a tiny female child by the hand.

"Mayn't I speak to her, miss?" asked Drusilla, shyly ; and, when permission was accorded, she took the white, fragile-looking infant into her arms and fondled it, kissing it hungrily and repeatedly. She doated on children, and had been altogether denied these blessings. "Whose is it?"

"Shurley's," replied the warder, unthinkingly.

A dark cloud at once obscured the brightness of Drusilla's humanized face.

"Not Emily Ann's? Take it, miss; I'd be sorry to do it an injury ; but 'tisn't safe with me."

"She's dying—Shurley. Didn't you know?"

"What, here in quod? What are you telling me? What brought her here?"

Miss Maynard briefly told the whole story, to which Drusilla listened with breathless attention.

"Silly fool! She's brought it on herself to trust to such a treacherous cur. He never struck me; I wouldn't 'a let him—not if there was a knife anyways near. But he can't have cared for her any more. But is she really so bad?"

"So Dr. Shadwell says; and the child's to be brought up by hand. It's been weaned, you know; only it was so weak and puling they couldn't part it from its mother. That's why she brought it in with her. But they've got to separate them now."

"What yer going to do with it, miss?"

"The matron said Sissons was to have it to take care of; she's had the nursing of several."

"Mayn't I have it, miss? Let me—do," asked Drusilla, pleading hard, and with a strangely soft look in her wild, tiger-like eyes.

"You—after what you said just now? Why, you'd murder her!" and the young warder folded the child in her arms to protect it.

"I didn't know then; I hadn't heard. But it's so different now. You'll let me have it, miss, or ask the matron, won't you? Don't you see, I have the first right to it. Why, it's my husband's child."

This curious argument was not convincing to Miss Maynard, but she referred the question to her superiors. The governor himself was consulted on the subject, and his decision was in favour of Drusilla. She was given charge of her rival's child, but without that rival's knowledge. Indeed, poor Emily Ann was past all appreciation of what its fate might be, having by this time lost all consciousness, and entered already the grim portals of death. Towards the end they came to Drusilla for the child.

"The poor thing won't recognize it, but we think it right to lay the child in its mother's arms before she goes," they exclaimed almost apologetically to Drusilla, who quite resented the removal of the child even on such good grounds.

She had already made it her own; had devoted herself to it heart and soul, lavishing upon it the most extravagant endearments; tended it with the exuberant care of a large-hearted woman hitherto denied all outlet for maternal affections.

"I grudge it to her, and that's a fact," she said surlily. "I can't bear to part with it."

"Well, bring it to the hospital yourself," they suggested.

"No, mum; that's what I could *not* do," she replied, with a determined shake of the head. "I couldn't look at—at that other woman, not with the right sort of feelings. She spoilt my life, and I cannot forgive her even now."

With woman's inconsistency, her fierce and undying enmity was almost entirely concentrated upon Emily Ann, the woman who had supplanted her—so she preferred to believe—in her husband's affections. It had been all her fault, not Shurley's, who was a fool, easily beguiled by a new face, and not an arch-traitor, who had sacrificed two women to his vile, overmastering passions. No sooner had the victim to his brutality passed away than she began to think less hardly of her faithless husband. The episode was ended so far as she was concerned; his punishment was only beginning, and its severity drew her towards him in sympathy and commiseration.

Shurley was tried on the capital charge, found guilty, and duly sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. This, however, was commuted to penal servitude for life. Then it was that Drusilla, his lawful wife, begged and obtained "a visit"—an interview, that is to say, under the usual restrictions. Separated by distance and iron gratings, in the presence and full hearing of watchful warders, she saw "her old man" and spoke to him. What could she find to say to this wretch with blood on his hands, the cause and origin of her decadence?

Neither reproach nor upbraiding; not a sign of exultation at the righteous Nemesis that had overtaken him. Only brave, although uncouth, and homely words of encouragement; of brusque but tender pity; assurances of her forgiveness; promises, low-spoken but earnest, to do fairly by the child.

"What child?" stupidly asked Shurley, speaking for the first time, his dulled and brutal nature altogether out of touch with the finer emotions now uppermost in the woman he had wronged.

"Emily Ann's—your child. Don't you remember? I mean to look after it; to work for it; keep honest for it; and by and by, when you come out again——"

"That brat!" cried Shurley angrily, as the light at last broke in on him; and then, with a torrent of wild imprecations upon its murdered mother, he added, "It ought to have been scragged, the spawn of an informer! If I had my way I'd——"

But now the officials interposed, and abruptly ended this unseemly outbreak. The visit was terminated, Shurley was led away, and Drusilla never heard of or from him again. She was, however, as good as her word. The child became hers in everything but the name. She was encouraged in her good resolves by kindly souls who appreciated the nobility of her conduct. They helped her on her release to find employment at a distance, where her antecedents were unknown. The last news heard of Drusilla Drane was entirely satisfactory, and the child was doing well.

## II.

"Here, you Baldock, or Plantagenet, or Fitzherbert, or whatever you call yourself, make haste. Hurry up with that bottle; the infirmary officer wants to refill it."

The speaker was Miss Marwood, a female warder standing on the ground-floor of Pentagon Five in the old Millbank Penitentiary.

"I am coming as fast as I can, miss," responded an angry voice from above; and presently a woman descended the three flights slowly to the ground-floor, where she stood facing her officer with arms akimbo and a dark, scowling face. "We ain't paid to run in this 'ere prison paradise," she went on. "If I'm not fast enough for you on my ten toes, why, get me a steam tricycle or a blooming balloon."

"You don't deserve the privilege of being a cleaner and of outside employment. I shall report you and get you sent back to your cell," replied Miss Marwood severely. "You're getting into the wrong groove, Baldock."

"My name's not Baldock; it's Flossie Fitzherbert. That's what I was 'took' in, and it was good enough for the beak, and it'll have to do for you, Miss Hangman's daughter. *I* wouldn't be called Marwood; I'd precious soon change *that* name if I were you."

"No more insolence, Baldock, if you please. I've given you the name you've been known by here at least twenty times before."

"But I won't be called it now, and so I tell you, Miss Hangman; I don't choose it—there."

One of the worst traits in this rather typical female prisoner was an ungovernable temper. She was easily roused to wrath, and was quite unconscious what she did or said when she was in a rage. Female criminals often display this peculiar "shortness" of temper. It comes of despair or recklessness, unavailing regrets for a lost and irrevocable past, the hopelessness of recovery, or of any brighter future to be regained.

"Give me the bottle, and go back to your cell, Fitzherbert," said the officer coldly, and she should have said no more. But she added, "I shall report you for insolence and disobedience. You'll lose your job of cleaning, as you richly deserve."

"Give you the bottle! Take it, then. There! and there!" These last words, spoken in fierce anger, served to emphasize a couple of murderous blows aimed full at the face of the unprepared and helpless warder, one of which caught her on the forehead, the other on the ear, both inflicting serious wounds.

Miss Marwood staggered and would have fallen, but for a desk she found at her elbow, against which she steadied herself while she faintly cried aloud for help. When assistance arrived—only tardily, for it was the breakfast-hour, and she alone was on duty in the wards—she had fainted, and lay there upon the stone floor in a great pool of blood. The bottle which had so grievously wounded her lay in fragments by her side, but her truculent assailant, terrified no doubt at the consequences of her cowardly and brutal act, was no longer to be seen; she had retired hastily to the recesses of her own den; had barricaded herself inside her cell by planting her bed-board against the door, and had declined to come out or hold any communication with the outer world.

"Bad as she's been, she's never done anything so bad as this before," said the worthy and rather weary-eyed matron, Mrs. Le Grice, who had served long and faithfully, and was now in failing health. "Dear,

dear, what a trial this woman is, and yet I'm sorry for her; no, I'm not, when I think of poor Miss Marwood, who won't be fit for duty for weeks, perhaps months, and will probably be disfigured for life. These women! these women!"

They would be the death of her yet, these wretches, with their perpetual misconduct—misconduct which had so many forms, now stagnating in sullen opposition, now blazing up into sudden fits of furious savagery and rebellion. Poor Mrs. Le Grice was no longer strong; she was growing less and less equal to her arduous duties; yet she still showed unflinching firmness in their discharge, and ruling her troublesome charges with an admirable alternation of tact and severity which generally cowed them and often won their respect.

No one of them needed more delicate handling than Flossie Fitzherbert, who was a curiously variable creature; now mild as milk, a coy, sucking-dove; now wild and indomitable, a rapidly raving virago, a terror to all who had to do with her. It all depended upon her temper, and the way she was taken at the time. She was so capricious, so easily offended and put out. Poor Miss Marwood had mortally offended her by refusing to remember the last of the many high-sounding *aliases* which, like thick mist, had covered up and obscured her real name. Miss Flossie Fitzherbert was as proud of her appellation as a newly created peer of the title which so often conceals his identity from his old friends. Then the threat to deprive her of the privilege of leaving her cell was a fresh and more grievous annoyance. The catastrophe which followed was almost a matter of course, although never in her many previous sentences of imprisonment had Flossie so seriously committed herself. Now, however, she was certain to do the whole of her present "time" in that same dangerous attitude of insubordination and overt defiance of authority.

The uncertainty how Flossie would behave always made her advent at Millbank anything but acceptable to the female staff, or, indeed, to those among the male officers who were likely to be called in to overpower her in one of her ungovernable frenzies. And she was continually "coming in." She spent much more of her time inside than outside the famous old gaol. Freedom was with her the exception—the holiday; imprisonment was her normal condition, the serious business of her life. The offences which brought her to Millbank had always a strong family likeness. They invariably began with theft of a more or less bold and brazen kind; then followed drunkenness with uproarious and disorderly conduct, ending always in an aggravated assault upon the police. The latter was the constant and unfailing finish of every escapade; a "copper" was her natural and hereditary foe, and to go for him when she was in liquor as much a matter of instinct as for a ferret to fly at a rabbit. It was always the same history—the same sad experience. First the excitement of the chase, the keen hunt for funds, then the wild orgie, then chaos; last of all the awakening in a police cell from a dreamless, soddened sleep, in an agony of pain and discomfort, sore in every limb, with one or both eyes blackened, and wounds still open or bleeding. A brief interview with "the beak" ended always in a ride in "Black Maria" with a few choice friends, all bound for a more or less lengthened stay in the old "Tench," the great penitentiary on the Thames.

Within a few days of her reception she became a changed character, at least in outward appearance. Soap and water, neat clothing, and a complete abstinence from drink transformed her from the frowsy, battered, half-bemused drab into a clean, tidy, not uncomely creature. She had enough of former good looks remaining to have been almost attractive but for the worn, dissipated face, the almost constant scowl on her brow, and the dark gleam in her eyes, which plainly foretold some violent and passionate outbreak if she was thwarted or thought herself ill-used. No one knew her weakness better than herself —that she could not at times exercise the least self-control, that her ill-temper must get the better of her and hurry her into excesses of which the assault upon Miss Marwood was one, and perhaps the worst, specimen.

Yet she was not wholly bad; the frank admission of her faults proved this. It might have been calculation, but it served her well by rather disarming reproof and softening the retribution so often her due. It won her a certain sympathy too; well-intentioned superiors were inclined to see room for improvement in this strange compound of fierceness and abject contrition. More than once a philanthropic lady visitor had tried to rescue and reform her. After one of her exemplary phases she had been taken to a refuge, one of those Good Samaritan Homes especially organized for the reclamation of such poor outcasts by inculcating honest labour and the sweets of a cleanly, orderly life. But soon Flossie Fitzherbert suffered from the nostalgia of crime. All work became irksome, all wholesome restraint intolerable. Her long pent-up feelings suddenly bubbled over like a volcano: she started a mutiny at the wash-tubs, scorched and ruined all the fine linen with the flat-irons, and when removed to a cell made a bonfire of her bed-clothes at the gas-jet, and nearly burnt the whole place down. The chaplain next took her in hand, and readily fell in with a wish she expressed, when in one of her gentle moods, to try a new life in a new land. He took infinite trouble to get her a passage to Australia, where she was to be taken into service on arrival by a charitable lady courageous in well doing. A nice little subscription got up among the officials, who were, perhaps, glad to be well rid of her, provided Flossie with a sufficient outfit for the voyage, one or two neat and sober-hued dresses, and a portmanteau, the first she had ever possessed of her own. There was money enough over and above to leave a sum in cash, which was to be handed to her on landing in the Antipodes. Much more notable people have had a less cordial "send off" than Miss Flossie. Yet within a month she was back in London and at her old game. Her conduct had been so outrageous on board the steamship *Woolloomooloo* that the captain would have put her ashore at Aden, only she saved him the trouble by eloping with a steerage steward at Suez. Her return home she herself signified to the good chaplain, and in a novel way. He was awakened one morning about dawn by an affray under his bedroom window, and saw Flossie fighting with a policeman, who had objected to her calling upon her friend "the croaker" at this unseemly hour.

It was in expiation of this last outrage that she was now in Millbank, where, as we have seen, she had got into very serious trouble, and was now determined to "bar out" the officers from her cell.

All efforts to coax her out of her retreat were unavailing; threats were equally useless. She was master of the situation, and it was evident from the noises within that she was not satisfied with passive defiance. What is known in prison language as a "break out" was in progress; she was making hay with her furniture and belongings; repeated crashes of glass told of the smashing of every pane in her window; the ripping and tearing which followed meant the destruction into smallest fragments of blankets, counterpane, and sheets. Worse than all, the contagion of misconduct was extending to the Pentagon G and below, where a couple of hundred women were now at exercise, and many of them were growing mad with excitement at the noises in the cell above, which they perfectly well understood, and to which they were beginning to respond by noisy laughter, loud shouts, and yells of approval. The whole place was in an uproar, and it seemed doubtful how the riot would be quelled.

But Mrs. Le Grice, the calm, self-possessed, and long-experienced matron, was equal to the occasion. She motioned to her assistants, who stood in a little breathless crowd just outside Fitzherbert's room, to stand back.

"Leave her to me. Go away. I think I can manage her best alone."

Then, in the first pause of the commotion, the first quiet moment, she spoke up clearly and calmly—

"Fitzherbert, let me open your door!"

No answer, but the noise inside was not renewed.

"Come. You know who it is? Why do you give me so much trouble? You know how it annoys, how it pains me. Open your door."

Now there was a sound as of falling timbers; the plank-bed board had been thrown down inside, and the matron, running back the outer bolt of the wooden door, threw it open without difficulty, disclosing behind the bars of the iron or outer gate the form of Flossie Fitzherbert; wild, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered, her cap awry, and great masses of dead-black hair half hiding her pale and downcast face.

The two stood there silently facing each other for some time. At last the matron caught Flossie's upward, furtive, and already deprecating eyes, and holding them in a firm, reproving, but not unkindly look, said—

"Now, Fitzherbert, we've had enough of this. You must come out and take the consequences."

"Is she very bad, mum?" asked Flossie ungraciously, but yet there was regret and self-reproach in her face and in her tone. "Do tell me—Miss Marwood, I mean."

"The doctors are with her; she is still insensible. You may have killed her in your blind, passionate rage."

"No, no, mum; I wish I may die if I meant to hurt her—like that. But she aggravated me so."

"Miss Marwood was doing her duty, Fitzherbert. We all try to do that here; only some of you make it very hard for us," and with the thought a spasm of pain darkened her face as she put her hand to her side.

"I know we're a bad lot," said Flossie, humbly, "and I'm about one of the worst; but I'd go a long way to serve you, mum, for you're one of the right sort, and treat us fair and square, and not as if we were the dirt under your feet."

"Well, Fitzherbert," said the matron, "prove what you say by going of your own accord to the punishment cell."

"That I will, mum," and she walked away obediently and quietly, but looked back after a few paces. "Is it to B 7 or A 22 I've got to go?"

"B 7—it's semi-dark."

"Very good, mum"; a few more paces and again she turned. "Will they put the darbies on me?"

"Yes; the figure of eight handcuffs."

"Very good, mum." Then on again, and again a pause. "And the jacket?"

"Most likely. The governor will settle that and the medical officer. It will depend on how you behave."

"All right, mum. B 7, I think you said?" and once more she moved off, to halt on the lower landing and shout back, "Give my duty to Miss Marwood, mum, and say I am truly sorry if I hurt her. My duty to you, mum, too, and I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble. B 7, isn't it? Will I find some one there to lock me in?"

For her almost murderous assault upon Miss Marwood, Flossie was in due course arraigned and tried at the Central Criminal Court. It was some time before the unfortunate officer was sufficiently recovered to give evidence, but in the end Flossie received an additional six months' imprisonment. She was much surprised at the severity of the sentence, and "had got it far too hot" in her own opinion. The sense of wrong drove her once more into misconduct. She became very violent and unmanageable again, avoiding any actual attack upon her officers, but treating them one and all with the bitterest contempt. No one now could control her in the least; the person whom alone she might have minded—Mrs. Le Grice—was absent on sick leave. Flossie was idle, insolent, and exceedingly noisy; she repeatedly "broke out," destroyed everything on which she could lay hands, and when tired of being left in a windowless cell, with no clothing but the ragged remnants of her own destructiveness, she took to noise as a new and irritating method of insubordination.

She had little melody in her voice, but she had excellent lungs, and a wide memory for music-hall songs. When she had enough of bellowing out 'Up in a Balloon, Boys' or 'Over the Garden Wall,' she took to disturbing the quiet of her pentagon by lying on her back on her cell floor and drumming upon the inside of the door with the soles of her bare feet.

When they asked her civilly enough to desist, her only answer was—

"Shan't, not for you. Call the matron. I'll stop if she asks me."

No matron appeared, and Flossie was removed to the "dumb" cell. After a few days of enforced silence—no woman will waste her breath in shouting when she knows she is not heard—she was sent out and immediately resumed her disturbance. She harped upon the same string: nothing should stop her, she said—no punishment, not even gagging, nothing but an appeal from the matron herself.

At last, much to Flossie's surprise, she was taken out of her cell, marched to a "junction," or double doors, where the several pentagons communicated with the central hexagon, in which were the officers' quarters and administrative rooms.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Flossie, snappishly.

"To see the matron."

"'Tisn't regular. Why can't she come to me?"

"She is too ill. She is in bed, too ill to leave it."

And then she was introduced into the hushed, white-curtained sick-room, where the fierce, untamable prisoner, so full of boisterous defiance, found herself suddenly in the presence of death. The end was plainly written on the pale, drawn face, the thin, wasted hands, the low, weak voice of this woman who lay before her. This was no longer the matron, the symbol of power and authority, whose firm and gentle influence had been long so usefully and effectively wielded, but a weak and suffering sister mortally stricken, one who had travelled far already towards the silent land.

"Baldock," she whispered, using the old name, "you wished to see me. I hope you have been keeping good?"

They had evidently told her nothing of the last outbreak; and this, with the sad sight of the poor invalid, quite overcame the misconducted prisoner.

"Oh, mum!" cried Flossie, "I never thought to see you like this. We never heard you were so bad. You'll get better, mum, you will, I hope and pray. I'll be good, I swear it, ever so good; we all will, only say you'll come back to us soon."

Mrs. Le Grice shook her head sadly but resignedly, and a sweet, holy light broke upon her drawn and ashen-gray face.

"If we meet again, Baldock, it will be in a better place than prison. I pray to the great and merciful God that He may bring me soon to Himself. I will pray for you too. Try and help me. Good-bye."

Baldock went out from this impressive leave-taking awed and silent, filled with a grief that was dry-eyed and dumb.

But now a strange thing happened in the prison. The word was soon passed round that Mrs. Le Grice, the matron, could not recover, and the sad news fell upon the inmates with the most chastening, reformatory effect. All misconduct suddenly ceased. The worst behaved prisoner, Flossie herself, setting the example, became quiet and submissive; every order was at once and eagerly obeyed; there was no noise, no breaking out, no occupants of the punishment-cells. The latest accounts of the poor sufferer were anxiously sought for. "How is she?" Better; worse; improving; sinking—each bulletin was received with joy or grief, according to its import.

Of all, Flossie Fitzherbert was perhaps the most deeply affected, and with her sorrow blossomed into song. They caught her one day hugging something in her arms, which, for a long time, she refused to surrender. When at last it was taken from her, it proved to be her prison slate, on which were the following lines, inscribed to Mrs. Le Grice:—

### WRITTEN IN GRATITUDE.

"We hear sad news of thee, lady:
They tell us thou art ill:
That the place that was thine own, lady,
A stranger soon must fill.

"We've found thee true and gentle;
Thy tender charity was known,
And how we miss thy kindness
Is known to us alone.

"A friend in need we value,
For trials are our store,
And as the weary days go by
We miss thee more and more.

"But if thy days are numbered,
May Heaven claim thee for its own,
And thy gracious deeds of charity
Light thy pathway to His throne.
Jemima Baldock."

The perusal of this rather rugged but heart-inspired doggerel brought one of the last smiles upon the matron's face before the end came.

## III.

"What am I to do with that Minxie Bligh, sir?" the matron of Millbank inquired of the governor one day when he visited the female pentagons.

"Is she back, then?"

"To be sure, sir. Did you not see her case in the papers last week? The same old story."

"Hotel robbery, shop-lifting, or fraud?"

"A little of all three. As you know, sir, when they take up a line they stick to it; and Bligh is naturally well equipped for her sort of business, only it seldom prospers long."

"When did she go out?"

"Not three weeks ago. The Aid Society helped her, you know, with new clothes, and she was to go straight to that Mr. Ashstead, who they say does so much good with her sort, only he failed with Minxie."

"She went to him, I know."

"He soon had enough of her, then; for she was taken at the Hotel Marlbro', where she did them out of a bill. Now she's come with just what she stood in."

"Not much—eh?"

"A green satin opera cloak and a pink silk skirt—both stolen, I don't doubt; and they're sure to be claimed before she's released."

"But what's your trouble with her now? How has she begun? Badly?"

"By quarrelling and fighting with the other prisoners. She was, as usual, very saucy, with her hoity-toity, fine lady airs, and she and the ward-cleaner came to blows. Some old spite between them, I hear. It was entirely Bligh's fault—she is so irritating and aggravating; but the other woman, Dossor, certainly struck her first."

The truth was that Minxie Bligh began directly she left the reception ward and passed into Pentagon Five. The cell-door was no sooner closed upon her than she rang furiously at the bell. When the ward officer came, followed by the prison-cleaner, whom she recognized, Minxie began with a long string of complaints. Her cell was filthy, and wanted washing; it was not fit for her to occupy; her bedding (and she kicked the roll of bedclothes contemptuously with her foot) was full of fleas; the water in her bright blue water-can was dirty and unwholesome; she had upset it, and wanted more.

"It's all that woman's fault," went on Minxie, pointing her finger at the cleaner.

"If the cell don't please you, you'd better wash it out yourself," said her officer, briefly. "Dossor, get her another canful of water."

Dossor, who was a broadly built, powerful woman, fetched the water and carried it into the cell, then angrily faced Bligh, who was just half her size, but who met the fierce look with an undaunted air.

"I did as I was bid," said Dossor; "but next time you can do your own fetching and carrying—I've not forgotten you."

"Go away. Don't speak to me, common prisoner!" answered Minxie, with an insolent sniff.

"Common! It's like your cheek to say such a thing to me, you low, sneaky, pitiful, make-believe dona, who robs better women of their men."

"I'm a lady—a real lady born—and I wouldn't demean myself by conversing with such a common creature. Be off, I say, and don't parley with your betters."

With that Dossor went for her. There was a shout and a scrimmage, and a number of blows were struck, mostly by Dossor. When the combatants were separated, Minxie, although very much battered about, still hurled defiance at her enemy.

"Take her away," she cried. "She is a dirty prisoner. I will have her punished for striking me. I am a noble lady, of high birth, and I'll write and complain to the commissioners, and have the law of her. Take her away."

This was the fracas to which the matron had referred, and which brought Minxie before the governor next day.

Although the coming interview was likely to end unpleasantly for her, Minxie prepared for it as though she had been invited to tea. The most curious trait in this rather curious creature was the immense pride she took in her personal appearance. Whether she was arrayed in the bright silks and satins to which she helped herself at well-known West End shops when she got a chance, or whether strictly limited to the not too-becoming garments provided from the prison stores, she managed to give them a peculiar *cachet* of her own. She could walk with all the dignity of a duchess (as she thought) in the check moire antique dress which she had filched from a counter and made up herself in the latest fashion as known in the New Cut; and she could make the most of her prison garments—twist and turn them till they bore no resemblance to those worn by the other female prisoners. She could provide herself (goodness knows how) with a dress improver, ingeniously contrived out of the oakum supplied for her daily task; she could fold and flatten down the collar of her cotton jacket till it looked like a covert coat; she could pucker up into fanciful frills or drape into a graceful polonaise the straight, stiff folds of her brown linsey skirt.

But her greatest talent lay in her millinery; in the extraordinary shapes and forms she could give to the hideous white nightcap which is the regulation head-dress in prison. The long white strings were now crimped up; now tied in gay, artistic bows. Sometimes she wore her cap thrown back like a Phrygian bonnet; sometimes it was brought low down over the forehead; sometimes coquettishly perched upon one ear.

Nor was it only in her costume that she sought to please; she devoted endless pains to making up her face and arranging her hair. Pearl powder and rouge were denied her; but by turning her dinner tin over the gas-jet she got enough black to paint her eyebrows, and increase the beauty of her eyes. She saved enough of her gruel—no slight self-denial, for she had a healthy appetite and made short work of the prison allowance—to provide her with bandoline, which she used in making love-locks to adorn her forehead and her temples. This morning she wore three in front, reaching as low down as her eyebrows, and two on each side, all carefully plastered, and, considering she had no mirror, very dexterously arranged. Her whole appearance was most laughable as she walked with a mincing, self-satisfied air down the passage, taking little short steps and wagging her head from side to side with a mixture of simpering bashfulness, as though she knew she was beautiful, and brazen-faced effrontery.

"Oh, be gentle with me, moosheer," she said, directly she was brought into the governor's presence, joining her hands together in piteous appeal, and using the only French word she knew because she thought it "high-toned"; "I am not accustomed to these places. Be kind and forbearing to me, moosheer; I'm a gentleman's daughter, and do not know your ways."

"How many times has she been here before, Mrs. Le Grice?" the governor quietly asked the matron.

"This is her twenty-seventh sentence, sir," answered the matron.

"Ah! I thought I knew her face. Well, Bligh, what have you got to say for yourself this time?"

"I should like to be the matron's cleaner; something light and pleasant, which would take me away from the common prisoners," asked Minxie pertly.

"How would you like to have her, Mrs. Le Grice?"

"Oh, thank you, sir, she's too much of a lady for me."

"And she will have to do a day's bread and water first. Do you hear, Bligh? And fourteen days stirabout, and one hundred and sixty-eight marks forfeited. You shan't make a disturbance in my prison."

"What!" cried Minxie, and her manner instantly changed. "Would you dare punish me, a person of my rank and position—a great lady? You! you low, snivelling sneak! You call yourself a gentleman? Why, you wouldn't have a coat to your back if it was not for the likes of us. We keep you; we pay your screw. I'll tell you what you are, you're a——"

She was forcibly removed before she could give full vent to the abuse that came so readily to her tongue, but her angry voice went echoing back along the corridor laden with invective and imprecation.

This prompt punishment had at first a very wholesome effect upon Minxie Bligh, and kept her quiet for a time. She was confined to her cell while it lasted, and was not expected to work, so two of her favourite forms of misconduct were impossible. Being kept apart from her fellow-prisoners, she was unable to aggravate or annoy them, more particularly Dossor, whom she considered the primary cause of all her woes. Still more, she was prevented from seducing them into disorderliness by her pretentious appearance and ridiculous manœuvres; and not being called upon to work she could not offend by the non-completion of her daily task. Minxie's toilette, the care bestowed on her personal decoration and adornment, left her little enough time for her oakum or knitting-needle, and when "clear of report"—not under punishment, that is to say—she was continually in trouble about her work.

By degrees, however, Bligh began to revive. She was smarting under a sense of wrong; the governor had punished her most unjustly, and she was determined to formally complain. So her name was taken for the Visiting Committee, and the next time the magistrates came, she was escorted before the board, made up and bedizened as usual. But her blandishments were wasted upon "the blokes."

"My lords and gentlemen," she began, in an affected voice, "you see before you a lady of rank, one who has moved in the best circles at home and abroad——"

"Weren't you once a chorus girl at the —— Theatre?" asked the chairman, a city magistrate of long and wide experience.

"Never, moosheer! It is a base lie! I am of French extraction. My father was an English officer—one of the half-pay army of India. My mother——"

"Well, well, these biographical details are not wanted. What have you to say to us to-day?"

Minxie began a long, rambling statement about her "last report," the iniquity of her punishment; it was the other woman, "a common prisoner," who was to blame, not she; the governor had been most unjust, and so on.

A short colloquy with the officials and the reproduction of witnesses soon disposed of the complaints, but it was a field-day for Minxie, and she had many others ready.

"The food here, honourable gentlemen, is not fit for menials and slaves. This morning the gruel was full of black worms, and the bread—see, gentlemen," and she suddenly produced a small loaf from beneath her skirt, "it is as hard as a curbstone, and, faugh! it positively smells."

The gruel had been duly inspected that morning. There was nothing wrong with it. No one else had complained. No wonder the bread was like a bullet; it was at least a week old.

"Is that all, Bligh?" the chairman asked, with unwearied patience.

"No, moosheer, I wish to speak about my apparel. Look at this—dress. Is it fit for a lady to wear, all darned and dirty, and out of shape—not even new? I wonder what low creature has worn it before me? Faugh! I cannot bear to think of it; it makes me sick."

"I dare say she has worn it herself before. She's here often enough; but we can't keep clothes on purpose for her," protested the matron, after which Minxie was dismissed. But she was not got rid of until she had given the magistrates a bit of her mind in the same fluent-tongued abuse, and all the way back to Pentagon Five she stormed and raved and swore like a bargee in petticoats.

Minxie had an opportunity of reiterating her complaints a few days later, when visited by one of the Home Office inspectors. He came upon her a little unawares, as she was seated on her cell-stool in only her flannel petticoat. But her coiffure was as carefully arranged as usual, the love-locks all on the forehead, and her manner was quite haughty and self-possessed in spite of the scantiness of her apparel.

"You must permit me to apologize, inspector, for receiving you in this costume, but really it is not my fault."

"Shut the door on her," interposed the matron; "she is the most shameless hussy. The idea of her being like that at this time of day."

"No, no; I must hear all she has to say," protested the inspector.

"It is just this, moosheer. I can no longer wear my prison garb; it is not decent, and it is too dirty. The Committee of Magistrates," she said, coolly, "have ordered me to have another dress——"

"That is not the case," corrected an officer.

"But I have not yet had it. I have worked my fingers to the bone in endeavouring to repair that thing, but I can work no more at it. I shall never put it on again. How long am I to remain like this?" and she pointed airily to her somewhat brief flannel skirt.

"Does she earn her marks?" the inspector asked of an officer.

"Not she, sir. She hasn't done a day's work—not real work—since she's been in. Always messing about with her clothes, or her hair, wasting time."

"Why not put her in the laundry? She would have to do real work there."

"It is impossible to let her be with the other prisoners. She upsets them so; even in chapel. The other day almost she caused quite an uproar."

It was usual to take Minxie Bligh to Divine Service, but she entered last, and was seated in the back row, where she was invisible, and she was the first to leave. On one occasion, through some inadvertence, she formed part of the general congregation in the body of the chapel, and became at once a centre of disturbance. The way she drew her skirts away from her nearest neighbours was a direct offence, but they forgave her that day, she was so amusing. Hidden laughter convulsed them; they twisted in their seats in silent contortions, which presently broke into audible titters, and ended in a broad guffaw. Minxie all the time kept a steady, solemn face, eyes always downcast on her book, and seemed quite unmoved by the commotion around. Several women were reported and severely punished, but Minxie, the cause and origin of all, would have escaped, through that curious freemasonry often seen among prisoners which is opposed to tale-bearing, but for the spite of one woman—Dossor, who still owed her a grudge. Through Dossor the exact measure of Minxie's misbehaviour was made known. It appeared that Bligh, while seemingly most devout, was saying her prayers and following the hymns after a manner of her own. She entirely altered the responses, substituting ribald expressions and slang phrases for the proper words in the Liturgy. At the singing of the Psalms and hymns she adapted music-hall catches to the tunes with immensely comic effect to those who sat near her. This desecration of the Church Service was an amusing variation of the daily monotony.

For this offence, when brought home to her, as it was, upon the direct evidence of Dossor, Minxie received an exemplary punishment. She vowed vengeance on the informant. Her original hatred was intensified, and she already loathed her heartily—for reasons that were not perfectly well known within the prison. But prison gossip, which does not go for much—the clandestine conversation at the work-table, wash-tub, or wringing-machine, which officers seldom hear, and do not quite believe when they do—alleged that the cause of the quarrel was a rivalry in the affection of a notorious cracksman, who had jilted Dossor for Minxie, dazzled by the aristocratic airs of the noble lady.

But Dossor, who was a hard-working woman, and kept a comfortable home over her head "outside," had recaptured her truant lover, and had paid Minxie off by appropriating all her belongings—a box and its more or less valuable contents—during one of Minxie's enforced retirements from the busy world. There were thus causes of offence on both sides, and no love lost between the women. Minxie, as has been seen, had given vent to her feelings the moment she caught sight of Dossor in Millbank, and the latter had sharply retaliated. The ill-will had gone on steadily increasing, fed by their various differences, till now—when Dossor had decidedly "put her away" (told tales of her)—Minxie, by constant brooding over her wrongs, had begun to thirst for her enemy's blood.

After the first conflict they were wisely kept as much as possible apart. Minxie was moved into another pentagon, and, except by the purest accident, Dossor and she seldom, if ever, met. But Minxie could wait, and the longer she waited the more implacable she became. She knew, too, that she would have no chance with Dossor in any mere trial of strength; her enemy was so much heavier, and more muscular, that she was bound to have the best of any tussle upon equal terms.

It was necessary for Minxie, if she would succeed, to have some weapon of offence other than her nails, and it is not easy to get weapons in gaol. But she was patient and she was ingenious, and as she still did little work she had much spare time at her disposal. Her first notion was to lay hands on a piece of hoop or rusty nail, which she might sharpen till it formed a cutting or stabbing instrument. But neither came within her reach in the exercising-yard —her only opportunity for acquisition. Then she tried another stratagem. She made a pitiful appeal for the use of a tooth-brush. The handle of hard bone might, she thought, be given a sufficiently fine point to serve her purpose. Tooth-brushes are not included among the toilette necessaries of either male or female prisoners, and Minxie's request was for a long time refused. Her persistence, however, eventually won the day after she had worried the committee and every superior official to death on the subject.

But disappointment was once more her portion. They said she might clean her teeth daily, but the tooth-brush was not to be left in her possession. It was to be given in to her cell every morning, and then, as soon as she had used it, returned to the ward officer. It seemed as if she must forego her vengeance on Dossor, or trust to her pluck and the chance of her taking her enemy unawares.

Suddenly it occurred to her that her wooden spoon was made of hardest ash, and it had a large bowl and a long handle, and was just what she wanted if properly sharpened at the end. She concealed her spoon, pretended it was lost, obtained another for daily use, and gradually worked on the first till it was as dangerous as a boomerang or a mediæval dart. This she always carried about with her in the wards, on the way to chapel, at exercise, carefully secreted inside her stocking, but always within reach. She was only biding her time, hoping some day she might meet and settle accounts with Dossor.

Then she heard, with a gasp of indignation, that her prey had all but slipped out of her grasp. Dossor, a steady, well-behaved, and biddable woman, not afraid of work, had been taken into the hospital as a nurse.

Minxie's only idea now was how to "fetch the farm," to feign or simulate disease, and secure admission to the hospital, by fair means or foul. She made the doctors' lives a burthen to them. Every morning now her name headed the list of "complaining sick," and every day she was suffering from some new and mysterious disorder. They were all of the highly aristocratic, fine lady class. "Brown cheetis" was one malady, nervous prostration, absolute inability to lift her poor head, or to speak without tears, was another; next day she was in a high fever, her pulse galloping, with coldness of the feet, and palpitation of the heart.

But both her medical advisers were old and practised hands, whose skill and insight, largely aided by the stethoscope and clinical thermometer, those invaluable aids to prison practice, quickly penetrated Minxie's pretences, and sent her off with the contemptuous assurance that there was nothing the matter with her.

Minxie was not to be beaten. She knew she must try something more tangible next time; the repetition of vague complaint would only lead to punishment, so she manufactured a horrible sore in her leg, artificial at first, but soon, by dint of lime-scrapings and other irritants, a very serious affair.

This gained her medical treatment at once, but not in hospital. It was just one of those cases which could best be dealt with, the doctors thought, in cell. The bitter disappointment of this so preyed upon Minxie's mind that the self-inflicted wound resisted all treatment; the sore became dangerously aggravated; blood-poisoning set in, and she became really seriously ill. It was now imperatively necessary to remove her to the hospital, where she remained in an unconscious state, hovering between life and death,

# CHAPTER III.

## GENTLEMEN IN GAOL.

**Wide sweep of gaol-net—All classes caught, some deserving of infinite pity—Not so the ordinary gentleman gaol-bird—Prison treatment equally and similarly applied to all—Hell to some, paradise to others—How courageous spirits bear it —Various types of gentlemen—The Russian Count—My old comrade, Captain Y.—"Big" criminals—Tichborne claimant —Bank forgers—Cosmopolitanism in crime—French and English police—Methods and success compared—François the anarchist—Foreign contingent—Immigrant paupers—Swell mobsmen of no country—Sham royalty—"Prince of Long Firm swindlers"—Arrest of Lavine—My first meeting with him—His wife—Her plan to assist him in attempted escape from the train—Her schemes to communicate with him in Hawksfield Gaol—The cheque for proceeds of great fraud—How intercepted.**

THE meshes of the great gaol-net are small; it makes a wide sweep, and harvests the most varied spoil. Almost every class in the community is or has been represented in gaol. Speaking broadly, all who break the law, and are "found out," must pass the prison gate; even the non-criminal, whose offence is no more than neglect of some social ordinance, or the fanatic opposition to some superior decree, for imprisonment is now-a-days the sole retribution for every wrongful act. So the gaol population is made up of many strange varieties. At times, but happily rarely, a man of high culture and upright character makes a short sojourn within the walls—the editor who nobly bears another's deed rather than surrender the sacred secrets of the press; at others a blameless Churchman who has defied ecclesiastical authority, and is condemned to lengthened loss of liberty for constancy in his perhaps mistaken opinions. I have seen one of this class who spent twenty months in a prison chamber; it was always gaol for him, although he was allowed all possible relaxation of discipline; daily visits from his wife, permission to wear his own clothes, to provide his own food, to exercise alone, and such amusements as were within his reach, and which only extended to gymnastic exercise on a rope and trapeze fixed within his room, and to teaching a jackdaw to talk. Yet another of the non-criminal class, although sentenced as such, were the misguided champions of free speech, whose rash challenge of authority led them into conflict with the guardians of order, and earned them imprisonment. There was something chivalrous in the way one of these bore his punishment; cheerfully abiding by the restrictions and restraints of gaol life, enduring everything —the coarse dress, meagre diet, hard pallet—without a murmur, almost gaily, and setting a fine example to far more guilty but less orderly and well-conditioned prisoners.

Such brilliant and exceptional victims of the law are of course but rarely met with in gaol. For the great bulk of better born and more cultivated prisoners it is impossible to express sympathy, although many merit compassion. The latter are the limited number who through weakness—the force of circumstances, not always deeply culpable—have passed the dread frontier and slipped from honesty to crime. Pity cannot be withheld from the once respected and trusted bank-manager, who though undoubtedly misappropriating monies, did as he had done unchecked for years, still hoping, till the bad times came, to replace as usual the sums applied temporarily to his own use. To see this poor, broken, humiliated man in convict garb, cut off from friends, permitted to see his wife but once in three months; condemned to unlovely, uncongenial toil, oakum-picking, stitching at drab cloth suits or canvas mail-bags, with no compensations in the present, no hope of rehabilitation in the future, must satisfy the sternest vindicator of the law that the way of transgressors is hard. Or another case I have in my mind's eye, that of a man who had earned high military rank by his own brave deeds, and who occupied a high position in county administration, but who had failed in his trust, and was sent to penal servitude, which he bore with great fortitude and patience. He was employed in the tailor's shop, where he became an expert workman.

These cases are of course in the minority, but there are many of the educated class, gentlemen gaol-birds, if the expression may be permitted, to be always found in prison. Many make the best of their situation. I can recall several who took their punishment like men, cheerfully accepting its most grievous burthens as the due retribution of their offence. No doubt imprisonment of any kind bears heavily, most heavily, on the gentleman class. But very sound reasons, to say nothing of nearly insuperable administrative difficulties, forbid any effort to apportion the incidence of the punishments a little differently. One of the highest living authorities has argued this out with surely convincing logic. "A sentence of penal servitude is, in its main features, and so far as concerns the punishment, applied on exactly the

A GENTLEMAN GAOL-BIRD.

same system to every person subjected to it. The previous career and character of the prisoner makes no difference in the punishment to which he is subjected, because it is rightly considered that it is for the Courts of Law, who have or should have a full knowledge on these points, to consider them on awarding sentence; and if any prisoner were subjected to harsher or milder treatment in consequence of any knowledge the prison authorities might have of his previous character, it might be that he would practically be punished twice over on the same account. . . . The Government would also be always liable to charges of showing favour to or prejudice against certain particular prisoners. . . ."[1] Nevertheless, a prison to one who has always fared roughly often proves a paradise; to the more delicately nurtured it is simply hell. If the short-term prison is irksome, the convict prison is infinitely worse. Mr. Michael Davitt, who has passed through it, has described penal servitude as the most heart-crushing system of coercion ever devised. The absolute surrender of individual independence, the continuous isolation from worldly affairs, make the punishment morally most severe, while the physical discomforts are great—rough diet, coarse clothes, and a narrow, barely-furnished cell; above all, the obligation to labour unceasingly,—all these combine to render an English convict prison a place of real expiation, although readers of my first volume may agree that an offender might go further and fare worse.

---

[1] Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 156.

But there are courageous spirits who are not unduly cast down, and who "do their bit" bravely to the last. I remember the captain of a Yankee clipper sentenced for the manslaughter of one of his crew, a tall, sturdy, self-reliant, laborious convict, who never murmured, looked always good-tempered, wore his drab suit and knickerbockers as jauntily as if it were the most honourable uniform. He submitted himself with cheerful alacrity to discipline, and was never to my knowledge reported for misconduct. On his release he resumed his old position, I believe, none the worse for his enforced withdrawal into privacy. Another who took his punishment well had been a Liverpool merchant, and was a meek, inoffensive creature, grateful for any kindness, gladly performing any office, however menial, and overflowing with gratitude for his selection as a prison-cleaner. The Italian whom I have called Baiocchi, whose history has already been given, was a mild-mannered, docile prisoner, who did his share of labour with more robust comrades, and never repined at a sentence which he always averred was undeserved.

The gentlemen in gaol, actual or *soi-disant*, those really of gentle birth and superior education, and those who are more or less impostors, are drawn from many sections of society. The bearers of real titles, and the claimants thereto; foreign noblemen whose patents would hardly bear the inspection of pursuivant or heralds' college; officers of both services, indisputably commissioned once, or claiming rank that no army or navy list has recognized; clergymen once beneficed perhaps, or holding clerical appointments, with others whose consecration was their own doing, and their ministrations sacrilege; lawyers, doctors—at one time or another I have met one and all. There was X. who called himself a Russian count when at Chatham, although his convict name was vulgar and plebeian enough. He was a dark, good-looking, gentleman-like individual, who bore himself with much hauteur to his fellows (which they did not resent, and never do), and was no more civil to his officers than he was compelled to avoid trouble and report. His career was one long fraud, ingeniously contrived, and generally successful. He spoke several languages fluently, French, German, Italian, and English with a slight foreign accent, which was quite in keeping with his character as a foreign nobleman. A favourite form of fraud of his was to pretend to help people to monies coming to them under a deceased relative's will, of which they had never heard, and to obtain funds for prosecuting inquiries. His stock-in-trade consisted of D'Hozier and Burke, and all the Court and other directories of the capitals of Europe; he owned a hundred *aliases*, all of distinguished names—Calvert, Howard, Stanhope, Plantagenet, Doria, Van Scaik, de Persigny, de Hauterive, Mentschikoff; he assumed all sorts of disguises, and frequented all places of popular and fashionable resort—Pau, Nice,

ment I was bound to inflict for breaches of discipline. His offence had been forgery; that of his father's or brother's name, for which he was prosecuted by some tradesman who had been the sufferer. His family had been powerless to save him, and may not have had the wish, as I learnt afterwards that he had been a cause of constant trouble and annoyance to them. As a prisoner he was strangely ill-conditioned and ill-behaved; constantly under report, and often under punishment, his peculiar offences being malingering and insubordination. I had left Chatham when he finally became due for release, and came on to Millbank, where I had the curiosity to pay an unsuspected visit to his cell. Looking at him quietly through the "judas" or small window for inspection inserted in the cell-door, I found him employed in carefully and laboriously greasing his hair! The pomatum he used was the fatty scum saved from his day's allowance of soup. The old vanity, long obscured by his abject condition, was now revived as the time of his release approached, and he was trying to make the best of his appearance against the time of his donning his "liberty clothes"—the plain suit of dittoes and slouch hat which would be given him the following day, and which was scarcely up to the old standard of a fastidious man who was dressed by Cook or Poole. I have said that his vanity was perforce laid aside while in gaol; still he lost no opportunity of "showing off" when he could; of impressing all of us, his keepers and his comrades, with his importance.

He once wrote a special letter for which he had made strong supplication; it was addressed to the equerry of a royal prince, and was full of minute instructions regarding the disposal of estates and other property, not one atom or tittle of which he possessed. These pretensions were readily accepted by his fellow-convicts, who always spoke of him respectfully as "Captain Y." Strange to say, he chose his friends, in hospital or at daily exercise, amongst the very worst criminals in the prison.

The tendency towards "bigs things" has often been noticed as one of the peculiar features of the present age—big shops, big syndicates, big businesses, big movements, big frauds, and crimes on a bigger scale than heretofore known. So, many "big" prisoners find their way into gaol. The Tichborne claimant, for example, whom I had the satisfaction of receiving at Millbank a few days after his sentence. We knew each other well, by sight, and had met morning after morning during his protracted trial, he on his way to court in a smart brougham, I walking to my day's work after breakfast. My acquaintance with Orton extended over nine months, during which time I saw and spoke to him daily. He was always courteous, almost painfully so, as though most anxious to impress me with his good breeding; his rare complaints were on matters that seemed to affect him as a gentleman, and he always tried to pose as a man of education, asking for special library books—a French book of prayers. Perhaps the most vivid recollection I have of the " unhappy nobleman " is the strange rapidity with which he lost flesh. He came in five-and-twenty stone weight, and wasted to sixteen before he was removed to Dartmoor. He was kept busily employed in taking in his own clothes. It had been necessary to decide on some particular form of sedentary employment for the fourteen years before him, and I selected tailoring as the most suitable. So as soon as he had learnt to stitch, he was provided with a second suit, which he altered while his burly frame shrunk in the one he was wearing. In the early days of his incarceration he was in a state of profound melancholy, and was seen to weep copiously. His disappointment must have been bitter, the game he played bold, but probably he had hardly estimated the consequences of defeat.

The extensive forgeries perpetrated upon the Bank of England by the Bidwells was another of the gigantic frauds of the period, and the forgers were, in their way, remarkable men. The extreme simplicity of their scheme, which is sufficiently well known, exhibited the highest kind of criminal genius, and the long immunity from detection was the result of the pains and patience with which their plans were prepared and executed. As prisoners the Bidwells will be best remembered by their fruitless attempts to compass escape. It was said that they had still the control of large sums secreted no one knew where or how, and which they alone could recover. For this their release was indispensable. Accordingly they

ledged that the English police—especially the metropolitan—has admirable facilities for dealing with criminals; its machinery works with great and far-reaching precision; the initiative and impulse of a strong, self-reliant, long-experienced central authority are felt through all its ramifications. The superior usefulness of the London police is admitted by the police of other capitals, especially that of Paris, which continually applies to London for assistance and advice. One or two instances of the successful working of New Scotland Yard may be quoted here, and may be found to justify a brief digression.

Not long ago (1891) a French lady was sent to London strongly recommended to the metropolitan police authorities by the French prefect of police. She had lost her husband, who had run off to London with another woman. So much was known for certain, but nothing more. No clue whatever existed by which he could be traced, except that the lady brought with her a couple of her husband's photographs. These were at once exhibited to the whole of the inspectors of the Criminal Investigation Department. The very same afternoon one of the detectives met the missing man walking in Pall Mall, recognized him beyond all mistake, followed him, and tracked him down. This was all that was needed. The wife's only object was to find her husband, confront him before witnesses, and charge him with his misconduct, which, according to the law of her country, was sufficient to establish a claim of divorce.

The recent capture of François, the anarchist, is offenders into English gaols. Leaving aside for the moment the large contingent sent by our wretched East End colonies, fed by pauper immigration, whose crimes are of minor importance, I will mention only the top-sawyers and leaders of large gangs who are equally at home in all countries; the ingenious and daring rogues whose skill in emptying travelling safes of the railway companies is little less than sleight-of-hand, who will transfer the bonds, notes, or bullion to their own pockets in the teeth of all precautions, under the very eyes of detectives; the travelling thieves who reap rich harvests in *trains de luxe,* steal jewel-bags that are lightly lost sight of even for a few minutes, and "crack" palaces and mansions surrounded by watchmen; prosperous rogues who live in Piccadilly chambers, drive mail phaetons, belong to West End clubs, fare sumptuously every day; whose wives (so called) make a great show in gorgeous apparel at opera or race-meeting, and promptly disappear with half of the booty when the evil hour arrives, as it inevitably will. Most of these men are known to the police, suspected constantly, but they long go scot-free. There is no positive evidence; a link is wanting in the chain; there is not enough on which to arrest, much less to obtain conviction. Such were, the lame gentleman who owned the smart villa at Ventnor, whence he directed the operations of his agents all over the Continent, personating respectable people, robbing banks with forged letters of credit, falsely claiming dividends, and carrying on many other ingenious forms of fraud; the prime movers in the turf frauds, whose victims were gullible foreign dames, and their chief accomplices the suborned police officers whom they had for a second and more heinous offence, committed with the same intention.

The staunch support a "crook" will receive, almost invariably, from his female partner, is well known to all who have had any experience with criminals. It is well exemplified in the following narrative concerning a man known as "the Prince of Long Firm Swindlers." He was one whom I had come across in private life without the least suspicion of his felonious proclivities, and how I first discovered them will now be set forth. It was at the Hotel Comfortable, as I will call it, one of the most popular and best-appointed hotels in Paris. There was so much stir and turmoil in the inner courtyard that I asked M. Anatole, the civil and obliging director, what was the matter.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said carelessly—

"Surely some mistake. An arrest. Monsieur over there is believed by the police to be an *escroc*."

"That is hardly possible. Why, he has been staying in the house for some weeks. I have often talked to him in the smoking-room—renewed my acquaintance with him, for I have met him in England, and know him——"

My last words were overheard by the person just taken into custody, and he at once turned to the police in protest.

"This gentleman knows me," he said; "he will vouch for me, I feel sure."

He spoke in English, addressing one of his captors, who had stood hitherto with his back to me. But now I saw his face and recognized Superintendent Isaacson, of Scotland Yard.

"Know you, does he?" said Mr. Isaacson, with a gentlemen—twenty minutes—ten minutes!" At each announcement of the approaching departure of the letter-bag the pens scratched more loudly and more rapidly; men who were behindhand looked up in despairing appeal, yearning, like Joshua, to stay the flight of time; others ran their fingers excitedly through their tumbled hair, and seemed to sit down to flog their flagging energies like jockeys who punish at the post.

I was especially struck by one man, because he was a marked exception to the general rule. He remained cool and imperturbable in the midst of the general flurry and bustle. There was a refreshing deliberateness in all his movements, although, to judge by the plethoric writing-case and many memorandum-books in front of him, he must have been one of the busiest of those present.

But he turned over his note-books slowly, scanned the entries minutely, made little calculations on bits of paper, which he was careful to tear up into little pieces; then, when he addressed himself to his correspondence, he wrote slowly, forming his letters with the loving precision of a professional penman, crossing his t's and dotting his i's, and completing each numeral as if it were a work of art.

He addressed an envelope for each letter when it was finished, and laid them all in regular rows in front of him, rose, rang the bell, asked for ten shillings'-worth of halfpenny stamps, and gave a five-pound note to pay for them. Time appeared to be no object to him. He waited patiently for the stamps; when they arrived, fixed them slowly, after sealing each letter and fastening all down noisily upon the table with the fleshy part of his fist. The you surprised? I could tell at once you were a military man. Besides, you were not anxious to catch the post. It's a trying life, sir."

Then he launched into details which were exceedingly interesting: the fluctuations of trade; the profit and loss to be made on a turn of the market; the need for self-reliance; sometimes for the utmost patience, at others for lightning-like rapidity of action; you had to slave to secure orders, and do business, then use every effort to get paid. Success lay between enough trade on one side, and bad debts on the other.

I asked him what line he was in.

"Everything sir. We buy and sell everything."

A perfectly correct description of his business, but he omitted to add that he paid for none. It was this unsatisfactory, not to say reprehensible, custom that had got him into difficulties with the police. Using many *aliases,* and helped by many confederates, he was able to obtain goods in great quantities at three months' credit; these he disposed of at low prices for cash, then disappeared and began again.

"We've had a long hunt, but we've got him now," said Mr. Isaacson, "and I am greatly obliged to M. Macé here, who ran him down for us, and who will, I hope, help me to extradite him without loss of time."

"Is it felony, then?"

"Felony! twenty times over. Why, Major, this is Gentleman Jasper; Jasper Puncheon, you know, the Prince of Long Firm Swindlers."

in breaking the blow to Mrs. Lavine. I had seen her with her husband frequently in the hotel restaurant. A gay, mercurial, smartly-dressed little Frenchwoman, with dark, sparkling eyes, very white teeth, which showed a good deal when she laughed, and she was always laughing. A merry, light-hearted, guileless creature, with plenty of the careless, voluble chatter appertaining to her sex and nation. I had been so especially struck by her artless, innocent face that I felt very sorry for her, mated, tied for life to a notorious swindler, who was now arrested almost under her eyes.

But Lavine, thanking me warmly, refused.

"I am deeply grateful to you, but if I may not tell her myself I would rather she did not know. It is really unnecessary; I shall certainly be back within an hour or two. Till then she can wait. M. Anatole will tell her I have been called suddenly away. Lead on, gentlemen, where you please;" and he was conveyed to the closed *fiacre* which was in waiting to take the whole party to the Prefecture.

He did not return in the hour or two, nor at all. How his disappearance affected his poor young wife was not quite clear, but she did not succumb to poignant grief, and possibly expected it, for that same evening she called for the hotel bill, had her portmanteaus put on an omnibus, and was driven to the Gare de l'Est. This was a false address, as will presently appear.

I had made my own plans to leave Paris that night, and on reaching the northern station I fancied that I caught a glimpse of her upon the platform. I was not very sure, and did not think of the matter again until we reached Amiens about midnight. I did not leave my carriage, although the train made a long stoppage, and as I looked out I was certain this time that she passed the window.

Only a minute or two afterwards there was a scuffle and a scurrying of feet, with loud cries in both English and French: "Arrêtez-le! empoignez-le!" "Stop him! Seize him!" and I saw my friend Lavine running for dear life down the platform, and on into the mouth of the tunnel at the end of the station. The whole place was in an uproar—a Babel of voices, much hurrying to and fro, and the train was delayed quite half-an-hour.

At the end of that time Lavine was led back, looking rather crestfallen, between two tall gendarmes, while Isaacson and another detective followed behind.

"Nearly gave us the slip," said the former, with an aggrieved air, as he passed and recognized me. "Lying thief! I let him out to get a cup of hot coffee, and whiff. He was off like an eel. Slippery cove! Wish he was safe inside four walls."

"How did you pick him up again?"

"Why, the confounded jackass did not go further than the mouth of the tunnel. Thought he'd hide there, I suppose, till after the hunt."

"Was he alone when you took him? Any confederate with him?"

"Well, now you mention it, yes, there was a woman with him, I believe; in the tunnel, I do believe."

"His wife. I saw her at the Gare du Nord, and again on the platform here, just before Lavine made his escape."

"Thunder! then they have communicated. I think I ought to shadow her. She knows where the plunder is, or may lead us to some of his pals. Quick! what was she like?"

"Short, well dressed, sealskin jacket, black straw hat——"

"And there she is, getting into the train again! She can't very well get out between this and Calais unless she jumps out. We're off now, and don't stop. But just to make that safe, the guard shall go along the footboard and lock her in both sides."

This probably aroused her suspicions. In any case, she must have known she was being watched, for, as Isaacson afterwards told me, her subsequent proceedings were all most regular and intelligible. On arrival in London she went to a good hotel, and except to interview a well-known solicitor, famous for his astuteness in criminal cases, she received no one and never went out, till one day, when the watch was relaxed, she gave the detectives the slip, and promptly disappeared.

I was the next to come upon her, much to my surprise, at Hawksfield.

I was visiting the prison, when the governor began—

"There's a trial prisoner here who is giving a vast deal of trouble, sir. It's a long-firm case, pure swindling, but he wants to carry on his business all last time. Up to no good, I am positive. It was quite late at night."

"Did she come alone?"

"Yes, sir; in a cab, which stopped at the other end of the lane. You know we're very quiet this way after nightfall, and I was surprised to hear wheels so late as eleven; still more when they did not drive past the prison. So I went down my garden, which runs, you know, to the end of the lane, and out at my wicket-gate. There was the cab, sure enough. But just as I got up to it I saw a woman's figure

"There was the Cab."

coming from the direction of the boundary-wall. She jumped in and was driven quickly away."

"You recognized Mrs. Lavine?"

"I could almost swear it was the woman who neither the letter nor the spirit of the law. I am still unconvicted, and presumably innocent. I am entitled to every assistance in the preparation of my defence. My wife's visits are indispensable."

"Mrs. Lavine has broken the rule by seeking to open up clandestine communication with you. You must blame her for the deprivation."

"Did she do that? The sweet, fond, foolish girl! Oh, sir, would you punish me because—because her love was stronger than her judgment, her common-sense? She is a weak, silly dear."

I thought of the night visit, of the assistance given Lavine at the Amiens station, and I felt that the husband hardly did justice to the wife.

"I may see her, may I not?" he went on, pleading hard, and in the end I consented, although I was satisfied some hidden reason underlaid the earnest request.

So it proved.

Mrs. Lavine came the next day, and went very near the accomplishment of what was, no doubt, always in the minds of both. It so chanced that she was shown into the visiting-chambers just as Lavine was brought out of the central hall. Throwing off all reserve, and setting all system at defiance, she then and there rushed into his arms, and with a wailing cry of "Oh, mon tout adoré!" fainted away. For a moment or two no one liked to interfere. There was some talk of calling in the matron or some other female officer, when the governor himself appeared upon the scene.

# CHAPTER IV.

## SOME GENTLEMEN GAOL-BIRDS.

The aristocrats of the old French *bagnes*—Petit, Cognard, the Comte d'Arnheim—Some notorious American criminals—A cute Yankee crook—Schaperson's complaints—A much ill-used citizen of U. S. A.—His true story revealed by himself—How he was trapped and arrested—His nefarious schemes for frauds on the Continent and elsewhere—His regrets and pinings after honest life—Meet him again in Sing Sing—His pleasanter life there—Irish-American political convicts—The release of Rossa and his friends—My arrangements—Difficulties—Journey to Liverpool—The Liverpool police—The Cunard s.s. *Cuba*—Night guard on an Atlantic liner—Rossa's own account of his release.

BEFORE leaving the gentleman gaol-bird, it may be interesting to refer to one or two of the class notorious enough in their time, but who are half forgotten now, or at least but little known beyond their own country. No English convict, whatever his antecedents, his claims to gentility, or the grandeur of his crimes, has ever rivalled the old aristocrat of the French *bagnes*. Men like Petit, Cognard, known as the Comte de Pontis, the so-called Comte d'Arnheim, and the Marquis de Chambreuil, were types that now have all but disappeared. Matters were made very easy

the troops. He is said to have been a man born to command; had a tall, well-proportioned figure, and a handsome face. Dr. Lauvergne, the well-known doctor of the *bagne*, whose recollections are worth reading, describes Cognard as physically a very fine man; but the look in his face, the firmness of his mouth, much puckered and wrinkled; above all, the watchful, lynx-like eye, showed that he had long played a deep, dangerous game.

Petit was a French *forçat* whose famous exploits made him a hero among his fellows. He was a prince of convict aristocrats; endowed with great intelligence; a finished actor, a persuasive talker, had the gift of languages, and was equal to any demand, any emergency. It was said of Petit, while at Toulon, that he was one whom the best society would acknowledge as one of its members; in other words, if he had been transferred suddenly from the *bagne* to the most elegant *salon*, he would have been noticed for his charming manners, his refined and delicate face. His whole aspect breathed the gentleman.[1] He was so affable and pleasant to all, to keepers and comrades alike, so exact in his conduct, and obedient to his superiors, that they almost forgot he wore the chain. But Petit, for all his external refinement, his well-bred accent, and his white, well-shaped hands, was a monster; his was the outwardly attractive exterior that covered incarnate wickedness, and his crimes were innumerable and most atrocious. In his last sentence, which was for life, Petit abandoned his high pretensions, gave up the part of gentleman, and sick

---

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 205, the gentleman convict in New Caledonia.

"Where do we fall short? I may remind you, however, that the United States did not exist a thousand years ago."

"That's neither here nor there. I tell you the whole thing wants rectifying. To begin with, there's not enough to eat."

"The allowance is considered sufficient by competent opinion. It was fixed by a committee of the most eminent doctors. You can have more if your medical officer thinks you need it."

"Well, I do, badly; and a knife and fork to eat it with. You only supply us with a wooden spoon. Are we to tear our food to pieces with our fingers like wild beasts?"

"There are very good reasons for withholding a knife and fork——"

"And a table-cloth, and dinner utensils—plates, I mean; I am accustomed to eat my meals like a gentleman."

"Like every one else who comes here."

"I know nothing about other people," he answered, rather insolently. "But I insist upon more consideration. Unless my legitimate grievances are immediately redressed, I will make such a stir, when I obtain my release, as will embroil England and America, perhaps lead to a diplomatic breach. I give you fair warning."

"We must try and face that trouble when it comes. Meanwhile you will, I fear, be obliged to succumb to our system, however irksome you may find it."

This much ill-used citizen of the United States was a tall, good-looking man, who spoke correctly, with the very slightest nasal twang. He carried himself well; his demeanour was self-possessed, almost defiant; his air was one of haughty protest against his present position. He had a pleasant face enough, marred only by the falseness of his very pale-blue, changeful eyes. His short brown beard curled naturally, and his long, fair, silken moustache, which he constantly twisted upward as he talked, gave him a feline, tigerish look. He evidently bestowed much care on his personal appearance. His hair had been wetted; it was neatly combed, parted, and plastered down on his forehead. His clothes were carefully brushed; hands and face were scrupulously clean. Altogether he was greatly superior to his surroundings.

"Does that Schaperson give you much trouble?"

I asked the governor afterwards, curious to hear something of this prison character.

"Only in one way—trafficking. He has tried hard to seduce several officers from their allegiance. We have caught him with tobacco, and once with extra food."

"Is his story true?"

"Partly. He is no doubt a superior man, and was actually consul for ——. But he made a very improper use of his official position. We have it by his own confession."

"Why, the man declares he is innocent."

"Read this, sir;" and the governor put several closely-written sheets of waste-paper into my hand. It was a "stiff," picked up near the prisoner's cell—a long clandestine letter, intended by Schaperson for a prison friend, whose acquaintance he had made in the exercising-yard, and whom he evidently wished to secure as a future accomplice. After giving the causes that had led to his own arrest and sentence, it proceeded to unfold a number of nefarious schemes to be some day tried for their joint aggrandizement.

The following are some extracts from this curious document, which may be found interesting, as criminal plans and intentions, the secret thoughts of the criminal mind, with full confessions and admissions, are but seldom laid bare.

He tells first the true story of his arrest:—

"About December I was introduced at the 'Grand Hotel,' Hawkspool, to a Mr. F. L. P. Vanderkiste and Mr. H. A. Toller, both of New York. The former was most affable in his manner, and we soon became most intimate. He was constantly at my office; took me driving in a carriage, and gave me big spreads with much sparkling wine at the hotel. At Christmas I invited both to dine at home with me. Vanderkiste got pretty full, and said, after dinner—

"'To-night I am going to divulge a great secret, and to ask your advice.'

"I said I should be very glad to give him any advice in my power.

"About eight o'clock, when the rest of the party were in the parlour, smoking and drinking, I took Vanderkiste up to my bedroom and said—

"'Now out with it. What is your trouble?'

"'Will you give me your word of honour,' he replied, 'not to mention what I am going to tell you, and even if you can't or won't advise me, to forget what I have said?'

"I gave the required promise, and he went on—

"'You know that to get foreign or railway bonds cashed or exchanged they must be certified by a consul? Last month a large number of bonds, £10,000 worth, were stolen from a broker's clerk in the city. They were mostly Venezuelan, Uruguay, and South American descriptions. I have got them. They are payable to bearer, but I cannot get rid of them. If I take them to my consul I shall be arrested. I dare not go back to New York; I am wanted there. There is my story. I am entirely at your mercy.

Havre and went on to Paris, where I was arrested next day, when it was discovered at the bank that the bonds I had sold were those stolen. They took me to the *conciergerie*; I was interrogated, but they made nothing out of me, and when I came for trial I found it easy to prove that the robbery had taken place in London while I was absent in my office at Hawkspool. So I was acquitted.

"As bad luck would have it, Vanderkiste was afterwards arrested in New York and brought to England, where he confessed the whole business, and implicated me. I was again taken and charged with receiving the bonds knowing them to be stolen. Vanderkiste was no fool, but a first-rate fellow, handsome as the devil, a good figure, and a splendid address. He would make the king of swindlers, only he lacks nerve, and places too much confidence in his fellow-man, and when hard pressed gives his confederates away."

The letter next passed on to indicate a number of schemes for the perpetration of robbery and fraud. The American of gentlemanly exterior and fastidious tastes was evidently an accomplished "crook," with long experience and considerable inventive power. Some were big; some small; some needed capital; some only daring and promptitude; some could be worked single-handed; others called for an extensive organization, with many agents dispersed over a large area.

Of the last-mentioned the biggest and boldest was the proposed establishment of several parties, one in each of the great capitals, reporting direct to Schaperson in London or Paris. They were to operate upon the various Bourses according to the instructions received from him, the object of which was to forestall and adversely affect the markets to their own advantage. Another elaborate scheme was the distribution of forged circular notes, to be collected at various continental centres of travel. A whole group of frauds consisted of hoaxes upon travellers. Schaperson clearly knew all Europe—its highways and byways—thoroughly well.

Switzerland suggested the following to him:—

"Say we are at Interlaken. I propose to two American fellows, whose acquaintance I have made at the hotel, and whom I know to have large credits on them, to take a stroll up the mountains towards the Jungfrau. You (his confederate), and another you can trust, will be in the mountain already hunting deer; we join you while you are looking for one that has been wounded. It is hot work, and you propose we should all try some good old rye whisky, which we all gladly accept. The stuff you give them shall be drugged; I shall drink out of a different flask, but appear to doze off with the rest. When we awake we find that watch, money, valuables, and letter of credit are all gone. You can go to any banker's to cash the letters of credit. This is a very easy game, as every American in Europe carries a letter of credit for at least a thousand dollars for a summer's trip. They are easily abstracted, especially from young fools fresh from college with more money than brains. I can introduce myself always, and be certain of being well received. My family are among the best known in America, for my grandfather was one of the great generals during the War of Secession. No one was better known in history, or thought more of.

### A YANKEE CONFIDENCE TRICK MAN.

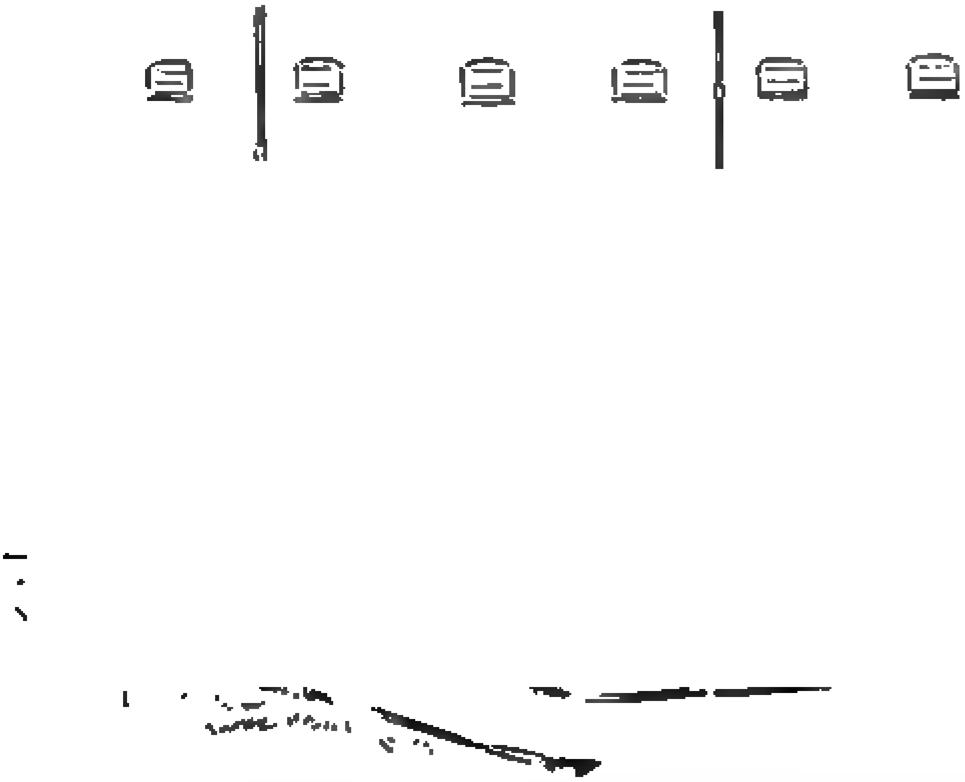
"Or we can try this. Go to a tourist agency office, say, at Nice or Marseilles; say to the head clerk or manager, 'I am running short of money; could I receive a cable remittance through you from my family in Washington?' He will, of course, agree. We have a friend posted in Washington whom we warn to cable their tourist agents when asked, using the bankers' code, which we shall both and said, one or two now and again in Moscow or Odessa, but rarely one in Orenberg, and then only when brought by some overland traveller from British India. These Eastern merchants are as rich as Vanderbilt or Astor; they hoard their savings all they can, and would snap up all our notes—false notes, of course. I know where they can be got in London or Paris at about a dollar a hundred. How if we circulate five hundred of them? There would be a clear profit of ten or twelve thousand dollars."

There were many more. Tricks upon the hall porters of clubs; upon confiding tradesmen, who were to provide goods and be paid in bogus cheques; upon the housekeepers of great public offices, whom they were to persuade to get a cheque cashed for them at the nearest grocer's; tricks upon the chasseurs of continental hotels. "Ask any one of them if he can direct you to a bureau of exchange. Be sure that this is after closing hours. He will say, 'Do you want to change any money?' You say 'Yes'; show him a couple of five-pound notes, a good sovereign, and a few shillings. He will be only too glad to change it and make the discount. Nine out of ten exchangers do not know a good note from a bad one. I once had a bill of exchange for seven pounds ten shillings. I went into an exchange office at Cologne and said, 'Please pass this through for collection; you can pay me when I call again in a few days' time. He offered to pay me the amount at once, and did. For all he knew it might have been worthless, although it happened, really, to be a good bill."

But this "high-toned" criminal, who could practise so many deceits, had his moments of apprehension and remorse.

"There are a thousand things to be thought of before you adopt the illegitimate business," he wrote in the same "stiff." "First of all, is it worth the candle? How much do you gain by it? A few weeks' jollity, perhaps, outside, and then as many years in prison. I should like you to tell me, how long do you mean to keep up the game? Or are you so wedded to it that you mean to stick to it to the end? As for me, I long for the time to come when I have finished the illegitimate work, when I shall have recovered all that I have lost, and can once again lead a straightforward life. It is simply hell to have to do such things—to be always on the cross, to have no peace morning, noon, or night, with the coppers at one's heels, the detectives always on the track, and certain to 'cop' you in the end. For try your best to protect yourself, to leave some loophole to crawl out by, they're bound to run you in some day, and then you have to pay the piper and dance while others pull the strings. I am sick of the life, with all its risks, the disgraces, the punishments, and the horrible contrast between outside and in. But life is too short to allow of one's building up a competency slowly. It may do very well for those who have not seen the great and gay world, and have not tasted as I have the elixir of pleasure without the labour of working for it. The danger is worth facing when a week's luck, a few days' or minutes' even, would provide more rhino than an honest labouring man could amass in years."

Crime did not entirely prosper with Schaperson, neither in the eastern nor the western hemispheres.



In Pentonville.

Whether or not he tried any of the plans he proposed, and which are briefly detailed above, I have no means of knowing, nor whether he was laid by the heels in another European gaol. Up to the last day of his London imprisonment he continued to complain of ill-treatment, of the coarse daily fare, the severity of his labour, the absence of all comfort in his daily life. He threatened, too, to the last, and we fully expected some strongly expressed protest from him through the American Legation or in the columns of the press. But he never opened his mouth. I gave him permission to receive a portmanteau full of respectable clothes on the day of his discharge, and he went out dressed like a gentleman, eager, no

At that moment gigantic baskets were being passed along the tables, into which the convicts, still seated, threw the great hunks of broken bread, which were afterwards distributed among the non-criminal unconverted poor.

Presently the whole fifteen hundred rose and filed out of the dining-hall. They marched with a slow cadenced step, lifting their knees high like Prussian grenadiers at a review, and as they passed they threw the knives and forks they had been using into a deep trough or tub under the watchful eyes of their officers. Their leisurely exodus permitted me to examine them closely, and compare them with others of their class in England and on the Continent. They were altogether sleeker, fatter, and in better case than old world prisoners, the result, no doubt, of their lazy and comparatively luxurious life. At that time the inmates of the Sing Sing prison spent their days in almost complete idleness. The Yates' law recently passed had just stopped all remunerative labour, and when not eating or exercising for digestion's sake the prisoners lay in their hammocks, smoking cigars and reading novels the whole day through.

Then suddenly, as they swaggered slowly past, my eye fell on a face I knew. It was Arminius R. Schaperson. He gave me quite a pleasant nod of recognition and passed on.

I at once asked after him by that name, but he was unknown as Schaperson in Sing Sing, and I feared that my curiosity concerning him would go unrewarded.

But I continued my inspection, wading through the yards all sloppy with the midday thaw. I visited the vast ateliers, upon which sudden paralysis

He looked at me rather askance, and gave an uneasy laugh. It was very evident he knew what I meant, but I made no further reference to it, nor did I care to prolong my talk with him.

"What's he in for?" I asked of the warden.

"Insurance frauds, very smartly done. He's a bright man, and that's a fact. Only the other day he was thought to be worth a million dollars; lived in an apartment-house on Madison Avenue, and drove a fine team of trotters in Central Park—made a very considerable splunge. He has good friends still, who try to make it comfortable for him here. That's for him," said the warden, as, passing through the entrance-gates, we came upon a well-filled hamper of eatables—a ham, cakes, pies, fruit, the "prog basket" of the school-boy, which prisoners in Sing Sing are permitted to receive.

"I suppose he is well behaved?"

"He is so—now; but we've had to tie him up by the thumbs once or twice, and I threatened one night to lock him up in the chapel, which is liable to cool the temper. Now he's quite exemplary. You see he is librarian, and he is in our singing class—the life and soul of our social evenings."

"Your what?" I almost shouted.

"Why, don't you know? We have first-rate concerts here on Saturday nights. Won't you come down once? You should hear our chorus of the 'Star Spangled' or 'Hail Columbia.'"

This was, perhaps, the crowning blow. I left Sing

Sing fully appreciating the reasons why Schaperson preferred it to Pentonville.

No description of the Americans of the better class who have found lodging in the English gaols would be complete without some account of the Fenian was to be carried out at once. The pardons were made out under the Great Seal of Ireland, each seal, a lump of wax about the size of a sally-lunn, attached to half an acre of parchment. Release was conditional on their consent to leave the United Kingdom forthwith, and engagement not to return. All except Halpin accepted the terms offered without demur, and all alike selected the United States as the country they proposed to honour with their future residence. As the Government (Mr. Gladstone's) was anxious to complete the business quickly, I was sent up to London to secure passages, and arrange for their safe conveyance from Chatham to Liverpool. This was Thursday afternoon; the best Atlantic steamers sailed on Saturday, so there was no time to be lost.

By the time I reached town the day was over, and I found the Cunard office shut. So I despatched a commissionaire to the Cunard agent's private address, which I found in a Directory, and went on myself to Euston, to arrange for the reception and transit of my party. There was no secret made of this approaching release, and there were not ungrounded fears of some demonstration *en route.* It would have been very awkward to have encountered a great crowd at the station, whether of idlers or sympathizers, for my instructions were on no account to lose my prisoners, and at the same time to use no force in retaining them. However, the railway authorities were most obliging and helpful; my omnibus-full was to be driven straight into a private yard, the prisoners passed thence into a private waiting-room, and so into a reserved compartment of the Liverpool express. Returning to Victoria, similar arrangements were made with the London, Chatham, and Dover superfirst great difficulty I had encountered. He doubted whether the Cunard Company would care to take the Fenians as passengers; and possibly the United States Government would not allow them to land in New York. I used such arguments as occurred to me, pointing out that most if not the whole of the ex-prisoners were naturalized Americans, and could not be denied domicile; that they would all be perfectly presentable and well-behaved. All he would promise was a telegram to meet me at Chatham with the decision of his directors as soon as he could see them. This, I am glad to say, was satisfactory.

I was back at Chatham at the hour appointed. Everything was ready. The steward's department had done wonders in providing outfits within the twenty-four hours, and I found my five Fenians apparelled (by their own particular choice) in full suits of shining black, with soft felt hats, and having rather the appearance of undertaker's men starting for a "black job" somewhere, at a distance. Each carried in his hand a small black leather valise, containing a few articles and necessaries for the voyage. The warders who were to accompany me as escort were all in plain clothes. Then I was entrusted with the pardons, which filled a good-sized hand-bag; also a considerable sum in cash, for every man was to receive five sovereigns with his pardon, when actually embarked and on his way, and we set forth on our journey.

Everything fell out happily and smoothly as far as Liverpool. On entering the train at Chatham, in which the ex-prisoners and three warders occupied a second-class carriage, myself and another warder in a first-class carriage adjoining, I handed in a number of newspapers and my cigar-case to the Fenians, which put them at once in right good humour. They had neither smoked nor read newspapers for many a long day, and from their grateful acknowledgments I knew I should have no trouble unless it was from outside influence. The journey to London, the transit across from station to station, the departure from Euston, all went off without a hitch. I had followed my omnibus in a hansom, close behind, keeping a watchful eye on my charges, and was rewarded by being told by one of the Irish-Americans that I reminded him very much of Napoleon, and that I ought to be commanding armies instead of looking after convicts—a very pretty bit of blarney.

The only *contretemps* that occurred in the trip was

Liverpool was full of Fenian sympathizers, I stepped out of my carriage and beckoned to my warders to follow, whereupon the whole five of us were taken into custody by the Liverpool police. I was hurried, vainly protesting, to a cab, where I found myself seated between two constables, who, without listening to what I had to say, tried hard to keep me quiet. I was assured that I was all right, and that no harm was intended; it was only a measure of precaution. I do not know to this day how we eventually escaped from this ridiculous position. I think it was the sight of our five Fenians pacing the platform alone and unattended, looking rather uncomfortable, and just like prisoners unexpectedly at large, who do not quite know what to do with their liberty, that brought home to the Liverpool police-officers the absurd error into which they had fallen. Fortunately my Fenians asked nothing better than to be recaptured, and there was not a soul left in the station but ourselves. Very soon, split up into several small parties, each in a cab, we were transferred to the Prince's Landing-Stage, where a steam-tug was waiting to take us on board the s.s. *Cuba*.

My task was not completed when I touched the deck of the Atlantic liner. Many anxious hours intervened before I was finally rid of my charge, during which, if so disposed, they might give me a great deal of trouble. To tide over a portion of the time, the purser kindly suggested supper, and the

Fenians, fresh from spare prison diet, sat down to a plentiful repast, served with all the liberality of the good old Cunard Company. After that my charges were allotted to state rooms and went to bed, while I and my principal warder organized a night-watch.

returned to Liverpool. For a time I was conscious of a trick I had learnt only within the last few hours, of looking over my shoulder to see if my charges were there, and I was told I did just what police-officers do when responsible for important prisoners. This was the single occasion on which I was actually in such a position, and I was not sorry when the duty had ended. I should add that Halpin did not linger long after his comrades. The loneliness of Chatham prison overcame his scruples as to the terms of pardon, and he accepted them unconditionally. He was sent down singly to Liverpool, and he, with others released from Portland, and other prisoners, avoided the good offices of the Liverpool police, by leaving the train a station short of the city, whence they drove all the way to the wharf.

O'Donovan Rossa has published his own account of the liberation of the Fenian convicts, which does not exactly tally with mine. He is good enough to say that the "Deputy,"—meaning the writer of these pages—"now that he wasn't a gaoler, was a very amiable gentleman. He made himself as agreeable as possible, and telegraphed to have everything ready before him as he went along. Detectives were here, there, and everywhere that we made a stop or changed cars or coaches." My arrangements I have already described. They certainly did not include detectives, nor did I seek the assistance of the police—except that of Liverpool, which failed me in the way described. O'Donovan Rossa says that when he left the railway-train, "one kind friend kindly gave me his arm, and his kindness was imitated by another, who saw I had another arm to spare." If the police-officers did escort the Fenians to the cabs in waiting, it was not till after they had released me and my warders, and at my request, seeing that my

it is with due recognition of their respective stations—the one condescends, the other pays homage. Commonplace criminals, however, make up the bulk of this class; their name is legion, their business has a strong family likeness, although they work on many various lines. Thieving, the contempt of *meum* and
*tuum*, is
are thirt
ing, and
procedur
in variou
some ha
divided
them int
or accide
strong t
the mus
expiated,
more.
class; *qui a bu, boira,* and the infection once taken, complete cure is seldom seen. Next, there are the first offenders, who fall a second and a third time, and so on to the end of the chapter, hating themselves for it, and resolutely determined never to offend again, but weakly succumbing to every fresh temptation. Lastly,
the pro-
fessional thieves, all who openly
make it
their business, driven to it by i
nalienable
taint, or by pure love of the trade—with all such, thieving becomes an openly acknowledged pursuit;

they are not the least ashamed of it; on the contrary, they defend it if they are challenged, and entirely fail to see that they are doing wrong. Theirs is a legitimate warfare, in which they stake their liberty against their neighbour's possessions. So little do they acknowledge any stigma, any disgrace from following their inclinations, that a thief has been known to say, "I may be a thief, but I am a respectable man." "After all," says another, "the trade has never been distasteful to me. I was good at it—knew my business by heart; whenever I was caught, my enforced detention was a good occasion for inventing new *coups*. When I went out again I could put them in practice, having comrades always waiting and ready to co-operate. The very best work is conceived and wrought out in prison." In private life, when, off duty so to speak, they are quiet, orderly folk; many follow outwardly respectable callings. Peace, otherwise Mr. Brown, was a church-goer and tinsmith, much appreciated in his locality. It is the same in Paris; one famous thief kept a restaurant, another was a hatter, a third drove his own cab; others worked as glaziers, messengers, domestic servants. These were all steady, well-behaved men, with their papers in good order; they could always show character and recommendations. "It is astonishing the facility with which they impose upon authority," says L'Abbé Crozes; "how they make it their unwitting accomplice and dupe. I knew one habitual criminal who had been admitted, as a penitent, to the great Seminary at Issy, where he spent three months in retreat. By this means he obtained a first-class reference for the police, and friends in the most respectable classes of society."

not go out for six weeks, so that the other chap would be certain to collar the swag before me. The job is worth three hundred thousand francs (£12,000), and I don't choose him to have it. I'd rather inform the police." Pride of this sort encourages thieves to venture on great undertakings, to risk all; a large fortune or a life-sentence is the big stake for which they sometimes play. It is to be feared that even if they win the stroke, they soon dissipate their winnings. But with all such there is little hope that they will ever abandon their dangerous calling. "I believe little in the reformation of professional thieves," says one of their number. "He who has stolen will steal again. . . . If I was to advise the Government, it would be to put a bullet into our heads, and throw us into the sea. Repentance, or rather a change of ways, is seldom seen in us." A great poet, who has sounded the depths of man's tendencies to crime, has written of them—"Nothing will recall these wretches to proper feeling: neither religion nor their own interests, nor the misfortunes they cause. Nothing checks them nor stays their hands."[1]

Reference was made, when dealing with female prisoners, to the predilection of habitual criminals for any particular line of business in which they have once embarked. This is nothing new, and has been remarked by all old writers and observers. It was true of the French convicts in the old days of Toulon and Brest. The thief first sentenced as such returned the same; the coiner also, only more practised, having worked on wider lines. A strange fact, attested by all police and prison authorities, the criminal who fingers. Another blind prisoner was a character; he had been convicted eighty-nine times for the same offence; he was always drunk and disorderly under the same circumstances. It was his custom to enter any public-house as soon as he had begged enough money to pay for drink; and as soon as he was gloriously drunk he would throw out wildly in front of him, or wherever he might hear voices, whatever he held in his hand. As it was, indifferently, a tumbler, pint-pot, or heavy walking-stick, and he had no notion what it might encounter on the way, serious injuries were often the consequence to unsuspecting boon companions. But the most notorious blind prisoner I have known was this ruffian whose adventures are now to be told. I have called him Taddy, a transparent *nom de guerre* to all who knew him.

---

[1] Victor Hugo.

My narrative starts with him at the end of the Goose Fair and Statute Hiring at the little market town of Green Skipperton. Business had been brisk, and, considering the place, much money had passed hands. No one had done better than jolly little Jack Botterill, who had sold off a dozen or two of his "missus's" fattest geese, and who now, with well-lined purse, was on his way to the railway-station to take the train home.

He had got well down the road when he heard a weak, whining voice behind appealing to him in very broad Irish—

"Will no one take pity on a poor blind man?"

And, turning, he met a sturdy, well-built beggar of more than middle age, whom he remembered to have seen at his business just on the outskirts of the fair.

"What's amiss, daddy?" asked the kindly little chap.

"You're an old soldier, then?"

"Faix, I am that, and proud of it too. One of the Warwickshire lads—the 'Royal Robbers' some spalpeens would call us, but only when they were clear of the end of our belts, begorra! Did ye never hear tell of the 'Saucy Sixth'? No better corps ivir stepped it behind the fife and drums."

"But how did you lose your eyes—wounded?"

"Sorra a bit. I lost 'em in Ingy with the 'pthalmy. They all swelled up and busted."

"Are you quite blind? Can you see nothing at all?" asked his escort, looking dubiously at Taddy's eyes, which, but for that fixed, staring, almost unchanging upward gaze so commonly characteristic of the blind, seemed perfectly good and sound.

"The difference between light and dark, that's all. The sky's out there, I'm thinking," and he pointed with his staff in the direction of the setting sun. "But where will we be just now, av ye please to tell me? Near side the 'Durham Ox'?"

"Half-way to it and more. In the cross road which takes us up to the door."

"It's lonesome hereabouts," said Taddy, with a half shiver. "I feel scairt and timersome at times, because of my affliction. You won't let no one hurt me, will you?"

"Of course not, and who's to do it? There's not a soul about except myself."

"Is that so? Your certain sure?" asked Taddy eagerly.

And then, when satisfied of this, with one sudden and dexterous movement he threw his companion flat upon his back in the high-road, and forcibly held him there with knee on chest and one hand gripped around his throat.

also precisely for the same offence. He seemed to be, in spite of his blindness, an unwearied and ubiquitous tramp, selecting for choice the more unfrequented by-paths in out-of-the-way districts. Whenever he saw a chance, and it was worth his while from the risk, he wheedled some wayfarer into giving him a helping hand, then, as in Botterill's case, took him unawares and robbed him. He had done three months for this in Dorchester, six weeks at Lewes, a month at Kendal; the Staffordshire magistrates had given him six months, and at Usk he had been sentenced to a year, his victim having been a gudewife he had met returning from market somewhere between Caerleon and Pontypool. All these serious convictions having been fully proved against him, Mr. Thaddeus O'Gorman had no reason for upbraiding the judge who gave him two years at the Hawkshire summer assize.

His fate now took him to the gaol at Hawksfield, where he was to do this sentence, and where he was still unknown. At many other of her Majesty's prisons the arrival of this stalwart, truculent-looking scoundrel would have caused a certain consternation. The word would have been passed round that Taddy was back—Taddy, the most ill-conditioned, mutinous, and unmanageable prisoner of all the thousands annually lodged in our gaols. He knew his own weakness, and took advantage of it; his lost sense was his capital and stock-in-trade. Just as, when at liberty outside, it kept him in idleness and comparative comfort upon the alms of the charitable and the proceeds of his highway robberies, so inside the gaol his blindness helped and protected him at every turn.

great pains to verify it, was rather inclined to cosset him and cocker him up, humouring him with small concessions: a pint of extra milk, white bread, another blanket at night, or warm flannels next his skin, with frequent changes of medicines, tonics, and so forth, prescribed for his peculiar case.

So Taddy, being little known and much commiserated, had a high old time in Hawksfield Gaol, waxing daily fatter, more and more lazy and intractable. He yielded just so much obedience to the rules and the routine of daily duty as suited him; turned out of bed or into it when it pleased him; attended or neglected chapel; stayed in his cell; or went to exercise just as he felt inclined. He treated his officers with growing contempt, seldom used the complimentary "Sir" when he addressed them, ordered them to and fro, gave endless trouble, continually objected to his rations, had his bread and his potatoes weighed every meal, rang his bell at all sorts of hours, demanding various acts of attention—a fresh bottle of medicine, the refilling of his water-can, the summoning of the superior officials, governor, chaplain, or doctor, and generally lorded it around with a persistent, undisguised effrontery that was fast changing the character of the prison as a place of durance, and leaving him rather master of the situation.

All this was becoming irksome, not to say intolerable, to those of the staff who had strict notions of discipline, and who felt that the good order of the prison was injuriously affected by Taddy's defiance. Mr. Sparrow, the short, sturdy warder of his "land-

Faix, it's the worst day's work ye ivir did;" and without more ado Taddy struck out with his stick.

The blow could not have been better aimed if he had had the full use of his sight; and it was so fiercely delivered that it stretched Mr. Sparrow, stunned and lifeless, upon the floor. While he lay there Taddy struck him and kicked him savagely again and again. It was altogether a most brutal and cowardly assault—an overt act of ruffianly violence that could not be overlooked or condoned.

The prisoner was forthwith brought before the governor, who was obliged to "put him back" for the magistrates at their next visit.

Taddy, when arraigned, addressed the committee in a wheedling, lachrymose voice.

"Och, good gentlemen, have pity on a poor blind soldier, who lost his sight in the tropics in the service of his country."

"What regiment were you in?" asked the chairman, shortly. He also—Sir Jaspar Norreys—was an old soldier, not to be easily imposed upon.

"The 6th Royal Warwickshire; the finest corps——"

"Who was your colonel? When did you serve in it? Where? Why did you leave it?"

Questions brief and searching followed each other like snap-shots, and at the end Sir Jaspar whispered decisively to his colleagues—

"Never was in the army. Couldn't have been in, I'm positive. Now, where are the witnesses?"

The evidence of little Mr. Sparrow, still suffering from his injuries, was duly heard, and then the prisoner's defence.

Taddy whined that he had been sore tried; that his life had been made a burthen to him; that the officer was a cruel, murdering, hard-hearted villain.

"Why di
governor or

"Och, wh
be getting j
Saxon gaol
the time had

"So you t
rupted Sir J
watched him
his stick in t
doubts of t
certainly no

It was du
as a punishment for the aggravated assault, was

no harm, and was only standing up for his rights. But the punishment had been ordered by the magistrates; there was no getting behind or beyond that. Sir Jaspar Norreys' name was to it, and that was enough. Before the day was out Taddy had good reason to hate Sir Jaspar's name; and in his vain, impotent rage he swore to be even with him some day if only he got the chance.

But the birching had an immediate and most salutary effect upon the hitherto intractable blind man. He was now as mild as milk; quite civil-spoken even to Mr. Sparrow; obedient and quiet in every respect. If now and again his old insubordinate spirit flashed out, it was sufficient to mention Sir Jaspar Norreys, and to ask Taddy whether he wished to have another interview with that stern and redoubtable "bloke."

Taddy's altered demeanour was further shown in his desire to be employed. He came and asked for work: anything—stone-breaking for choice, as he knew he could manage that in spite of his want of eyes. It became one of the sights of Hawksfield Gaol to watch Taddy at his task: his marvellous nicety of touch, the cleverness with which he saved his fingers when the heavy hammer fell upon the stone they held. He worked generally alone, and often unattended. The stoneyard was a little withdrawn from the rest of the prison. There was never much doing in it. Stone was scarce in the neighbourhood, and what was brought in only just sufficed for Taddy.

looked, and no doubt before the sound of his horse's hoofs had reached the couple so as to give warning of his approach, he saw one of the pair swiftly pass his leg behind the other's, and, with a smart blow on his chest, bring him heavily to the ground. The assailant then threw himself upon the prostrate figure and applied himself to rifling it. Robbery with violence on the Queen's highway, and in his immediate neighbourhood, was not to be tolerated by Sir Jaspar Norreys, who at once pricked his horse forward, resolved to interrupt the proceedings, and secure the offender.

"Here! Hi! None of that! Drop it!" he shouted as he approached; "you'll have to answer for this. Surrender at once. I'm a magistrate."

While he still spoke the robber looked up, and Sir Jaspar recognized the blind fugitive from Hawksfield Gaol. His voice had equally betrayed him to Taddy, who started with a most malignant, murderous look upon his evil face, and rose from where he stooped over his victim to give his attention to Sir Jaspar.

"Is it you, ye mean, pitiful hound? Sure I've hungered for this chance, and now I've got ye. There are no 'screws' to help you here. It's man to man now. We'll just settle matters between us. Be dis and be dat, but I'll pay ye off for that bashing you ordered me, or I'll be knowing the reason why." With that Taddy rushed at Sir Jaspar, making straight for his left leg, which he seized, and putting forth all his strength, tried to throw the rider from his saddle. But a dig of the right spur sent the horse forward with a bound. Then the old cavalry officer turned him short on his haunches, and with uplifted hunting-crop rode at his assailant. Taddy sprang aside, and used his stick to ward off the

perhaps victims, the innocent dupes of more *rusé* compatriots who use them as cat's-paws, and disappear, leaving them to bear the whole brunt of detection. Again, some, without rising to the rank of the polyglot rogues already described, have natural aptitudes for

For some time he was thought to be mentally weak, and was kept under observation, but the doctors presently decided that he was an impostor. His offence was always fraud and "obtaining," and he was generally supposed to be a friendless vagrant in a strange land. Not long after his last release, when he had been carried to a cab at the gate, and following several weeks of assumed prostration, seemingly so ill that he could only lie full length on his cell-floor, he was encountered in the streets of a University town, and immediately recognized in spite of his metamorphosis. He was now fashionably dressed in frock-coat and tall hat, gay and smiling, in perfect health and prosperity.

Another foreign Jew who gave a great deal of trouble came to a prison I will call Harchester; an ancient stronghold, some parts of Roman, some of mediæval times; but others brand-new, and fulfilling all requirements as one of her Majesty's modern prisons.

Hadrian's Tower was one, and a little used, portion of the castle, and although modernized, it was a gruesome place still, in spite of its new floors and ventilators, hot-water pipes and electric bells.

The Tower was seldom occupied, except at times of great pressure on the space available within the walls, but one day it was ordered that all new arrivals should take up their quarters in Hadrian's Tower the following day. Among these was a Jew, transferred from another prison, where there was no officiating

Rabbi. Harchester was more fortunate in that respect, having a rather large Hebrew population, made up mostly of Polish and Galician exiles from Little Russia, and of these many found their way to Harchester Castle.

of his fellow-lodgers. One of them was another Jew on the point of being discharged, who in his broken English complained next morning that he had had no sleep.

"Who make devil's row like that all night?"

"Keep your hair on, Moses Trinko," replied the reception officer, cheerily, "you're going out; he's only just come in. Perhaps you'll shout too, like this Kafka, next time."

"Kafka?" asked the other Jew, with sudden interest. "Where come from? Israel Kafka? Nein! I know well. My country, Podogratz, come from, perhaps. Let me see—me see!"

"He was received from Hawksham last; wish he'd stayed there, I do. But he's in the end cell. You may step over and look at him through the inspection-plate. But no parley; savvey? No talk; you understand?"

Trinko was still staring through the little glass eye-hole, or judas, which is fixed in every cell-door, when the warder abruptly called to him—

"Now, you Mo, are you so blamed fond of this place you won't leave it when you're free? All the rest have gone."

But Trinko still hung back.

"Bad man, very bad man, Kafka; worser than me. He stay long here?"

"Six months or more. Not much to choose between you, I'll go bail. But now, off you go. I've got to take these new chums to Hadrian's Tower."

Trinko, a big, burly, red-haired Jew, seemed strangely reluctant to leave the gaol now that he knew Kafka was in it, but he obeyed orders, and in due course passed outside the gates.

Meanwhile Kafka was escorted to his new quarters. He was marched across a flagged yard towards a small postern door in one of the turrets of the grim and time-stained Hadrian's Tower. This door opened at once upon a stéep, narrow, and tortuous stone staircase, and as they ascended they came upon heavy gates at regular intervals, each of which gave access to a short dark corridor of cells, four in number. There were five storeys of these; each set isolated and apart from the others. The cells were spacious enough, well lighted with deep windows which had recently been widened. New ventilating flues had been introduced, hot-water pipes, and electric bells. But the vaulted, roof-like casements still showed the streak marks of the osiers that had formed the arch; great iron rings let into the stone floor of colossal flags still remained to show how prisoners had once been secured, and there was a dungeon-like look about these survivals of rude times that made them rather terrible.

Kafka, who was located on the ground-floor, took possession of his cell with a hop, skip, and a jump, as though it was a lodging exactly after his own heart. He capered about like a mad monkey, singing snatches of a strident, tuneless, Galician ditty; then, agile as a cat, he sprang up at the grated window, caught one of the bars, and coiled himself up within the deep embrasure.

"Come down out of that, will you? No larks now. Think you'll get out, do you?" shouted the officer. "Not so easy—there's a drop of forty feet into the moat below."

"COILED HIMSELF UP."

But the prisoner still laughed and chattered volubly, and it was at length necessary to pull him down.

"You may not like the place so much by to-morrow morning," said the warder, dryly. "But there's your day's task—three pounds of junk; see you pick it; and see this bell? Press it and it will bring some of us up, only don't do it for nothing, or it will be the worse for you; d'ye hear?"

Kafka grinned and nodded in reply, but he made no attempt to use the bell during the day, which he spent as agreeably as he could—dancing, singing, climbing to his cell window; he ate his meals with relish to the very last crumb and drop, but he did not put a finger to his oakum, and only stared vacantly at the warder, who reprimanded him for his laziness.

"Trying the barmy!" (feigning madness). "Won't do. You'll have to settle it with the governor to-morrow."

But before the morrow came Kafka had broken out in another place, and had, so to speak, requisitioned the personal attentions, not only of the governor himself, but of all the officials of the prison.

A little after midnight a terrible disturbance was heard in Hadrian's Tower. Hideous and incessant yells came from Kafka's cell, the only one now occupied in the Tower; the three other prisoners lodged there having paid their fines had been set free. When the cell was opened, Kafka was found stretched upon the floor, foaming at the mouth in a state of semi-collapse, and with all the appearance of having been recently subjected to some awful and overmastering terror. He could or would give no account of himself, no explanation, but only raised himself on one elbow, and pointing to the far corner of his cell, repeated with monotonous outcry—

"Oh, my dear wife! Oh, my poor children! Oh, my dear wife!"

At last the surgeon, fearing an attack of real mania, and when all attempts to pacify him had failed, thought it best to remove him to the padded cell.

I saw him there next day, as I happened to visit the prison; he was ranging its leather-cushioned floor in his stockinged feet with the stealthy, ceaseless step of a caged wild beast. He looked hardly human, indeed; his voice, too, had grown hoarse and raucous; he gibbered and used strange words in his own unintelligible tongue.

"There must be something wrong with him," I suggested to the surgeon. "Something he dreamt—he may have seen or heard something in that ghost-like tower."

"I hope, sir," protested the governor, "I hope you are not going to revive the stupid tales told about that place."

"Don't you yourself believe it to be haunted?" I replied promptly.

"Well, there *has* been some silly talk, but I've never allowed it to affect *me*," he went on uneasily.

"Nor does it now. Only here we have obvious results. A night in the Tower has almost upset this man's reason——"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the doctor. "Kafka is no more mad than you or me. There is nothing the matter with him. He ought to go straight back to his cell; I hope you will so order, sir."

"I have no alternative," I replied, and as the result of this, my unavoidable decision, he was taken back to the old Tower.

Kafka did not re-enter the precincts of the place he detested without a violent struggle. He fought with wild fury against his escort; tore and bit them; made a mouthful of one officer's fingers; got out handfuls of another's hair. But he was conquered, handcuffed, and left like a log on the stone floor of his cell. Within an hour, although thus manacled, he had destroyed every rag of his clothing, broken every pane of glass—fifty-three in number—in the large window of his cell. The crash of glass at once attracted attention, and the warder who ran in found him attempting suicide by butting his big head against the walls.

As a matter of security it was now necessary to clothe him in a canvas suit—a sleeveless blouse and trousers all in one—and confine his arms to his side by what is technically called a body belt. It was further ordered that he should be continually and closely watched day and night; during the latter, when the means of restraint were removed, a gas-light was to be kept burning in his cell. Moreover, as his conduct had been so outrageous, his whole aspect was so evil, and he seemed so murderously disposed, the night officers were desired not to enter his cell singly, but to visit him two at a time.

There was, however, a repetition of the disturbance on his second night in the Tower. It began by a continuous ringing of the electric bell, and was followed by shouts that alternated between loud bellowing and the barking of a dog.

The night officers hurried at once to the Tower, and found Kafka running round and round his cell at full speed, yelping and hallooing, playing the part of both hunted and pursuer. There was evidently not much wrong with him.

They entered the cell *en masse*, all three of them, intending to lay hands on him and secure him, when, with a sudden quick movement, he eluded them, and falling against his cell door, closed it instantly with a loud bang *on the inside.* In other words, he had succeeded in imprisoning the three officers with him, and with little hope of obtaining release for many hours to come.

Let me explain. In the first place cell locks, and for obvious reasons, have only one keyhole, and that is on the outside. They cannot be opened from within. In the second no alarm, no call for assistance, was likely to be attended to, or even to be heard. The only three officers on the alert or available were these three on night duty, who were now shut up in Kafka's cell. All the rest of the prison resided at some distance beyond the prison walls, and were no doubt at that moment comfortably in their beds and asleep.

"We're nicely caught!" cried the senior orderly

round and round his cell, dodging in and out among the warders with extraordinary agility and cleverness.

At first the officers looked on laughingly. The performance amused them, broke the monotony of their irksome durance. But they were not so pleased when Kafka made a swift blow against the glass of his gas-burner, and, putting his fist through it, extinguished the light.

"Hai! hi! stop! none of that!" cried the three warders simultaneously, but too late to prevent the mischievous rascal from effecting his purpose, and the situation was now worse than ever. The cell was in black darkness, save for a glimmer of dawn that was stealing in through the broken glass.

"Hold on to him, you two, if you can find him," shouted the senior officer, feeling that prompt action was imperative. "There's no telling what he may do next."

There was a long hunt, a scuffle, a rough-and-tumble sort of blind man's buff, in which officers caught each other, and the prisoner slipped through their fingers, but it ended at last in his capture. He was forcibly laid upon the floor; one officer held on to his shoulders, the other sat on his feet.

A long pause followed; the struggle, the various emotions through which they had all passed, kept every one quiet. Silence, dead, absolute stillness, fell upon the scene.

Silence, broken presently by a strange, weird sound—a wailing, unearthly, long cry. The prisoner heard it first, and not strangely, for it was addressed to him.

"Kafka! oh, Kafka!" was its burthen, and as it rose and fell, now loud and threatening, then piteous and threatening, the effect upon Kafka was obvious even in the dark. He shook and shivered and gnashed his teeth, and seemed on the verge of strong convulsions.

"Who is it? What is it? Who wants you?" they asked him, but he only groaned and gibbered, and could frame no intelligible reply.

"Calling Kafka, that's certain. But where from?" asked the senior. "Seems to me to be inside the Tower."

"Hadrian's Tower! they always did say it was haunted."

"Rot! What ghost can want this Kafka? Why, he's a furrineering chap to begin with, and he only came in a day or two since. I feel certain it's outside."

"Now you say so, Mr. Birch, I think it comes from the moat."

"Hop up to the window, one of you, and look down. The glass is all broken. I'll manage *him.*"

"See anything?"

"Yes; some one moving. A white figure, it looks like—female, I think——"

"Oh, my dear wife!" broke in Kafka, finding his voice.

"Shout back; try to attract its notice; beckon to it to come nearer, so that we may make out what it is."

But nothing had any effect upon this strange figure, which still continued to pace slowly to and fro; still it uttered its wailing cry, and still Kafka lay writhing and moaning upon the floor. With approaching daylight, however, the apparition, if such it was, disappeared.

The chief warder had never had such a start in his life, he afterwards told me, as that morning when he arrived and unlocked the prison.

"I made sure I'd caught the orderly officer napping, that he was asleep in some corner. But then I could find no patrol, no watchman either, and I began to wonder whether I should find any prisoners. Thought one lot had let the other out, and the whole had cut off, run clean away. I went round the prison, all the yards, and went myself towards Hadrian's Tower. Of course, when I heard the shouting in that quarter, I guessed something was wrong. But not so wrong as it proved. Never knew such a thing in all my thirty years."

"Well, but Kafka?" I asked. "Where is he? How is he? What did it all mean?"

"He's here, sir, and precious sore, I expect; so is the ghost? The magistrates birched them both yesterday."

"Very proper treatment of a ghost, no doubt, but please explain."

"Well, sir, the ghost was an old prisoner, a Jew named Moses Trinko. Often been in here, and knew the place well. He had some grudge against Israel Kafka; not without foundation, I expect, although there is probably little to choose between them. Kafka must have something on his conscience, or he would not have been so easily frightened. Trinko accuses him of murder—the murder of his wife and children—and has made a statement, which has gone over to their own country, of murder, and that was why he came to haunt him, he says. Kafka retorts that Trinko robbed him before he left home. Any way, they're sworn enemies, and fell to it tooth and nail the first time they met in here, which was soon after Trinko was re-committed. The officers could hardly separate them, and came in for a lot of the bites and blows. That was why the committee birched them. I dare say they'll be quiet enough now."

"And the ghost too?"

"I never believed in one much myself, sir, but we're using the Tower regular now, and nothing fresh has turned up since."

Every nationality sends its quota to English gaols. Far Japan was represented in a Yorkshire gaol by a Jap, who had been engaged in a circus and had absconded without paying for his food and lodging; Lascars and low-caste Hindoos often find their way into London prisons; Norsemen, Swedes, and Danes, mostly seafaring men who have got into difficulties in English ports, mild, loutish creatures, very grateful for kindness, taking everything contentedly, and returning to their ships when their penalty was over; Germans, often very truculent ruffians, offshoots of the criminals who have made Berlin a dangerous place of sojourning; in one or two instances of the better class, as was the German, in for some frauds with regard to a patent, who claimed to be the son of a distinguished general, and who said he had an allowance from his family so long as he stayed away from home; men of colour, mostly from the United States, and sailors, capable of and charged with the most atrocious crimes; an occasional Spaniard and Dutchman, with many Italians and Frenchmen—a very large proportion of the last-named, especially in the country, all of the tramp or itinerant class. Their calling as wandering minstrels, or perchance the vagabond spirit that has already brought them so far from home, drives them to join the great army of nomads so constantly on the move along English high-roads, whose unconquerable affection for a life of terrible hardship, and continuous, is one of the mysterious problems no one yet has been able to solve. In the case of foreign tramps there is some explanation. They mostly perambulate the country as a matter of business, very much to their own inconvenience at times and in some localities. The vagrant class is not popular in some counties, and the first appearance of an itinerant musician or showman is sure to be followed by committal to gaol. This is the prompt and invariable rule in one county, which I will not particularize, the limits of which are very extensive, and which has been greatly harassed by tramps. It was in this county that a negro miscreant, a big, burly Hercules, committed one of the most frightful atrocities on record, his victim being a young lady within a short walk of her own happy home. Its magistrates have therefore no bowels of compassion for tramps, and all on the move are included in the category. I have met many of the barrel-organ fraternity in the cells of the local prison. Once the case was complicated by the prisoner's possession of a monkey, who was not mentioned in the commitment, but whom the owner brought with him to gaol. The question, what was to become of the poor little beast, was solved by the governor giving it in charge to his daughters. But I happened to visit the prison soon afterwards, and at the man's eloquent entreaty in soft, flowing Italian, I allowed the monkey to be restored to him. It was a pretty sight to see the meeting between them; the little beast went straight inside the man's coat and nestled there contented, while the Italian bent over to kiss and fondle it with endearing words. The same solution was impossible in the case of the Frenchmen and their bears, arrested in this same county for causing terror to horses and obstruction in the public thoroughfares. These bears were dangerous beasts, so much so that no one was willing to take charge of them. The police naturally hesitated to keep bears in the police-station, so did the livery-stable proprietors, and it ended in the release of one of the offenders for the express purpose of looking after his animals, so that he did his share of the imprisonment vicariously through his friends.

It was in this county also that the strange events occurred which will now be recorded, and which began with the arrival of a police constable at the gates of the local gaol.

"I've brought you a rum one this evening," he said, as he pushed his prisoner in before him, and followed through the wicket-door to the space between the outer and inner gates of the gaol. They were handcuffed together for safe conveyance along the country roads, and the sergeant's first care, now that his charge was well within four walls, was to detach the cuff from his own wrist, and to motion the released prisoner to stand farther away.

"He's not too sweet; I'd 'lieve he was in the next county. Stupid too. I've not had one word out of him—not a Christian could understand—since we left the court. He's a furriner, d'ye see!—a real outlandish wild man of the woods; a perfect savage, I believe."

"Well, he's not much to look at, and that's a fact," replied the gatekeeper.

The two officials curiously scanned the new lodger as he stood near the open bars of the inner gate, looking vacantly at the bright prettiness of the narrow garden within, gay with spring flowers, and stupidly gazing up at the grand façade of the main prison, which seemed to convey no meaning to his blank and brutish face. His whole appearance was extraordinary. He was dressed—if such primitive clothing as his could be honoured with the name of dress—in coarse, common sacking from head to foot; his trousers were literally bags—lime-bags probably from their colour—and so short as to show the lower part of his bare legs and stockingless ankles; a larger sack—flour or meal-sack—had been thrown over his shoulder, with a hole in it for his head, like a pouch or sleeveless blouse. His head was bare, save for its natural covering, a rough, thick-grown tangle of light red hair; his feet were thrust into worn-out, broken, and misshapen shoes, such as even a tramp would disdain to pick up out of a wayside ditch. A savage in very truth, barely one step above the brute creation; indeed, below a great portion of it in intelligence, capacity for emotion, or that fine instinct that in many animals is not far behind some human brains.

"Speaks no English, eh?" went on the gatekeeper as he filled up his receipt for the prisoner's body. "What d'ye make of him? Where does he come from? Where did you pick him up?"

"Where he comes from is more than any one can say. But he was picked up a week ago along the Rufford Road, and as he could give no proper account of himself, run in."

A sense of justice impelled the gatekeeper to suggest that, knowing no English, the poor wretch could not well account for himself.

"He had every chance before the bench. They called in an interpreter, and Sir Rufus was there too, who speaks most foreign languages, but no one could make him understand."

"So they committed him as a rogue and a vagabond?"

"Not they. You see, he's not quite a vagrant, only the beaks thought it a little discreditable for him to be tramping about a quiet country like ours in them curious clothes. But he's got money, as you'll find presently," and the sergeant winked and laughed as thuogh the discovery of this money would prove to be an excellent joke. "So they gave him his chance. We put him out along towards Minsterly, on the way to the next county, but I'm blessed if he wasn't back on the Rufford Road the very next day; making for the sea, perhaps, and Port Talbot, maybe, but the bench would not let him off a second time, and he's committed for two months' hard, as you see."

"What harm has he done?"

"Begging. That's proved. The first time he'd only seven and elevenpence, all in coppers; now he's got eight and threepence. You'll find 'em on him by and by," and again the police-sergeant smiled.

"Well, Mr. Minns, here's your receipt; I see the man has no right name."

"How was we to find it out from him? He would not answer to nothing, so he's called in the commitment 'Rufford Road.'"

"Well, it's good enough for us, so ta-ta. See you next time, sergeant," and the police-officer took his departure.

Meanwhile the mysterious subject of their long colloquy had remained a humped-up, abject figure, bent, and, save for the small, ferret-like eyes that sometimes turned and twinkled, quite a motionless, lifeless mass of wretchedness—careless, callous, and indifferent to all that went on around. When the gatekeeper had rung for the reception-warder and passed on his charge, the new prisoner dully obeyed the motion to march, and in the same stupid but submissive spirit did all that he was told so soon as he understood the signs made to him; only when he was desired to strip his suit of ragged sacking did he show off a reluctance which would have amounted to a refusal had he dared. The reason was soon made plain. He carried his money in his clothes; not in any pocket, for his tailor had forgotten these useful additions to personal comfort, but in small sacks or bags of the material itself. A few coins were placed in a bit of the sacking, which was then gathered up and tied around with a bit of rope-yarn.

There were a dozen or more of these, all on the inside, so many little boxes or protuberances which must have chafed and irritated their owner considerably. But he would, no doubt, have borne any pain to preserve this treasure, which, to judge from the agonized looks he cast upon it as the money was counted out and put safely away, he loved dearly and deemed an enormous fortune.

But when the reception-officer, by many nods and winks, and reassuring signs, made it plain to him that his money would be well taken care of, he brightened up a little, and performed the rest of his toilet with evident satisfaction. He knew what a warm bath was, and revelled in the cleansing process he so greatly needed; he dressed himself quickly in the clean, dry prison suit prepared for him, evidently much appreciating, after his semi-nakedness, the under-linen, the flannels and socks, and the other properly made clothes; last of all he attacked the little can of warm gruel and the small brown loaf provided for his supper with tremendous relish; then luxuriously curled himself up on his plank bed, which might be hard, but it was dry and clean, and presumably far better than anything he had slept on of late.

Throughout, although not altogether silent, he had uttered no intelligible word; he had only grunted out one or two guttural sounds: at first of protest when his coppers were seized; latterly of contentment at the comfortable change in his condition. It was the same next day when he passed into the main prison, and was set to his appointed task. No one could make anything of him. Neither governor, nor chaplain, nor doctor—and they all tried their hands on him—could get the faintest idea of who he was or where he came from; the first thought him a red-haired Jew from North Africa; the second said he was a Laplander or Finn; and the doctor, judging from his hands and the various tattoo-marks on his body, declared he must be a seafaring man, and hailed most probably from Wapping, his gibberish being his own invention, and his disguise artfully assumed.

In this latter conjecture the chief warder after a day or two joined. That astute officer was satisfied at least of one thing. The nameless, masterless stranger had been in gaol before—in one of her Majesty's gaols—and was, when taken unawares, seen to be perfectly *au fait* of its usages and customs. Had he not, when first visited in his cell, stood straight to attention in the right place, and without wanting to come out directly the door was opened, as is always the case with a new hand? Had he not turned out his hands, too, with the palms to the front, as was done in so many gaols, for inspection? Why, he knew his way about everywhere. He went to his place in chapel and through the regular Protestant service; stood up and sat down with the rest, as though he had often been in church before. Nay, more. The warder in charge of the treadwheel house reported that Rufford, as he was now called, had climbed up into his box on the "everlasting staircase" of his own accord and as a matter of course, and seemed to need no telling how to raise his feet or what the "resting bell" meant, or that he might sit down for five minutes after fifteen of toilsome ascent.

But what did this evidence amount to? How far did it go towards unravelling the mystery—if mystery there was—and establishing this strange man's real identity? The fact remained that no one could communicate with him, though many persons tried. He shook his head stupidly in whatever language he was addressed, always with the same half-dazed, half-brutish leer; and when he spoke it was in the same incomprehensible, guttural jargon, which no one, of course, could understand. Might it not be that he was really what he seemed—some foreign seaman on the tramp from port to port, who had fallen among thieves and been left half naked by the way?

This was really the most plausible, as it was the kindest and most charitable conclusion. The best and most proper plan would be to send particulars of this "vagrom man" to the various Sailors' Homes in the country, to the foreign consulates in London, on the chance of finding out something about him against the time of his release. It would be necessary to help him in some way then; to start him on his road; to see him out of the country; to secure him a berth as sailor or stoker on some outward bound ship.

But when Rufford was brought out in front of the photographic camera, which was to be the means of distributing his stolid features through the various haunts of Jack ashore, he very distinctly changed countenance, so his ever-watchful chief warder declared. This first suspicion was increased by the man's evident disinclination to be photographed. He tried various dodges—feigned terror of the apparatus, as though it was an infernal machine, and threw

"THOUGHT IT WAS AN INFERNAL MACHINE."

himself flat upon the ground to escape its influence; dropped his big head between his shoulders; made faces; squinted; winked—anything to spoil the portraiture. A very poor and imperfect picture was the natural result; and he had certainly the best of it that day.

But the officials, on comparing notes, and agreeing that some secret wish to avoid recognition underlay this behaviour, resorted to a not uncommon stratagem to secure a better negative.

Rufford was brought out one fine day, when the light was favourable, into the central hall, and made to approach—quite by accident, of course—a particular spot marked a few minutes previously as that which exactly focussed the camera. The apparatus was concealed in a cell close by, with the lens opposite the little open food-trap in the cell-door. The governor came by at the moment, spoke a few words to the warder in charge of Rufford, who was halted facing the camera; and the thing was done.

"Got him this time!" cried the chief warder triumphantly, as he heard the click of the cover replaced upon the lens.

He spoke full in the hearing of the prisoner, who looked quickly round, and most certainly understood the words, although he strove hard to preserve his usual impassive and expressionless look. It was more than likely, too, that he had seen the camera in the food-trap and detected the whole trick.

"You'll see he will give us some trouble now, sir," said the chief warder, as the prisoner was marched away.

"In what way?" asked the governor.

"That's what he'll soon show us. But he didn't want his phiz sent round, at least—that's certain. You *will* circulate it, won't you, sir, to all the constabularies and gaols, as well as to the Sailors' Homes?" went on the chief, quite anxiously.

This went on for a couple of days. It was useless to try expostulation with a man who obstinately refused to understand, and who, when addressed, only grinned and made the most servile and elaborate bows, as though there was a hinge in the small of his back. There was something painful in his politeness; his abject, cringing manner, and these perpetual, low obeisances were those of the serf, of the inferior, low-class creature in the presence of his great master and lord, to whom he belonged body and soul.

But none of the great lords in this prison-palace could persuade him to touch his food, till one of them, in the shape of the medical officer, took him by the hand—or, more exactly, by the throat—and poured milk down it with a pipe; an unfailing process, which gave him an object lesson in hydrostatics, and cured him of refusing food.

Rufford, being forbidden to starve himself, tried suicide by more direct means. Although prisoners are carefully deprived of all obvious aids to self-destruction, their perverted ingenuity will often discover a way to utilize what they find to their hands. They will compass strangulation with a pocket-handkerchief; with the twisted threads of the oakum or coir it is their business to pick; will hang themselves with often no more than a six-feet drop; or open a vein with a bit of broken glass.

Rufford tried all these methods, meaning none of them to succeed. He always tied himself up when on the point of being visited, and was certain to be promptly cut down. The last was the nearest attempt, and made the most mess. He first smashed all his window-panes, with considerable noise, and his officer, at once attracted by the noise, found him seated on the cell-floor, bleeding profusely from a wound in his neck. It was necessary again to protect him against himself, and the doctor once more intervened, ordering him "the jacket"—a canvas suit, an admirably contrived garment, without sleeves, which kept his arms imprisoned at his sides, and altogether prevented him from doing himself an injury. Twenty-four hours of this restraint in the padded cell sufficed to cure him of his second attempt to win sympathy by his reckless contempt of self.

"What does it all mean?" asked the young governor, to whom the experience was new.

"He is only 'trying it on,'" said the wary old doctor.

"Doing the barmy," added the grey-headed chief warder.

"Ah! I understand. He hopes to be thought 'off his head'—to get credit as a lunatic. Is there anything wrong with him, do you think, doctor?"

"Not much, I feel convinced; but it is not easy to decide that with a man who never says a syllable one can understand. Still, he seems rational enough to me."

"To be sure he is," chimed in the chief warder, "only he wants to 'fetch' the asylum. It's snug and safe there. He thinks he will be well out of the way when the trouble comes; for there's something hanging over him, I am prepared to swear."

A few days later the net began to close around Rufford. They came and told the governor that one of the Scotland Yard inspectors had come down on purpose to make further inquiries about the mysterious prisoner.

"I have an idea he's a man we want," said Mr. Goodson, a smooth-faced, civil-spoken, rather youthful-looking man. "It was the note—'supposed to be a Russian'—in his papers that set me a-thinking—that and the recent wounds, as well as the double eagle among his tattoo-marks."

"It's all guess-work about his nationality; only the doctor thought he might be a Russian sailor; possibly a Finn."

"From Wapping or Bugsby Reach then. No, sir; he's English—a seafaring man, perhaps, or has been such, but English enough, if he's our man. But he was mixed up in a big Russian fraud with Russians, that's all. You may have heard of the great forgery of rouble notes?"

"And you think this creature—a fellow of the lowest type, with no signs of intelligence about him—could be concerned in that affair?"

"Low type! Why, he's one of the cleverest of London smashers, and, at the same time, the most daring, unscrupulous, and determined. He would not have got away else."

"What was the case?"

"It was this way, sir. You see, we'd long been looking out for the gang. The Russian Government was getting nasty about it; they had traced back the false notes right to London, and still we could not lay hands on the forgers. At last one of them turned 'nose,' and laid us on to their lair—a decent house enough in Mildred's Court, Islington. We surrounded the house, and sent the informer up first to show the way, and were following, when we heard the sound of a scuffle, and several shots interchanged. The door was barricaded, but we broke in, to find our man mortally hurt on the floor. It was 'Red Rufus' who had done

"IT WAS 'RED RUFUS' WHO HAD DONE IT."

it—the ringleader—but he had got away, taking with him a number of wounds."

"How had he escaped?"

"By the roof, and down through another house, as we supposed. Never heard of him again till your 'inquiry paper' was received. Now, can I see him?"

"Of course. But how do you propose to identify him?"

"Try, first, taking him by surprise. Then I've some people with me who know him by sight. He won't brazen it out long."

But the man—Russian, Finn, Red Rufus, whoever he was—did not mean to give himself away.

It was arranged that he should be led out into the "centre" or interior hall, and that Mr. Goodson should approach him unseen. This the detective did very adroitly, and, while the officials faced the prisoner to watch his countenance, he placed his hand smartly upon the man's shoulder, and said—

"Ah, Rumsby, so we've come upon you at last, have we?"

But the fellow had iron nerves; he never moved a muscle or winced in the very least. When the question had been repeated, accompanied by a rude twist of the shoulder, he looked slowly, stupidly round, and then, as though expecting chastisement, dropped plump on to his knees, raising his hands above his head to stave off the blow.

He was taken away to his cell, and by and by brought out again to be subjected to the second test.

Placed in amongst a row of a dozen others, with their backs to the wall, in the exercising-yard, facing the strong, bright light of day, he was closely scrutinized by three of the people the detective had brought down from town. They saw him independently, one by one, and unhesitatingly recognized him as the man who came constantly to 17, Mildred's Court, and who had entered it just before the affray. A fourth witness could swear to him, having seen him run out from Cooper's Rents, at the back of Mildred's Court, soon afterwards.

"Is that good enough, Rumsby?" asked the detective, triumphantly, after this complete identification. "You'd better say nothing now, one way or another. Indeed, it's my duty to warn you— Pick him up, somebody!"

This last remark was caused by the sudden collapse of the prisoner, who had fallen upon the floor in a fit—real or simulated—with horrible contortions, hideous noises, and much slavering at the mouth.

Restoratives were applied, and the doctor was at once summoned; but he was not to be deceived. It was a gross imposture, which, although long persisted in, the prisoner was compelled at length to abandon.

But he continued obstinately dumb to the very last. Even when arraigned for the murder of his former associate, he stood speechless before the judge. This persistent attitude could not save him, however; and it was only when convicted on the most irrefragable evidence, including that of the man he had wounded, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, that he broke the seal of silence he had put upon himself.

"Thankye, my lord, for that," he said, briefly and in the finest English; "I thought you'd 'a made it fifteen."

lightly made from prison to prison, that men would brave anything to obtain removal. Even now, when, in the ordinary course of administration, convicts, after their term of "separates," are sent on to "the works," they grow very unsettled as the time of removal approaches, and are full of complaints if detained even for a day. Yet the change is to "hard graft"—to severe bodily labour—from the comparative ease of sedentary employment in a solitary cell.

This craving for change may explain the determination with which suicide is sometimes attempted, and often achieved, even with the most unpromising and seemingly ineffectual means: a thread of oakum, an unravelled yarn from stockings, the pocket-handkerchief, or strip of cleaning-rag; any of these has sufficed before now, with no more fall than the drop from the window-ledge, or the cross-bar below a standing bed-place. One of the most surprisingly successful attempts is mentioned by Captain Harris[1] of a convict who had passed through every stage of troublesome misconduct: "broken out," destroyed books, bedding, glass, clothes; had refused food till medical interference became necessary; then was obstinately mute, and, last of all, feigned insanity. At length he gave in, and opened his lips to assure the doctor that he had surrendered, and would offend no more. Yet that very night, although under close observation, with a light constantly burning in his

[1] *Dartmoor Prison.*

cell, frequently visited by the patrols, he succeeded in taking his own life. Suicide was effected by strangling; he fastened round his neck a bandage—one end of which was tied to a sheet with a loop—in the bight of which he placed his feet, and extending them, tightened the ligature. This act, as Captain Harris says, was "unexampled for cunning and determination. Covered by his bed-clothes, and refraining from any noise, he appeared to the officer on night-duty, who passed and repassed in the night in full view of him, to be sleeping naturally." Strange success often undoubtedly attends the *felo-de-se.* This, when compared with the abortive attempt made some years ago to hang the convict Lee, the repeated failures in which, it will be remembered, led at length to a reprieve, produced a grim witticism which may be repeated here. It was said the contrast was additional proof of the old saying, that "if you wanted to do a thing well you must do it yourself."

Some interesting statistics have been collected by Morselli, and are given in his great work on "Suicide," as to its occurrence among prisoners. He has found that the solitary or separate confinement of accused or suspected persons produces more suicides than if the same persons were in association with others. The following figures attest this statement—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| At Mazas ... ... ... | suicides were | 1 per | 1000. |
| „ Louvain ... ... ... | „ | „ 1 per | 3200. |
| „ Amsterdam ... ... | „ | „ 1 per | 1700. |
| „ Aagbert ... ... ... | „ | „ 1 per | 800. |

Taking the European penal establishments in the aggregate, Morselli computes that the ratio per million under the several systems was as follows—

I. *Cellular System.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Belgium ... ... ... | 3610 per million. |
| Denmark ... ... ... | 2690 „ „ |
| Great Britain ... ... | 1090 „ „ |
| Italy ... ... ... ... | 2590 „ „ |

II. *Auburn System*, or associated labour with night separate cells.

| | |
|---|---|
| Great Britain ... ... | 290 per million. |
| Italy ... ... ... ... | 1120 „ „ |

III. *Associated System.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Austria ... ... ... | 180 per million. |
| Hungary ... ... ... | 370 „ „ |
| France... ... ... ... | 130 „ „ |
| Italy ... ... ... ... | 170 „ „ |
| Prussia ... ... ... | 700 „ „ |
| Sweden ... ... ... | 660 „ „ |

It is clear then, Morselli points out, that the solitary or separate system has caused the largest ratio of suicides, and he quotes with some surprise the statement of the French Parliamentary Commission of 1875, on penal establishments, that "solitary confinement cannot be pronounced injurious to the health and mind of the prisoner." "The (general) conclusion to be drawn," he goes on to say, "is that the great predisposition for suicide as well as for madness and crime, is a psychical attribute of the degenerate class of imprisoned criminals, depending without doubt on their own physical organization.

It is certain that a large part of the criminal suicides in prison are feigned; but taking only the cases effected, it may be maintained that prisoners as a class are the most inclined of all people to a voluntary death."

Attempts at self-slaughter in gaol, even if seriously intended, are often failures; more often they are never intended to succeed, or do so to the very great surprise of the intending suicide. The first are most frequently seen during the early days of a long sentence, often in the still more anxious period antecedent to trial. In all cases the watchfulness and constant supervision of warders acts as a preventive, and assistance is on the spot before life is extinct. Now and again a silly fellow ties himself up, thinking he has timed it exactly, and that some one will visit him opportunely just to cut him down. Many fatal cases are the result of miscalculation in this respect. Most of the sham attempts have the same origin; they are meant to excite sympathy, to attract attention to the extreme wretchedness of the prisoner's condition, with the hope that its speedy amelioration will follow—if in no other way, by securing admission to hospital. "To fetch the farm" is the great aim and object of the large bulk of the prisoners. The infirmary is the gaol paradise; to gain which any efforts are legitimate, any pains well spent. It is not easy to hoodwink and deceive medical men whose daily experience teaches to be distrustful. The doctor who deals with prisoners has to be constantly on the *qui vive.* He meets fraud and deception at every turn; so much feigning and malingering that sometimes all his science is at fault, and not even the clinical thermometer—that invaluable ally—will always reveal imposture.

The most frequent methods employed, the ailments most often feigned, are imbecility, paralysis, hæmorrhage from nose and lungs. They will go further, and imitate the obstinate endurance of an Oriental fakeer in maintaining a limb, arm, leg, or hand, continuously in one position until rigidity and loss of power result. The late Dr. Guy, a very eminent authority, and who was for some time a prison doctor, has stated in evidence before the Royal Commission of 1863, that he knew a case where a convict had sewn up his mouth and eyelids with needle and thread in order to convince the authorities of his insanity. Other cases quite as flagrant are recorded by Capt. Harris. A man fell against his bed and received injuries of seemingly a very trifling character; but he was taken to hospital complaining of severe pains in the back, and exhibiting all the symptoms of paralysis of the lower half of the body. He seemed absolutely helpless; made out that he could not turn in bed without assistance, and was carried daily to the exercising-yard. He kept up this imposture for nearly three years. Every remedy, every device had been tried to alleviate his sufferings, but without effect. At length, without warning, he threw away his crutches and told the astonished doctor he might have them if he liked—"I've done with them for the present." All the time his deception lasted, he had been most insolent and abusive to the medical officers, although they had spared no effort to put an end to his sufferings. A similar case is reported by Captain Powell of the Florida Convict Camp,[1] of a man who had been wounded when attempting to escape. The guard had fired at him, and "the bullet struck him in the hips, knocking him head over heels. In time the wound healed, but Williams persisted that the leg was entirely paralyzed, and went hobbling about on crutches, doing no work at all for the balance of his time—some two years. I frequently accused him of shamming, but the prison physician thought otherwise. On the day of his discharge my judgment was vindicated. He made perfectly sure that he was free, and then broke both crutches across his knee, roaring with laughter."

Another man at Dartmoor was supposed to have the bones of his foot diseased, but it was discovered at last, after many months of the most careful treatment, that he had kept two large needles, bound round with thread, embedded in a wound above his instep. As soon as the needles were removed he recovered. A third man was even more cunning and pertinacious than the others. He was detected more than once, but he managed each time to invent a new trick. His first was the running of a sharpened piece of copper wire into his knee, by which he almost lost his leg.

---

[1] *American Siberia*, p. 76.

Then he produced a number of sores around the knee-joint, and kept up frightful inflammation and swelling, by pushing rags and thread into the wounds. After this was detected, he took to introducing lime below his skin. On another occasion he was found with a bandage firmly bound round his thigh: the result of which was extensive swelling and rigidity in the leg. The treatment now prescribed was to envelope the limb in gutta-percha; but this he neutralized by using a strip of sheeting and a skewer—abstracted from a dinner sent in to him—as a tourniquet, and compressed his leg with it at night, thus undoing all the good of his treatment during the day. He was only beaten at last by an astute device of the surgeon's, who ordered that the wounded limb should be at all times exposed, outside the bed, in full view of the hospital nurse who attended him. From that moment his limb began to heal, and he was eventually completely cured.

In this branch of the subject, which is purely medical, no living authority inspires more respect, or has had a wider scientific experience, than my colleague, Dr. R. M. Gover, medical inspector of prisons. Two cases are given in his notes to the Report of Directors of Convict Prisons for 1891-2. One was a remarkable case of imposture quoted by Dr. Smalley, of Parkhurst Prison, in which infiltration of air was found beneath the skin (emphysema). Dr. Smalley was much perplexed as to how to account for this, when an ordinary safety-pin straightened out was found hidden in the prisoner's mattress. He had punctured his lung with the safety-pin, and so produced the emphysematous condition. When he died another safety-pin was found at the post-mortem examination embedded in the lung tissue. The second was a suspicious case of Bright's disease, which it was proved to be caused by artificial means. The same medical officer states that many other cases could be quoted of much suffering endured by prisoners in order to gain some small object quite out of proportion to the misery inflicted. In the majority of cases the malingering consists in an exaggeration of some existing ailment.

A prisoner of the complaining, malingering kind, who united in his own troublesome person many of the worst features of his class, was the man whose many manœuvres will now be described. His name was Quex. I had known him for a very long time, and had come across him in many different parts of the country. He was a criminal of the wandering class, continually changing his line of operations, and, as he had no great luck, he knew the inside of most of her Majesty's gaols. He was the same in all—at Bodmin or Morpeth, Usk, Northallerton, Carlisle or Lewes—a grumbling, discontented, argumentative, litigious prisoner. Nothing satisfied him; he always had a grievance of some sort or other. As soon as one was disposed of, he invented another, and I knew that whenever I met him I should be treated to some long-winded, but too often frivolous and groundless, complaint.

It was one day at Hawksfield. There he stood, just inside the cell-door, waiting for me, open-mouthed.

"Yes, sir," he promptly replied to my rather stereotyped inquiry, "I *have* a complaint. It's about the food in this 'ere country prison. 'Tain't fit for pigs."

"Oh!" I said, prepared as in duty bound to listen to his application; "you complain of the dietary? What's wrong with it, pray?"

"It's all bad, sir, every bit of it. I don't believe the cooks here know anything of their business; why, the morning gruel's that thin! It's not at all what I've been accustomed to."

"You pretend to be a judge, I suppose? Have you ever been in gaol before?" I asked artfully, wondering what he would say.

"Well, yes, sir, I've been in trouble once or twice afore. But I never saw such skilly as this 'ere. And the soup, sir, it's nothing but water; and the bread—it's made of musty flour. I could swear to it."

"It's made of fresh flour which you helped to grind. You know that as well as I do, Quex."

"Why does it get so hard then? Look, sir, at this loaf," and he produced an "eight ounce." "It's as 'ard as a stone already, and it's only yesterday's issue, baked the night afore. 'Tain't right. I know all about bread."

I looked at the loaf; no doubt it was as hard as a stone. But it was more than a couple of days old, and had been kept for more than a day in the prisoner's cell. I told him so, adding to the ward officer, "Take it away. He has kept it too long."

"You can't do that," broke out Quex. "It's against the law. I'm entitled to my food."

"You must eat it then, and within three meals. You know the rule as well as I do. You cannot keep it over the second day of issue."

"Sir, I'm ready to take my oath that I only got that yesterday. You're not acting fair to me. I want my bread."

"It's against the rule," I repeated.

"It's not the rule—not the right rule. Maybe so in this beastly hole, but not in better places. Not at Portland or Borstal or Chatham, or anywhere else where I have been. I've been three times in 'penny' servitude, and I know my rights, and I mean to have them," he said, doggedly.

"They do not include this loaf," I answered briefly, as I walked on. But I went straight to the bakehouse, and closely examined the three last batches of bread. It looked and tasted well. There was no fault to find with the meal or the method of making it up. The bread was sweet and wholesome, of a proper consistence, and excellent as food. They happened to be particularly well off at Hawksfield as regards baking, as a wise administration years before had provided the prison with a patent apparatus on

10
05 5
1
3
19

1. Spoiling at [illegible]
2. " on [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4.

the aërated principle, and the bread produced by it, made of the perfectly pure and unadulterated meal of prison manufacture, compared favourably with any that could be bought in the open market. As it stood, this home or "whole-meal" bread would have been prized at a whitebait dinner at Greenwich.

Finding that he had failed in this direction, Quex went on exactly the opposite tack at my next visit in the following month.

He again complained of the bread: now because it was soft and pulpy.

"Too fresh, is it?" I asked, knowing that prisoners object to receiving the bread ration until it has had time to dry. Fresh bread contains a large percentage of moisture, and this moisture, while adding weight, reduces so much of its value as stomach-filling food.

"Fresh! why it's never been fresh, sir. It's never been baked at all. The sponge wasn't properly set, and it's never risen. I'm not to be humbugged. I know all about bread. This is like putty, and there's no crust."

I took up the loaf and examined it. It *was* soft as putty, "sad," in short, a lump of unbaked dough, and the fingers left their impression on it if dug into it.

"There's more like it if you want to see it," went on Quex, with the most aggrieved air, pointing to his cell-shelf.

"How come you to have such a lot of it?" I asked.

"You know it's against rule. I told you so last time."

"I only kept it to show you, sir. You wouldn't believe what I say else."

"Don't be irreverent, and don't talk nonsense," I answered, rather sharply.

"Well, it is, sir. The governor put me on three days' punishment diet for giving away a loaf of bread to another man."

"You deserved it. Trafficking in food is not permitted. You've been long enough, and often enough, in prison to know that."

"Ah, but, sir, the other chap, him as I gave the loaf to, only got one day."

"I suppose there was good reason for that. The governor was the best judge. In any case, yours was the more serious offence. You gave him the loaf."

"That's why I say it's against Scripture. It says there that it's more blessed to give than to receive. Blest if I think it's so in this blooming gaol, when I got three days and him only one."

So it went on, sometimes jokingly, often more seriously, and almost always without a shadow of cause. Quex had a budget to unfold to every authority who came within his reach. The magistrates, in whatever district he found himself, would not listen to him after a time; it rather amused me to do so; but I, too, grew wearied of these constant complaints, and he knew that I saw through him. He now wished to go further, to appeal to a higher authority, and claimed to address the Home Secretary and the Prison Commissioners. As he was no great penman, he was given the assistance of the schoolmaster, who, at his dictation, covered many pages of foolscap with Quex's complaints. All these long-winded representations were carefully read and considered, but it was easily proved that Quex had no real wrongs to redress. He was still complaining when, in due course, release came, and he passed away out of sight.

I was destined to meet him again more than once, and the next time it was in the far west. I chanced to be doing a colleague's duty while Quex was in the Pontypridd Gaol. My arrival was a little unfortunate, for he had been masquerading in the name of Amos Moses, and pretended to be a Jew. He had been at Hawksfield and elsewhere, and knew that Jews have rather the advantage of other prisoners. They escape one day's labour—Saturday, which is their Sabbath, and of course they do no work on the Christian Sunday. Many prisoners are anxious to embrace Judaism on these grounds, but the would-be Jews being called upon to satisfy the Rabbi who visits the prison of the reality of their profession, the imposture seldom succeeds. There was no Rabbi within reach of Pontypridd to confound the false Amos Moses, and he had been enjoying his Saturday's idleness for some weeks when I came upon the scene.

"What does this man call himself?" I asked, when I recognized my friend. For once he was silent as I invited his complaint, and was hoping to pass unnoticed.

"Amos Moses, a Jew, sir. Here is his cell-card."

"Amos Moses? Come, Quex, this is a little too much for me to swallow," I cried. "We know each other too well for that. He may go under any *alias* he chooses, but he shall not pass off as a Jew," and I ordered him at once to be incorporated with the Church of England flock, where he at once came to loggerheads with the chaplain.

He developed a curious taste for theology after this, and went in for polemics, disputing points of doctrine with more persistence than knowledge. The chaplain easily demolished him and his arguments, whereupon Quex lost his temper, and declared that sooner than accept such views he preferred to believe in nothing at all.

"You are an atheist, then? If so," said the worthy chaplain, full of zeal, "you are no better than a brute beast."

This gave Quex an entirely new departure, a tremendous grievance which lasted him for the remainder of his sentence. He saw the governor repeatedly, interviewed magistrate after magistrate on the subject, addressed the Home Office again and again. The chaplain, he declared, had insulted him grievously. He was no doubt, and unfortunately for him, a prisoner, but he would not be called a brute beast. He begged hard that the chaplain might be made to apologize, or that otherwise he, Quex, might be transferred to some other gaol.

But the food question was that on which he was strongest, and which he took up whenever he got the chance. I found him one day in deep indignation over his dinner-tin. The soup was nothing but water; it had been watered on purpose, he declared.

The soup certainly looked thin, but on taking it into a strong light I found that there was fluid lying on the surface: water, beyond question, which he had added to give colour to his complaint. Cold water will not coalesce with hot, thick soup, unless the whole is reheated together, and will come to the top, no matter how much it may be stirred.

Once more Quex was foiled.

He more nearly made his point next time, when he complained that his rations were issued to him continually and systematically under weight. He had claimed—as within his rights—to have his allowances put on the scale. Dinner-loaf, tea-loaf, potatoes, one and all had been repeatedly found short weight. I was inclined to believe that there might be some cause for this, that some officer, weary of his unceasing fault-finding, had—unjustifiably and reprehensibly, of course, but actually—reduced his allowance. I could bring no charge of this home to any one, but the fact of the short weight could not be denied. For a time, indeed, Quex, in prison parlance, had "bested us." It was only the patient and superior cunning of the chief warder that provided a solution.

Quex was watched very closely when his meals were handed in to him, and he was caught in the act —first, of purloining and concealing potatoes; next, of adroitly detaching the "make-weight" piece of bread frequently attached with a splinter of wood to bring up the loaf to the exact allowance. He only laughed when he was fully detected, but after a brief interview with the governor, he prudently decided to find some other outlet for complaints.

He broke out now in a new place. He made it a grievance that his relatives and friends outside would not write to him or visit him. They never answered the letters he sent, nor took advantage of the visiting orders. Either they were in league with the officials inside to vex and annoy him, or they meant to abandon him altogether; or, yet again, the prison authorities had wilfully suppressed his communications. The return of a batch of these through the Dead Letter Office, variously endorsed "gone away," "refused," "not known," did not satisfy him entirely.

Next, he was deprived of his proper allowance of salt, the soap given him would not lather, the tinware issued to him—plate, mug, and water-can—were so abominably old and rusty, it was hopeless for him to attempt to clean them. But I think he was most furious when he had been deprived of his slate. Every prisoner is allowed to have a slate in his cell for instruction or amusement. Some draw on it with no mean skill; others utilize it for versification; but Quex had filled both sides with the bitterest and most ribald abuse of every authority. The grossness of the language used led to its immediate erasure with a sponge. The slate was confiscated, taken from him, so he assured me, "as you'd snatch a bone from a dog," and he did not think he had received proper treatment at all.

Finally, Quex found something like a substantial cause of complaint. It was against his latest—indeed, his last—conviction, for this great grievance made an end of his prison history. Never had mortal man, according to his showing, been so shamefully ill-used before. He was as innocent as a child, as the babe unborn, of the offence laid to his charge. Another man had done the job and laid it on Quex, who could swear, and get others to swear, that he had been miles away at the time.

"They would not let me bring my witnesses; I had a dozen on 'em. The judge, he said it was a clear case, and the jury—you can get no justice from a Borrowdale jury—never even left the box, but brought me in guilty, and the bloke, he ups and gives me seven stretch, when he should have sent me out of court with my friends."

"Where were you tried—Sessions or Assizes? Who was your judge?" I asked.

It was at Assizes; the Grand Jury had found a true bill, the evidence was overwhelming, and the judge had been Mr. Justice Dash, the very fairest and most painstaking on the Bench.

"It's absurd to pretend you didn't do it," I replied. "But you have the usual remedy; you can petition the Home Secretary to remit the sentence."

He did so, and received a reply in due course to the effect that the Secretary of State saw "no grounds" for interfering in his case.

Then he again attacked me, protesting more bitterly than ever against the iniquity of keeping him in prison.

CAUGHT IN THE VERY ACT.

"I wasn't guilty, sir—not this time," he averred.

"But you've done the same thing before," I argued.

"That's true enough, sir; times and again."

Always the same thing, the same offence, after the fashion of his class, who are most conservative in crime. In whatever way they commence, they continue to the end. Quex was a burglar—one of rather an unusual type. He preferred the houses of labourers and artisans, who left home in the small early hours for their work, leaving their wives still asleep in bed. This was the moment when Quex broke in. He was clever in the manufacture of false keys, and he gained access without difficulty to tenements that were never very carefully secured. His gains were small, as a rule, and the danger of detection great—so great that he was frequently caught in the very act. But in this present instance he had departed from his usual custom, and had forced his way into a railway booking-office at night, and he had brought himself to believe that he could not have committed an offence in such an unusual way.

"They found some of the stolen property on you," I reminded him.

"That was given me by another chap; I wasn't in the place at all. Not me. I'm suffering wrongly, sir; indeed and for sure I am."

"The case was clear: quite clear," I said at last, wearied with his importunity. "You say you are here for what you didn't do? Well, think of the number of times you've done this sort of thing when you've *not* been caught at all."

But, by continually brooding over his fancied wrongs, the idea of his innocence became fixed in his mind to the exclusion of everything else, and gradually to its derangement. It was thought at first that he was only "acting barmy," simulating weakness of intellect, because he was seized with delusions that so often characterize impostors.

He began to complain of noises in his ear—voices buzzing and continually urging him to some desperate deed. They never left him—never ceased annoying him; they would not let him sleep at night, and drove him to distraction during the day. They pitied him and upbraided by turns; told him he was suffering unjustly; then called him a coward and a cur for not avenging himself, for not using violence to redress his wrongs.

"Hearing voices" is a common complaint with pretended lunatics, and the prison surgeon was not disposed to be taken in by Quex.

✓ The prisoner next declared that his food was tampered with; that "things," medicines, purgative and unpleasant, were put in it; that he got no benefit from it, and was wasting to a skeleton from starvation. Then he declined altogether to touch it, swearing it was poisoned purposely. He knew the taste, and had tried it on the rats in his cell.

This was another well-known line of counterfeited madness, and still the doctor was incredulous. Quex must have thought that he had to do with an astute opponent, and his new form of delusion was more ingenious and original.

He complained that he was now subjected to electrical shocks. The electricity was passed into his body sometimes from a distance, from the town or even further; sometimes the assistant-surgeon came to his cell-door at night and sent the current through it, and woke him with the electric light, which dazzled and blinded him. The object of all this was voices, now physicked food, now electric shocks, complaints reiterated, and all harping on the same strings. The doctors were at the bottom of it all. They wanted to make away with him, and they were put up to it by the cruel and unjust judge who had wrongfully sent him to gaol.

If the weakness of intellect was assumed, it was so cleverly done that it defied detection, and forced the doctors to yield. After a contest of some months, Quex was admitted to be insane; he was duly certified as such, and passed on to the county asylum.

I was curious enough to inquire about him some time later.

"Quex? Quex? Ah! I remember," said the asylum superintendent. "No more mad than you or me. By the way, he escaped. That proved it."

"His superior cleverness got the better of you?"

"Yes, and of the police. There was a hue and cry for him in the town, and he was all but caught in the High Street. Met my assistant-surgeon coming one way and the police the other."

"Well?"

"Quex was equal to the occasion. He went straight up to the police, and said, 'You are looking for an escaped lunatic, I believe? There he is,' and he pointed out the assistant-surgeon, whom the police immediately captured, and Quex got completely away."

They never caught him, and for myself I have never seen or heard of him again.

The phases through which Quex passed in his endeavours to "best" the authorities were no doubt the result of his own observations and experience in gaol. One of the highest authorities, that able "alienist," Dr. Nicholson, now Superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum,[1] has examined with great scientific completeness the illusions from which prisoners suffer, situation with philosophy, a few, like Quex, brood over it continually, and aggravate their condition by fancying they have been wronged. When the mind at last loses its balance, various forms of illusions possess the patient, and these Dr. Nicholson has classed under four principal heads—

1. Illusions as to treatment. The prisoner imagines that he is ill-used, deprived unjustly of certain rights and privileges.

2. Illusions as to food, which he believes to have been tampered with, to poison him, or do him serious harm.

3. Illusions as to mysterious visitations, communications through the air put forward to show his importance, or evil influences brought to bear upon him, to annoy or injure him.

4. Illusions as to conviction and sentence, which are deemed wrongful or excessive, a very general complaint with those who have fallen under the ban of the law, even when the mind is perfectly sound.

drama, oftener still through all the shifting episodes of their terrible struggle with the law, playing the greatest game there is and for the highest stakes, that of life itself; again in the last dread breathing space between this world and the next. The emotions aroused by these sad *rencontres* are very various; one meets a murderer, now with infinite pity, now with instinctive horror, occasionally with loathing and contempt.

The characteristics of Cain, so far as I have been able to judge of them, are much what others have noted and recorded. Allowing for certain differences due to temperament, class, climate or nationality, the murderer exhibits the same emotions, passes through the same phases all the world over. A period of prostration generally follows first arrest; the passion that produced the crime is burnt out, only the ashes of unavailing regret remain. I have observed a dull dazed look, a stupid astonishment and surprise in many; this is probably artificial and assumed at times, a sort of stoical indifference at the catastrophe, or a well-calculated attempt to ignore it, where the evidence is not quite clear, and acquittal on the cards. Only rarely do they pass to the other extreme, and glory in the fell deed, openly declaring that they "meant it," that they thirsted for it, and would do it again and again. This is especially the case with the female homicide when moved by jealousy and outraged affections to crime. I have read of a Spanish gipsy, an elderly woman, but inordinately vain and greedy for smart apparel, who killed her lover through jealousy, and who, far from expressing remorse, swore that if her victim rose from the grave a hundred times she would kill him as often.

The second stage through which the arrested murderer passes is that of combat; the struggle for life, a condition more noticeable when procedure presses hardly upon him. With us Cain is called innocent till the verdict is given, and the accused has every assistance in his fight with the law. It does not accord quite with our ideas of justice, but the browbeating and reiterated examinations of the accused person which takes place abroad has a defensible object, that of extorting confession. By the very nature of the act, evidence in murder cases must be mainly circumstantial, as it is seldom that witnesses actually see the deed done. To gain the murderer's own admission of his crime is an undoubted safeguard against error, and such errors have occurred more often than is supposed. The two oft-quoted cases of Calas and Lesurques do not exhaust the list. In recent years Habron was only released from penal servitude for Peace's crime by the confession of the latter; and it is on record that in one year (1827) alone at the Old Bailey six persons were convicted of capital crimes and left for execution, whose innocence was happily proved in time, through the zeal and activity of the sheriff.

So every effort is made to convict on confession.

Execution Place at Lincoln.

Execution Place at Lincoln.

The famous Bavarian judge, Feuerbach, who conducted many remarkable murder trials to a successful close, has written fully on the murderer's attitude during the painful and often long-protracted period of examination. It must have been moral torture little less excruciating than the physical torture of old. Very few confessions he found were inspired by remorse. Many were driven to it by sheer inability to evade the searching interrogatories of the judge, which wove a web around them from which there was no other outlet but confession or obstinate mutism, and for the latter the discipline of solitary confinement was eventually a sufficient persuasive. Some confessed from indifference, some to put an end to a state of deep anxiety and suspense. But all alike fought hard for a time. Each according to his means braced himself up for the struggle, and followed out his plan with desperate determination, until it collapsed from one or other of the causes just mentioned.

In the case of the priest Rimbauer, quoted by Feuerbach, where the crime had been murder as the only issue from life-long duplicity and debauchery, the accused posed as a martyr, and answered the judge with a sweet, patient smile. At times he was roused from his attitude of injured innocence to vehement words and gestures, but then he would check himself abruptly and apologize for the warmth displayed. But it was surely excusable in one who felt "like a defenceless sheep worried by savage dogs." When hard pressed he tried to overawe the judge by preaching at him; or he burst into a loud laugh at the unheard-of lies which the devil had invented against him; again he would resume his heart-broken air, and vainly strive to shed tears. As the trial proceeded he changed, and met the judge's home-thrusts with matchless self-possession and great dialectic skill. He was a learned casuist, and he brought all the weapons of his armoury to bear in reply; he had a solution for every difficulty, an hypothesis for every conflicting statement. Even the supreme test of confrontation with the skull of his victim failed to produce more than a momentary weakness. It was at midnight, after a moving address, that the judge raised a cloth suddenly and displayed the skull where it laid upon a black cushion. Rimbauer started from his seat, stared wildly at his judge, then smiled as of old, but turned a little so as to avoid looking into the empty sockets of the eyes. But he quickly recovered himself, and coolly said, pointing to the skull, "Could it speak, it would say, Rimbauer was my friend, not my murderer."

Rimbauer yielded in the end, but not before the documents connected with the trial filled forty-two folio volumes. The immediate cause of his submission was the sight of a Jew going to execution, with so much cheerfulness and tranquillity that Rimbauer was deeply impressed. He asked how it was that a Jew should meet his death with so much composure, and was told that since he had eased his soul by confession he had been in a most happy state of mind. From that moment Rimbauer was a changed man; he grew more and more restless and anxious, lost appetite, and passed sleepless nights. He sent for the judge again and again, but still could not bring himself to confess, although he fell on his knees, declaring he was visited by ghostly phantasms, and was tired of life. At last, urged thereto by the judge as the only means of obtaining peace, he made full confession of the crime. Yet even then he is said to have shown no true repentance, but tried to either justify or extenuate the murder. Now he urged that his hands had been moved by terror, fear, sudden impulse, and without the control or consent of his reason; now he pretended that his purpose had been noble, and had aimed at saving his cloth from the scandal that would have dishonoured the clergy to which he belonged. Rimbauer was not executed, but was imprisoned in a fortress for life.

Another similar case was that of John Paul Forster, accused of murdering an old cornfactor and his servant-maid at Nuremburg. The circumstantial evidence against Forster was very strong, but he defended himself with extraordinary pertinacity and skill. One of his earliest efforts was a partial confession by which he threw the guilt on others, and on which he was cross-examined by the judge for six full hours, during which time he stood just where he was, and would not accept the chair offered him.

His story flowed from his lips as glibly as though he had learnt it by heart, and he looked the judge full in the face while he spoke. His whole demeanour was most remarkable; no question could embarrass, no admonition disconcert him. "He had considered beforehand the whole array of evidence against him as carefully as the judge himself. Thus nothing took him by surprise, there was nothing for which he was unprepared. . . . He underwent thirteen long examinations, in which he had to answer one thousand three hundred and thirteen questions, besides confrontations with innumerable witnesses; but no confession could be wrung from him. Animated by a spirit as powerful and enduring as his bodily frame, he often stood during his examinations for five or six hours on the same spot, and nothing ever made him flinch or waver. Once in the Bridewell he said to some of his companions, that 'if ever he got into trouble again, he would persist in denial until his tongue turned black and rotted in his mouth, and his body was bent double.'"[1] He never yielded, not of his own accord, although towards the end of his trial he all but admitted that the truth was stronger than his system, however obstinately and cunningly persisted in. Eventually, as no confession could be extorted from him, he escaped the extreme penalty, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life in chains. It is interesting to add, as illustrating the unbending obstinacy of this criminal's character, that he maintained a sullen silence in prison for years; it was supposed that he thus acted, believing that his punishment was only inflicted to obtain a confession, and he hoped in the end to tire out the authorities and obtain his enlargement. His boast was that steadfastness and secrecy were what adorned a man; he declared he was proud of his ball and chains, treating them as badges of honour, which he polished till they shone like silver. Yet he did not escape the pangs of a guilty conscience; his sullen face flushed scarlet when he was reminded of his guilt.

---

[1] Feuerbach's *Remarkable Criminal Trials*, translated by Lady Duff Gordon, p. 27.

With us the murderer on his trial seldom surrenders hope till the worst is known. He clings to any straw, any accident; the absence of an important witness, a flaw in the indictment, a cleverly-advanced plea, any of these may help him to a favourable verdict, or possibly to conviction on the lesser count alone. Faith is strong; the astuteness of their solicitors, the impassioned eloquence of counsel, the contrariness of a juryman who will not be convinced, often buoy up the criminal to the very end. So it happens that to the most stoical the actual finding comes often as a terrible shock. Then it is that women like Miss Jeffreys are carried senseless out of court, that the blood forsakes the cheek of the most truculent wretch, that his fingers twitch nervously with the sleeve of his coat. It is but rarely that one is seen like Owen, the Denham murderer, who has nerve enough to wave his hand to the judge and say flippantly, "Thankye, my lord," as he steps lightly from the dock. As a general rule this moment of conviction is that of the murderer's most awful trial, worse even for its supreme bitterness than that dread time when they stand upon the scaffold alone and upon the very verge of eternity.

After this, when the convict enters the third or penultimate stage, and when the die is cast, a reaction generally sets in. He passes quickly from consternation to apathy; he knows the worst, the tense-strung bow unbends, and he either collapses from sheer physical exhaustion or from the benumbing effects of despair. A few only exhibit extraordinary impassiveness, the result of an entire insensibility or want of feeling; others more rarely display cynical, horrifying bravado, at which we shudder. Such was Rush, the wholesale murderer of the Jermy family, who on entering the condemned cell brutally rejected the chaplain's ministrations, and called for his slippers and the *Times* newspaper. Such was Shepherds, executed at York, who hoped he might have a fine day when he was "topped," and was anxious to know whether his coffin was made yet and likely to fit. Owen, already mentioned, told his sobbing wife and sorrowing father not to snivel, and drove off the chaplain with curses and foul talk. Campi, the French murderer, was in a state of wild fury when he reached his cell, and seizing a log of wood, tried to murder one of his warders.

So the condemned continues to hope, even against hope, and where the interval between sentence and execution is protracted, half forgets the debt he is bound to pay. This uncertainty adds to the cruelty of his situation, because it encourages a false sense of security. It is avoided in this country, where the accomplishment of the sentence is fixed by unvarying rules, and the convict knows that after three clear Sundays have passed his course is run. Hence, the condemned with us, while never quite abandoning hope, for the reasons first given, accept the situation according to their temperament. My experience, like that of M. Guillot, is that Professor Lombroso is wrong. No doubt indifference more or less complete is shown, but rarely. The Horsforth murderer, Turner, took his sentence calmly, slept well and constantly through the intervening period; one or two more were either defiant or apathetic, refusing all consolation, and kept up this attitude to the last. But by far the largest number were quiet and resigned, thankfully receiving the chaplain's ministrations, anxious with more or less honesty of purpose to make their peace. Some are courageous, some few show abject terror, and are quite broken down, losing weight daily, dwindling into the mere shadow of themselves before the dread day arrives.

The testimony of the experienced observers abroad is in the same direction. The attitude of every condemned convict may differ "according to temperament and education," says the Abbé Crozes, the worthy chaplain of La Grande Roquette in Paris, "but all alike are possessed with one single idea, that of escaping death. The dread anticipation never leaves them; as it daily grows nearer and nearer, everything in them betrays the liveliest apprehension." This is what M. Guillot tells us. Speaking of the condemned, whom he often visited, he says the thought of approaching death never quits them for a second.

PEL, A FRENCH MURDERER.

"The mere sight of the chaplain gives them a shudder." Abadie and Gilles, who awaited execution for three months, and were eventually reprieved, told the Abbé Crozes that every morning about four o'clock they awoke in an agony of terror, and only recovered a little about six, when the hour had passed for the awful visit of the governor with his dread news. They knew then that they had one more day to live.[1] Another French chaplain noticed the same in Cornet, who awaited his fate for sixty-three days. Another French murderer, Montcharmont, waited in agony for forty days. The vision of death constantly pursued him; at night he dreamed of the guillotine, saw his head rolling in the dust, and awoke with screams of terror. During the day he wept, and wrote letters to all he thought could help him. He was perpetually crying out, "The knife! the scaffold! I see nothing else!" Gamahut suffered the same terrors; frightful nightmares and sudden awakenings. "What is that? Is any one coming?" The mere sound of a footstep approaching, a door opened or closed, disturbed him. Campi, as the time drew on, grew more and more thoughtful, more *distrait;* he played cards with his keepers, and took no interest in the game. The thought of the guillotine always oppressed him when he talked to his priest. His nights were disturbed; he would jump up suddenly and pace his cell, wringing his hands.

Some curious facts have been collected as to the occupations of men awaiting the death sentence. Many condemned criminals have spent their last days in writing autobiographies, incited thereto by vanity and the desire to glorify themselves in the eyes of the public. Lacenaire wrote his memoirs at great length, and when asked by M. Canler if he was appealing to posterity, he answered, "Yes; a murderer's memoirs! Something out of the common, eh? They will, I think, be read eagerly on account of their novelty." "And on account of their author?" Canler suggested. At which this bloodthirsty wretch, who, as he put it, "killed a man as easily as he would drink a glass of wine," smiled and blushed consciously. One man, mentioned by Lombroso, instructed his warders in hygiene. Charles Peace spent much of his time in preaching at them, and he treated me to a long moral lecture on the evil passions the last time I saw him in the condemned cell. Reading is a favourite occupation, and at the Grande Roquette in Paris, the last resting-place of so many, a register has been kept which records the literature most in request with the condemned. Books of travel and adventure are the most popular. The prisoner reads rapidly; it is obvious their thoughts are not on the pages, which they quickly turn over. Prado got through sixty-eight works in forty-three days, among which was *Les Guêpes*, of Alphonse Karr, in which he might have come across the famous phrase, "*abolissons la peine de mort, mais que messieurs les assassins commencent.*" Prado read four volumes of Saint Simon's *Memoirs*, but in the end he returned to fiction, and the last book entered to him was *Le Fils du Diable* of Paul Feval. Alexander Dumas' novels are read largely by the condemned.

---

[1] The practice is in France to fix no date for execution. The convict is only told to expect death on the very morning, and only an hour or two before he goes to the scaffold.

The final is by far the most terrible stage, and even the murderer, whose act inspires the utmost horror, is a subject for an infinite pity as he stands upon the threshold of the great unknown. His demeanour on the brink of eternity cannot be spoken of lightly, but it possesses a deep psychological interest. Some scientists have investigated official records to ascertain how the condemned have comported themselves upon the scaffold. Thus Dr. Corre has found, that of 64 men, 25 died in a cowardly manner, already half dead with fear, or vainly struggling with the executioner; 18 went to their long account with a "calm, resigned courage";[1] 4 were in a state of extreme nervous excitement; 12 showed cynical bravado; 5 absolute indifference. On the other hand, an executioner told Lombroso that all highwaymen and murderers laughed and joked to the last. Yet, in direct contradiction of this, the French doctor Lauvergne asserts that "nine times out of ten, convicts at their last hour die religiously." Accurate statistics on this point are not easily obtained. My experience is, that the condemned for the most part betray no strong emotions; they are generally impassive, not from any cynicism, but because quite resigned. It is but seldom that they exhibit terror, whether abject or overmastering, or anything more than the mere natural apprehensiveness of men about to die. Now and again the converse is true, and the convict has to be fortified with stimulants and carried bodily, fainting or half senseless, to the scene of execution. Peace kept his wits about him to the last, and even complained that the pinioning ropes were too tight and hurt him.

---

[1] Havelock Ellis, *The Criminal*, p. 129.

Many explanations have been offered of the healthy appetite shown by men who have not many minutes more to live. It has been attributed to the want of sensibility, the predominance of animal passions over the finer emotions. Others think it the imperious craving of exhausted nature. Whatever the cause, the strange fact has been constantly recorded. A youth of twenty-one, Eugene Vian, who showed exuberant gaiety in his cell, and sang catches of the hour, in which he adapted words referring to himself and approaching execution. He danced as he sang, only pausing to ask at what hour the head-chopping was to come off? When preparing for the last toilette, and he could not draw his blouse over his head, he said coolly, "My head is too big just now—there will be room enough soon"; and as he went down-stairs his shoe slipped off, but he would not pause to refasten it, saying it would serve long enough. Moreux received the intimation of his approaching death quite tranquilly, lit his pipe, and began to quietly pace up and down his cell. "I expected a day or two longer," was all he said. Conturier was quite self-possessed at the dread news. "I hoped my appeal would be accepted; as it was to be refused, why make me wait so long?" The Comte de la Pommerais was most vividly affected when he got out into the bright daylight, the stars just paling in the clear sky. "Fancy dying on such a fine morning as this!" he exclaimed.[1] A convict sentenced to death in New Caledonia for murdering an Arab who was a convict, but held authority, gaily mounted the scaffold with a brief "Bon soir, la compagnie," and so died. Bravado is not uncommon, but not the painful exhibition afforded by Sarah Thomas, who was executed at Gloucester in 1849 for murdering her mistress by beating her on the head with a stone.

---

[1] The reader will remember the awful words reported of the "wicked" Lord Hertford on the morning of his death.

Thomas was seized with a fit of ungovernable fury at the scaffold; she stamped and wrestled with the prison officials, two of whom forced her to ascend the ladder. and her screams did not cease till the fatal of your soul.' 'All right, M. l'Abbé, you know I am a priest too, and know all the formulas.'

"Time went on. No one knew what to do. Verger's indifference, his bravado, terrified every one. Suddenly, as though he realized his true position, or had gone half-mad, he cried—'What! It is true, then?' No answer. 'And you think I will go quietly to the scaffold? I'll have nothing to do with the scaffold. If I go, it must be by force. Here I remain.' And he clung to his bed, looking at the officers with the air of a man who would rather be torn in pieces than move an inch. 'Gentlemen, I beseech you!' he cried, all at once bursting into sobs and kneeling before them, 'all you who are decorated, who have the right to approach the Emperor. Seek him; tell him I cannot die. Let him pardon me.'

"Then the warders seized him; a terrible struggle followed. The director of the prison, quite overcome, left the cell. Verger clung to the wardens, to the bed, to the door. It was horrible. He cried, shouted, blasphemed, roared. The fight would have continued, but some one thought of fetching the executioner and getting his help. According to the law the executioner is supposed to await the convict outside, and not to enter his cell. But this could not go on. M. Heinderech was a giant, six foot high, calm, self-possessed, bright-eyed, white hair cut close, short whiskers, upper lip and beard carefully shaved; he looked like an old colonel on half-pay. When he came in the struggle had grown more fierce, and the warders did not know how to get their prisoner out.

"'So, Verger,' said M. Heinderech slowly, in a loud, grave voice, while he looked him full in the face, 'it seems you won't come of your own accord? All right, we must take you by force.' Verger looked at the speaker, trembling, evidently afraid, and allowed himself to be bound. Then without a word he walked out; he was conquered.

"He was taken to the reception ward for the 'toilette.' 'My God!' he cried, weeping, and writhing on his stool. 'How terrible it is to die thus! Without relations or friends, abandoned by all.'

"The Abbé Huyon corrected him—'Verger, all your friends do not abandon you. Here is One who thinks of you, loves you, awaits you. Do you recognize Him?' And Verger put up his lips to the crucifix and kissed it.

"'Ah, that is well,' said the chaplain; 'I see you understand;' and drawing him aside he received the prisoner's confession, and gave him absolution."

Murderers have been classed by the anthropologists among the occasional criminals. Their offence, although the most heinous of all committed, is often the result of some sudden passionate impulse, an outburst of ungovernable fury that ends in homicide. The murderer is not necessarily a professional criminal, yet there are those who, yielding more and more to their vicious instincts, to greed and uncontrolled passion, pass from the lesser to the greater—begin as thieves and end as murderers. These are they who deliberately plan the destruction of their fellows, plan pitfalls, beguile, inveigle, betray. They are perhaps more culpable than the unscrupulous wretch who appeals to force rather than lose some splendid prize, or the ferocious scoundrel who will strike down his victim in a sudden spasm of rage.

Three types of murderers exhibiting some of these occasional traits are described in the next chapter. These narratives are based upon facts, the names and incidents only slightly changed.

"Surely you often draw cheques?"

"Not to this amount and for this purpose. It is to repay a prisoner who is going out to-morrow; his private money—£257 11*s.* 2*d.* Rather more than they bring in with them, as a rule."

"His own money? How did he carry it—in notes, sovereigns, or what? Not fairly acquired, of course

Dressing.

—the proceeds of some big coup? I suppose you have been in communication with the police?"

"Well, yes, although it was unnecessary. The affair was *bonâ fide*, I believe. As the bulk of the money was in Bank of England notes, we had no difficulty in tracing them to a West End London bank, and found that they had been paid over the counter to a gentleman—in outward appearance—on a cheque drawn by a lady who was an old and valued client. She had always a considerable balance at the bank."

"How had he got the cheque out of her? Fraud, intimidation——"

"No. In the simplest and most unquestionable manner. He was her husband, and, I suppose, whatever he wanted she gave."

"But does she know he is here now—in Hawksham Gaol? She ought to be told."

"Isn't it a little too late? That's what the bank think. They sent down a confidential clerk to identify my prisoner, who, on the part of his principals, strongly deprecated it. He assured me that the lady had the sole control of her property. She is, as far as possible, protected. Nothing can protect her against herself."

"Well, it's hard on her. If she hasn't a suspicion of the sort of man she married, she should, I think, be undeceived. But who is this man? What has he done?"

"The case, so far as we know it, is one of common fraud. Some months ago Mr. Titterton, the sole surviving member of an old business firm in this city, advertised for a partner. There were two indispensable qualifications—first, the possession of truly Christian principles; secondly, a capital of £500. The whole capital of the new undertaking was to be £1000.

"The most likely of the many candidates was a

Mr. Ludovic L'Estrange, the man now in my custody, who came in person to answer the advertisement, and quite won over Mr. Titterton by his deep religious convictions and affable manners. He appeared, moreover, to have a good practical acquaintance with the business into which he was about to embark; every qualification, in fact, with one single, small exception —he had no ready cash. But he offered, in the most plausible way, to deposit at the bank in the name of the firm a bill for £500, which would represent his share. It was a perfectly good bill, he declared, drawn by himself, and accepted by his London lawyers—those well-known solicitors, Messrs. Bribone and La Fourbe—who were, in fact, his references and guarantees for the whole affair.

"The reference was taken up, and must have proved satisfactory—at least, Mr. Ludovic L'Estrange was accepted as partner in the firm of Titterton and Brough. Each deposited his £500; the one, as I have said, by a bill, the other in good, sound coin of the realm. Within the week L'Estrange drew a cheque for £440, and, leaving something under £60 as the available cash balance, disappeared.

"Mr. Titterton might be too confiding, but he would not submit tamely to such a swindle as this. He obtained a warrant against the absconding partner, and put the police on his track. For some time all pursuit proved fruitless. The fugitive kept close. Although he was traced to London, he concealed himself so well in the great city that the detectives were always at fault. They looked in the wrong places, I expect.

"If they had gone into Hyde Park at the showiest time of day they might have been more successful; for that was where and when he was run in—not by the police, but by the man who had most reason to seek his arrest. Mr. Titterton had gone up to London to assist in the hunt, and he was walking rather disconsolately down Rotten Row, when he met his man plump, face to face, dressed up to the nines, and smoking a large regalia or Pontagas cigar.

"L'Estrange turned tail, and, dodging in and out among the crowd of smart people—you know what it is in the London park in the height of the season—made tracks as fast as he decently could without attracting attention. There is nothing so suspicious as taking to your heels; it is an admission that you have reason for running away.

"Titterton, following closely, gave chase. Out of the park by the Knightsbridge barracks, into the Brompton Road, and across it to Sloane Street, and on to Sloane Square. But here a policeman, in answer to the pursuer's signal, laid hands on the fugitive and held him till Titterton came up. There was then some difficulty in deciding who was the guilty party—each accused the other of theft—when Mr. Titterton cleverly settled the question by insisting that both should be taken into custody.

"The production of the warrant from Hawksham by the Hawksham police was sufficient to identify

L'Estrange, and he was sent back here; but it would have been better to have waited a little, and made inquiries in London, as I am certain he would not have been let off so easily if all his antecedents were known."

"He was let off lightly then?"

"On the way down the whole party—prosecutor, police, and prisoner—travelled together, and the following conversation, or something like it, took place in the train:—

"'I did not mean to defraud you, Mr. Titterton,' said the so-called L'Estrange. 'I only wanted your money for a very particular purpose and for a short time.'

"'I'll believe that when I get it back again.'

"'You shall have it at once if you do not press this charge against me.'

"'He is bound over to prosecute,' interposed the police-officer.

"'Not on the gravest issue. But I don't care a hang about that. What Mr. Titterton wants most, I take it, is his money back and to hush up the whole business. I can promise him that if he can square the beak.'

"'When shall I see the money? It must be in golden sovereigns—no more bills.'

"'I will give you a cheque for £500—not my own, but one as good as the bank—and nothing shall be done before it is cashed.'

"The long and the short of it was, some sort of a compromise of this kind was agreed to between them, and when L'Estrange was brought up before the magistrates, the bench dealt with the case summarily, on the ground that the abstracted funds had been restored. L'Estrange got three months, instead of the five or seven years certain if he had gone before the assizes, when all his previous convictions would have been raked up against him."

"So he goes out to-morrow a free man?"

"Certainly. To rejoin his trusting and infatuated wife, who is anxiously awaiting his return——"

"From Hawksham Gaol?"

"No fear! From Honduras. He has explained his absence by pretending that he has important business in the West Indies; and he has, no doubt, kept up communication with his wife through his lawyers. I gather that from the letters he wrote them before his trial, and which, of course, had to pass through me."

"He is a clever rascal, evidently. I suppose a handsome, unscrupulous blackguard, with an insinuating way. Let's have a look at him."

I was taken to his cell, where I examined the man long and carefully through the inspection plate, or small glass window, in the cell. The light from the narrow window high in the wall fell full upon his face. As I thus took him at a disadvantage, and when he thought no eye was on him, I saw a bold, coarse-looking countenance, with broad, big features, but rather narrow eyes under overhanging, scowling brows. He was standing up in front of his mat loom. A fine figure of a man—straight, stalwart, and well built, with an air of easy, self-satisfied effrontery, of which even his unbecoming prison dress could not deprive him.

But that he should take a woman's fancy—that any one should be infatuated with this vulgar, commonplace-looking Lothario to the extent of entrusting herself and her future to his tender mercies—seemed rather extraordinary.

I understood the case better next time I saw him. I have a good, sometimes an inconvenient, often useful, memory for faces, and I could not be mistaken in him, I was sure. Strange contrast! It was a year later, at Covent Garden Opera, on one of the most crowded and most fashionable nights of the season. All the best and smartest people in London filled the boxes. On the pit and principal tiers there was a splendid display of diamonds, dazzling shoulders, and rainbow-hued costumes.

Between the acts, in the pauses between Ravogli and the De Retzkes, I surveyed the house with my glasses, and admired all I saw. All at once I found, close under my eyes, in a neighbouring row of stalls, a couple of people who interested me greatly. One was my ex-prisoner from Hawksham; the other, presumably, his fond and devoted wife.

She was very distinctly middle-aged, not to say ancient; wore her own hair, which was frankly and unmistakably dyed; there were deep wrinkles on her shrivelled cheeks which no amount of pearl powder servants in livery—was called: "Mr. de Surville's carriage;" and I heard the ex-convict say with a lofty air, "Drop me at my club—the Hypatia," which I knew for one of those mushroom establishments that advertise for members and accept any who can pay without the form of a ballot.

Curiosity again, for which I can offer no excuse, induced me to call next day at his club and inform myself of his private address. The hall porter gave it me readily—too readily; and I guessed that he was one of the few members of the "Hypatia" who lived in an undeniably good street. But there my curiosity ended, except that now and again I saw Mr. and Mrs. de Surville driving together in a smart victoria in the park.

It was revived when, a couple of years later, I met Mr. "De Surville," *alias* "L'Estrange," under the name of Buncombe, undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in Harchester Gaol for house-breaking.

I recognized him instantly, although he did not know me, or that I had seen him under his *aliases* of L'Estrange or De Surville. It was altogether without suspicion that he asked me for an interview with his wife, who was on the female side of the prison "in the same case"; in other words, sentenced with him as a confederate and accomplice.

I could not easily bring myself to believe that the stately, well-to-do old lady who had married him was actually herself a criminal, and I resolved to see and speak to her before replying to his request.

As I fully expected, this wife—if wife she was—was not Mrs. de Surville; not the lady I had seen with him at the opera, but a different person—younger, not unattractive, in spite of her mob cap and commonplace prison garb. But she came from an altogether lower class, spoke with a bad accent, and, when presently I told her she could not see her husband—for she had at once proffered the same request—abused me in very choice but inelegant terms.

What had become of Mrs. de Surville?

The inquiry led me to ascertain what was known of the man Buncombe and this new wife. They had been resident for some months past in a pretty country suburb of Harchester, occupying a snug, well-mounted villa, in which they often hospitably entertained their neighbours, and were exceedingly popular. No one dreamt of connecting these charming people with the numerous burglaries that were now committed in the district. The Buncombes themselves suffered, so they declared. Their own house had been rifled twice.

It was not until the police traced to them a quantity of the stolen property, which had been disposed of in a then perfectly novel way, that the wholesale nature of their depredations was discovered.

Mrs. Buncombe was a constant subscriber to the various journals that are the medium of exchange between their constituents. By this means she distributed goods to a great distance, and long dexterously continued the traffic. The police were first warned by the Post Office authorities, and, making a sudden descent upon the pretty villa, found it crammed with the proceeds of recent burglaries.

I was no nearer the solution of the De Surville mystery; but a mystery it ceased to be when I mentioned the matter, on my return to London, to my friend Isaacson, of the Metropolitan Police.

"De Surville? I know the name well. There was an old lady, who had a big house in —— Street, went off a year ago, and nothing has been heard of her since."

"What about her husband—this man now known as Buncombe in the Harchester Gaol?"

"If you are certain he is the same man, it is the very clue we want. When last heard of, Mrs. de Surville went off on a tour to the North with her husband and her lady's-maid."

"What was the latter's description? Was she light-haired, small in figure, brown eyes, which she blinked and winked as she spoke? If so, she is now Mrs. Buncombe."

"The very woman. Depend upon it, De Surville, with or without her complicity, made away with his old wife. Before he came to Harchester, I expect. At any rate, I will work up the case from then, and travel backwards."

It was in this way that the astute detective unravelled a case which could hardly be paralleled for horror in the whole annals of crime, and which would be perfectly familiar to my readers if the real names of the principal actors were given. De Surville was little better than a fiend in human shape. He had not only murdered the wife I had seen with him at the opera, but several other hapless creatures who had rashly entrusted themselves and their possessions to him. Directly the last crime was brought home to him, abundant evidence of others was forthcoming.

His plan of procedure seldom varied. He always selected as his victim some lone woman with no friends to care or trouble about her, and with a sufficient quantity of personal property in cash or jewels to justify the risk he took. He always went through the form of marriage, and lived with his last wife—or, more exactly, allowed her to live with him—so long as her money lasted. Then he killed her remorselessly, so soon as he could effect his purpose without risk of discovery. He evaded all inquiry for the absent woman by frequent changes of locality. Once or twice, when the scent was very strong and his detection seemed inevitable, he escaped by committing a robbery or some crime in which arrest and sentence quickly followed, and he disappeared into penal servitude—no bad method of concealment.

There was no reason to suppose that the woman in Harchester Gaol was aware of the many crimes her husband had committed, or, indeed, that he was guilty of more than the murder of Mrs. de Surville, and she was herself a party to this, which De Surville pretended had been committed entirely for her sake.

No doubt he did care, in his way, for this last wife; he would not otherwise have departed from his regular custom of marrying only for money. He had found her a clever partner in his nefarious schemes, and so far tolerated her. But her time would assuredly have come in the end. The consciousness of this, and the nearness of her danger, preyed greatly upon her mind, and eventually unhinged it.

As for De Surville, he underwent, in due course, the extreme penalty of the law.

## II.

The interior of a gaol is strangely impressive in the silent watches of the night. It is like a suddenly arrested life: the vast edifice brilliantly lighted within and tenanted by hundreds of human beings seems deserted and dead. Not a sound breaks the gruesome stillness; not a soul is to be seen, save when the ghost-like form of the night patrol glides noiselessly by in his "sneaks," or cloth shoes, with their thick felt soles.

It had just struck twelve, and the watchmen who had "pegged their clocks" and met to exchange reports in the central hall were turning on their heels to resume their perambulations, when a clear-cut, blood-curdling yell suddenly split the stillness like a knife. A second and third followed in quick succession, waking all the echoes of the lofty roof with their terrible and discordant sounds—

"Save us!"

"What's that?" said one officer to the other in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Comes from the ''sociated cell,'" answered the other. "We'd better go that way," and they hurried along, while a clamour of voices, ejaculations of terrified inquiry, were heard on all sides from the abruptly awakened occupants of the surrounding cells.

There was no doubt whence the cries had proceeded. As the warder approached the large and associated cell, used when three or more prisoners are lodged together for observation or security, sounds of a scuffle in progress and loud appeals for help were distinctly heard.

The cell door was quickly opened, and a terrific spectacle disclosed; two prisoners in mortal conflict, while a third lay in a great pool of blood and motionless upon the floor.

"Help! Help! He'll kill me as he has Gripstone. Seize him! Hold him! He's mad for blood!" cried one prisoner, as he dodged away from the other and ran in behind the warders for protection.

The other, who was brandishing a cell stool, dropped it almost at once, looked vacantly, in seemingly dazed bewilderment, at the new-comers, but made no attempt to pursue his enemy further.

"It's that Jeapes—the 'barmy' (insane) chap," said the orderly officer, or senior warder on night duty, who now came upon the scene. "Evidently he has the fit on him, and must be secured before he does more mischief. See to it, Mr. Atkins, and you, Gosnell, while I attend to this poor chap on the ground."

Brandishing a Cell Stool.

The two warders entered the cell rather expecting another struggle, but Jeapes surrendered himself quite quietly. There was the same half-stupid, bewildered look on his face as he was led off to the padded cell, where for greater security he was handcuffed and left to himself.

Meanwhile the first examination of the unfortunate man who had been the third occupant of the large cell showed that he was quite dead. It seemed as if he had been killed instantaneously; it was found that his skull had been fractured by one tremendous, murderous blow. Who had struck it? The lunatic Jeapes—that was the first obvious conclusion, and it was presently corroborated by the evidence of the only eye-witness to the deed, the prisoner Charles Burcham, who had been found fighting for his life with the enraged lunatic.

The two men, Gripstone and Burcham, had been placed "in association," as it is called, with Jeapes, who was an epileptic and showed signs of mental failure. This malady, according to the surgeon of the prison, was not yet very strongly marked—certainly no homicidal tendency had been exhibited. The chief fear was the development of melancholia, and that in some deeper fit of depression he would try to lay hands upon himself. He was constantly watched day and night by two attendant prisoners—steady, quiet, well-behaved men, specially selected and fully instructed in their peculiar and responsible duties. One was to watch Jeapes continually; the other might rest, but the two were never to be asleep at the same time, and the man Jeapes was never to be left to himself.

This strict injunction had been unhappily neglected on the night of the murder. All three had turned in to their hammocks—it was before the introduction of plank or wooden bedsteads—at "locking-up time," and after a brief conversation had fallen off to sleep. Only there had been a slight disagreement between the lunatic and Gripstone; a few quarrelsome words had passed, but peace, as Burcham thought, had been restored. He knew nothing more till he was aroused by the terrible cry which had disturbed the whole prison—the death-shriek of the madman's victim. In the dim light of the one gas-jet that illumined the cell from without, Burcham, to his infinite horror, saw his companion prostrate on the floor, while Jeapes stood over, with the heavy cell stool uplifted, prepared to strike a second murderous blow.

Burcham sprang from his bed, and with loud calls for help ran to his comrade's assistance. He was too late to save him, and for a time his own life hung in the balance—the infuriated madman would assuredly have also done him to death but for the timely intervention of the warders from outside.

When the coroner's jury came next day they proceeded first to view the body and then the cell, which had been left just as it was, absolutely intact. Both pointed to the horrible character of the crime. The hands that struck the blow must have been backed up by immense, almost superhuman, strength. The murdered man's face had been so completely battered in as to be an almost unrecognizable, formless, featureless surface of pulpy flesh; blood had spurted profusely from the cruel wounds in great jets that had stained the furthest wall, or dripped slowly, leaving masses of clotted gore below the hammock which had contained the corpse.

In the second struggle, that between the madman and Burcham, the second attendant, everything in the cell had been overturned. Chaos reigned everywhere: books and tins, furniture and utensils lay about in dreadful disorder, and all around the air hung thick and heavily laden with pungent, indescribable odours, which deepened the painful, blood-curdling sentiment of the scene.

The principal, and only direct, witness at the inquest, which sat in a large room in the prison, was the surviving attendant, Burcham. He was a thick-set, stalwart man in the prime of life, physically most powerful, but at this moment, not strangely after the terrible experiences of the previous night, he seemed morally weak and unstrung. His nerves were quite shaken; he could hardly tell his horrible story, but answered the coroner's questions in an uncertain voice, and broken, hesitating manner. From time to time he looked with obvious terror at the accused, who, though deemed irresponsible, was legally bound to be present at the inquest.

Jeapes, murderer or no murderer, was the most unconcerned person present. Except for the troubled and confused look that flitted sometimes across his poor vacant face, as though his clouded mind sought vainly to penetrate the mists that obscured it, there was nothing to indicate that he realized his position. He was of low physique, a feeble, fragile creature, consumed with a frequent cough, which, with the narrow chest and bright hectic spots on the pale cheeks, plainly showed that phthisis had marked him for its own.

"It puzzles me," whispered one juror to another, "how that poor, puny chap could have struck the blow."

"Me too," replied his neighbour. "Let's ask the doctor. Now the other prisoner, that Burcham, could fell an ox, to look at him——"

At that moment the prison surgeon was explaining to the jury that it was by no means rare for persons of unsound mind to exhibit phenomenal strength during fits of frenzy, and that it was not impossible for Jeapes, although seemingly so weakly, to have done the deed.

"We are all pretty well agreed, I think, Mr. Coroner," said the foreman, after looking round and gathering the sense of the jury. "It is a case of wilful murder against——"

"Stay; I must ask him if he has anything to say for himself. We do not *know* him to be insane. You have heard all the evidence, Jeapes; do you wish to make any remarks?"

Jeapes stared silently and stolidly at the speaker, and then his eye travelled slowly round the room.

There was a long pause, and at length the coroner said—

"It was only a matter of form, gentlemen. You are agreed? And you find a verdict of wilful murder against Dominic Jeapes while of unsound mind? Is that so?"

"It is. We are of opinion that the murder was committed by——"

"Him! him!" The voice was that of Jeapes, and it rose to an agonized shriek as he pointed his finger with wild emphasis towards the prisoner Burcham, who cowered and shrank before it. For several seconds the madman continued to gesticulate with a torrent of broken, unintelligible words. Whether he wished to denounce his comrade, and in the light of one evanescent flash through the dark recesses of his blinded intelligence to proclaim his own innocence and shift the blame on to the right shoulders, or whether he was merely venting upon him the full force of his accumulated and vituperative hate, it was impossible to say. Just when the coroner was about to question him and lead him gently into some more explicit statement, Jeapes dropped suddenly on the floor, foaming at the mouth, and in all the awful convulsions of epilepsy.

The court was cleared, and the jury, under the direction of the coroner, anxiously debated this fresh and most curious phase of what had seemed a perfectly straightforward case.

"It is just one man's evidence against the other's," suggested one juryman.

"Well, not exactly," corrected the coroner; "one witness was on his oath and presumably worthy of credence; the other, we are informed, and you can see for yourselves, is not a responsible person."

"Yet it is between these two. One of them *must* have committed the murder. What if the sane man did it, knowing that the insane could not bear witness against him?"

"The hypothesis is not absolutely impossible, but it is surely far-fetched."

"Ought it to be neglected in the face of what this poor fellow has said? And think how much more feasible it was for the big man to have done it. I don't believe that slip of a lunatic could have hit such a knock-down blow, not for all the doctor says," went on an obstinate and inconvincible juryman.

"Well, gentlemen," the coroner at last admitted, "it may be best for you to return an open verdict. Further steps can always be taken. One of the incriminated we shall always have under our hands. This Jeapes is bound to be certified as a lunatic and sent to an asylum. He will be there awaiting her Majesty's pleasure. As for the other, I find Burcham has still seven months' imprisonment to undergo. So he is also safe if wanted within that time. Meanwhile inquiries can be set on foot."

"By the police?"

"Precisely. They must ascertain if possible whether any other grounds exist for suspicion against the man Burcham. If, for instance, it was found that he knew Gripstone previously; whether there was any cause of quarrel between them, or any motive for the commission of this crime. Until these are answered we had better adjourn."

"I presume the lunatic or epileptic, or whatever he is, will be questioned further whenever he is well enough to appear before us?"

"It will be right to do so, although I can't say I am hopeful of any good result," said the coroner, shrugging his shoulders.

Nothing came of the further inquiry. Within a week Jeapes was sufficiently recovered in body to be produced before the adjourned inquest, but his mind was completely gone. He had become a hopeless imbecile. Nothing—no questions, not an allusion, not a name—evoked the slightest glimmer of intelligence. He had drifted out into the shoreless sea of insanity.

The police failed too in bringing home the slightest suspicion against Burcham. Any evidence they obtained was of a negative kind, and in his favour. He was an attendant at race meetings, a confidence trick man, who had visited Hawksham for the first time during the Hawksham Handicap week, and had come to conspicuous grief. Gripstone, on the other hand, was a native of Hawksham, had never left it, and was already an inmate of the gaol when Burcham first came to the town. As both were men of a rather better class than the general run of Hawksham prisoners—of greater intelligence and therefore more trustworthy—they had been invited to take charge of the supposed lunatic Jeapes. Neither, so far as it could be ascertained, had had any previous acquaintance with Jeapes, a poor creature whose antecedents were fully known. He had once been in fairly good circumstances as an agent and commercial traveller, but he had fallen away, through dishonesty, to drink, and from excess to epilepsy.

The end of it all was that the coroner's jury brought a verdict of wilful murder against Jeapes, and exonerated Burcham. The lunatic in due course passed to Broadmoor, where he lingered only a year or two and died.

When the time came for Burcham's release he left the prison with the few worldly possessions he had brought in with him. They consisted of a seedy suit of clothes, a bowler hat, seventeen shillings, and a briarwood pipe. Yet within a few months he was living in considerable comfort in a seaside villa at Castletown, Isle of Man.

Had he inherited a fortune or struck oil in some questionable *coup?*

There were few to ask the question even if he were inclined to answer it. While most parts of the "tight little island," as its natives love to style it, are periodically overrun with holiday tourists from the manufacturing districts on the mainland, the ancient capital offers few attractions beyond the old Danish castle from which it takes its name, and is little frequented. So no one came to remind Mr. Burcham of the darker passages in his life, and he grew to be quite a respected and respectable inhabitant, with no worse reproach against him than that he kept himself too much to himself. He was in truth a shy, lonely, low-spirited creature, who spent his days in interminable walks and wanderings along the old sand-strewn racecourse, or in climbing the steep and rugged cliffs.

It was in one of these expeditions that he came upon a family party bivouacked upon the sands near Santon—good people who had trudged some miles to make a homely sort of picnic, and they were lying about idling when Burcham came upon them unawares. He would have passed on when some one hailed him by name, and he found himself face to face with Mr. Gosnell, an old warder from Hawksham Gaol, now upon his annual leave.

Some strange impulse drove Burcham to turn tail and run, as if for his life. He took a wild and rugged path perfectly well known to him, yet it led him straight to destruction. He must have overrun himself, slipped, or lost his footing; the cause was never properly explained, but he went over the edge of the cliff, and fell rolling from rock to rock a hundred odd feet on to the sands below.

He was picked up senseless and taken home for dead, but he recovered speech for a time, and with his dying breath made the following strange confession :—

" It was I who murdered the man Gripstone in the large cell of the Hawksham Gaol. I was led to it by greed and ill-temper. When we were first with the epileptic man we talked together quite friendly always, and although he had fits he was mostly rational. He had great ideas of wealth, of the money that he had owned and made. He had a store put by safely which he could draw on whenever he chose. He left it where it was for the present, he told us, because he dare not use it. It would bring suspicion on him.

Went over the Edge of the Cliff.

The money was the property of his old firm, those who had prosecuted him. They were mad to get it back, and if he showed it they would be certainly on to him again.

"We talked about this money again and again till we firmly believed in its existence, and both Gripstone and I were resolved to have it for ourselves. It was concealed, so Jeapes told us, in the moors above Ilkley ; he gave us, in his simple, childish way, a good notion of the spot—enough, we thought, to lead us to it. There was no chance for Jeapes ever to get out again. Why should we hesitate ? That was how Gripstone and I reasoned and satisfied our consciences—as much as we had of them. We were to do the trick together, he and I ; our time expired almost together, and we swore not to move one without the other.

"Then Gripstone, who was detained while sureties were found, heard that his friends meant to come forward, and he expected to be released at once. This would be months before I got out, and I began to have horrid suspicions that he would play me false ; go first to the hiding-place, lift the money, and be off. He would give me no satisfaction when I taxed him with this intention. He only laughed and jeered at me when I asked him to swear he would be true to his pal ; said he had me in a cleft stick, and would do just as he pleased. I sometimes think he never meant what he said. If he did not, he was foolish to say it ; for it cost him his life.

"When I had killed him, which I did with the stool, I put the stool into Jeapes' hands, and began striking at him and shouting for help. That was what maddened him—that and the murder which he must have seen. I did not fear detection. It was not possible, I thought, that his evidence could be taken against mine. It was not until I was brought before him at the trial that I began to be afraid, and when he denounced me I was sure my last hour was come.

"Now I must die, I know, and I escape the gallows, but I deserve a shameful death. God help me! I have never had an hour's peace since I did the deed; and the money, base bribe to crime, has never brought me a moment's happiness or consolation since I found it just where Jeapes had concealed it on the moor."

## III.

I was sitting with my friend Inglis, the American painter, one idle day, turning over a portfolio of sketches in his studio, and discussing types of faces as indicative of character. He had made a close study of this, and his pictures were much talked of for their unrelenting realism. He painted strong, not to say unpleasant, subjects—human nature in its worst and more criminal aspects: contests, quarrels, even murders were favourite subjects for his brush.

"No doubt there is profound truth in the doctrines of Lavater," he said, thoughtfully, "with, of course, startling exceptions. You have them to every rule."

"I fancy I should always know the criminal face when I saw it," I remarked rather arrogantly, pluming myself upon my long experience among the criminal class.

"Don't be too sure," said Inglis. "I think I could easily put you to confusion. Now, here, look at this face."

It was that of a handsome youth—an Adonis, with blue eyes, fair hair, and sweet expression.

"What harm is there in it?" he went on. "Anything criminal? No, a thousand times no! The face is that of a man who, like the constitutional sovereign, could do no wrong."

"Yes," I admitted, "it is a good, almost seraphic, face."

"That is a careful and, I believe, accurate likeness of Rushworth, the Chicago murderer. I painted it in gaol, with the permission of the authorities. Now, here; this is the opposite type. Here you have the ideal criminal—coarse, dull face, black beetle brows, a prognathous jaw, and a receding forehead. You would accuse him, wouldn't you, of the very worst crimes? Well, he is innocent; he is only a poor devil that cannot resist the bottle."

"So far as you know. I know that too. I know him to be a drunkard, and he may be worse. I have met that gentleman before."

"When and where have you seen him, pray?"

"Some little time ago, when I was governor of the —— Prison. You may remember I was always fond of drawing, and that my water-colours were sometimes hung in good exhibitions?"

"Yes; to the exclusion of better and purely professional men."

"That is why I send in none now-a-days," I said laughingly. "We amateurs could cut you quite out one of these days if we chose. But it was a dear-bought honour all the same."

"How so?"

"I've no doubt you've been through it too. Were you never pestered by beggars who had found out your name and address from the exhibition catalogue?"

Inglis laughed. He had passed through this very general and very irritating experience. Such catalogues are among the stock-in-trade of the professional beggar.

"Well, I was fairly worn out with applicants for relief. They came in crowds to my private house, which was some little distance from, but in full sight of, the —— Prison, which I was then building. One fellow was most persistent and generally drunk. He came again and again; always with a new story—sick wife, arrears of payment from some famous R.A.; he was always in a peck of troubles, and would never take 'no' for an answer. At last I choked him off."

"It's more than I can do," said Inglis in admiration. "I guess who was your man. But how did you succeed?"

"I was standing at my front door trying to get rid of him. He would not go; was most insolent, truculent even, and looked as though he would force his way in. 'I've had enough of this,' I said at last, quite angrily. 'You think I'm an artist, a painter, and that as such you have a claim on me. Now, I'm nothing of the kind; I'm a gaoler'—he winced; I saw that my remark had sobered him—'and that is my gaol over there,' and I pointed to the great building now rising above ground. 'I shall have you with me one of these days, I don't doubt, and then look out for squalls.' He turned and ran like a hare. That was the last I saw of him or any of his clan, for after that I was entirely relieved of that importunity. Now you show him to me on canvas, and pretend that he is a harmless drunkard."

"I know nothing worse of Alejandro Guevarra except that he has disappeared just when I wanted his head for the pirate captain in my picture of *Walking the Plank.* Gone to sea, perhaps. He was originally a seafaring man—a Spaniard, and stuck to his earrings, you see. I have given them in the sketch."

Then he passed on to show me other sketches in his curious collection, and I spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Not long afterwards I was talking to a well-known detective officer of Scotland Yard about a brutal and undiscovered murder, the circumstances of which had filled all London with horror. It was long before the time of Jack the Ripper, but the victim had been an unfortunate woman, whose mutilated remains had been discovered on Hampstead Heath, the head severed from the trunk, which bore signs of ferocious, even maniacal, ill-usage. There was a clue to the perpetrator which had not as yet led the police to find him. He had been seen distinctly by a constable on duty at Hampstead, who had overheard a couple quarrelling loudly, but in some foreign language.

Overheard a Couple quarrelling loudly.

He had followed them closely for a time, fearing the man might do the woman an injury; but the quarrel had gradually subsided, the conversation became much more amicable, and the constable left them at the door of a public-house—the "Spotted Dog"—at the top of the High Street, Hampstead. It was here, under a flaring gaslight, that he had seen the man's face, which was dark and swarthy, with coal-black hair—the face of a Southerner, Italian or Spaniard, with gleaming eyes and white, tiger-like teeth. Others in the public-house had seen him and could have sworn to him too. The woman was clearly identified as the woman whose mutilated remains had been found on the Heath. But there was no trace whatever of the man.

"How are we to get upon his track?" said the superintendent testily. "They abuse us police in the papers, and ask us to do impossibilities. We have circulated the murderer's description everywhere, but it is not enough. We want a picture—a photograph of his phiz."

"May I see one of these descriptions?" I asked carelessly, and as I studied it the superintendent went on—

"He was evidently a foreigner. The constable heard them arguing, but could not understand them. The only word he remembered was something like 'handro,' or 'le handro.'"

"Alejandro, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Likely enough," answered Isaacson. "He was a seafaring man, so this paper says, and wore earrings."

"That is curious," I said, leading him on.

"I see nothing curious in it. We have drawn all the haunts of foreign sailors down Ratcliffe Highway and Wapping, but could come upon no one answering to our man."

"Do you know Mr. Inglis the painter?" I asked, rather aimlessly as it seemed, after a pause.

"No, and don't want to; what use would he be?"

"Only this—that he has made a study of criminals, and has a most curious collection of sketches. It would interest you to look at it."

"I will some day, when there is no more pressing business in hand."

"This is pressing enough. I feel pretty sure that he can help you to your missing murderer; and if I might advise, you will bring your constable and some one else who saw him to the Avenue Road as soon as you can. Mr. Inglis will show you a sketch of a certain Alejandro Guevarra, formerly a seaman, but more lately an artist's model——"

"Ha! I never inquired among them," said the superintendent, struck with his own remissness.

"——who may prove to be the man you want."

Inglis, whom we forthwith called upon, set out at my request a number of his "heads" upon easels about his studio, and begged his visitors to walk round and examine. The constable and two other witnesses were brought in in turn, and all without hesitation halted in front of the sketch of Alejandro Guevarra, which they recognized as that of the Hampstead Heath murderer.

"May I have that for a short time?" asked Isaacson eagerly; "long enough to have it photographed?

We will distribute it everywhere. Depend upon it we shall have him now."

Inglis made no difficulty, only laughingly adding that he should claim a portion of the reward, and in due course the photograph went its rounds amongst metropolitan and provincial police-stations. It was, however, my good fortune to be the first to come upon the fugitive criminal.

I was inspecting a small gaol in a remote district when the chief warder informed me that they had a man in custody who rather puzzled them. He was a foreigner, but spoke no language that any one in the prison could understand.

"It's very inconvenient, sir, to talk to him only with signs and such like. He's got curious ways too, and they don't quite consort with our ideas of discipline, but how are we to correct him?"

"What does he do?"

"He's got the fancy for taming animals—and the power too. The very first day we caught him whistling up at his cell ventilator, and half-a-dozen birds collected outside, who were answering him, chirping and eating bread-crumbs out of his hand."

"Well, there was no great harm in all that," I remarked.

"It's against the rules for a prisoner to be up at his cell window," said the chief warder in a voice that plainly reproached me with the laxity of my views; "and that isn't all—why, sir, he's made a pet of a rat!'

"So you've got rats here, eh? I'm not surprised. The buildings are very ancient."

"It's the first we knew of it; only this chap can draw 'em out of their holes."

"Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin?"

"Was he a rat-catcher, sir? Any way this Fulano, as he calls himself, has trained a rat to come when he calls. It'll do anything for him. He takes it about with him inside the breast of his coat next his skin, sir. I ordered it to be removed, but——"

"Well?"

"He looked so ugly that we thought it best to pass it by, and he keeps his pet now with a little cord, which, I believe, he has twisted out of his own hair."

"Is it black hair? Does he wear earrings?"

"Black as your boot, sir, but no earrings; only the ears pierced for them."

"Let me see him at once. I may be able to talk to him."

I had a sort of vague presentiment I was going to see some one I already knew; and, true enough, when the cell door was opened, I stood face to face with Alejandro Guevarra!

There was no mistaking him, even in the prison dress, which often greatly changes a man's appearance. When he had so persecuted me he had looked like a seedy swell in a frayed and faded frock-coat, tall hat, napless and greasy, and low shoes, through which his toes protruded. He was filthily dirty, moreover;

unshaven, and with long, unkempt hair; and his hands and face alone proved that no part of him had been acquainted with soap and water for days. Now he was in the ugly but decent suit of drab, with a clean shirt, carefully-trimmed beard, and closely-cut hair. But his face and demeanour were the same; dark, sallow skin, the cruel, baleful eyes, the same truculent, insolent attitude as he stood up tall and straight as though resenting an intrusion.

I addressed him at once in the best Spanish I could muster.

"What brings *you* here, so far from London?"

"I do not know London," he replied, but his baleful black eyes quailed as he spoke: "I have never been there."

"Do you remember me?"

"No, Señor. I have never seen you before."

It was needless to bandy words with him as to his identity, which would presently be established beyond doubt when the Scotland Yard authorities had been communicated with. So I spoke only of his curious fondness for animals.

"I hear you have tamed a rat. Where is it? Let me see it."

He made the nasty beast first protrude its villainous muzzle from inside his coat; then spoke to it in such a coaxing and encouraging way that it came out entirely and ran up his breast towards his neck, where it seated itself comfortably, and with no visible sign of fear. It was attached to a long, fine cord, one end of which was fastened to a collar around the rat's neck, and the other to a button on the prisoner's coat.

"You won't take it from me, will you, your worship? I love it so dearly."

This was a wretch who had murdered a weak woman and brutally mutilated her remains!

"How came you to make a pet of a rat? Filthy vermin!"

"I was so lonely, sir, here in this terrible place—all alone with my thoughts, which are far more terrible——"

He stopped abruptly, fearing to commit himself further.

"I am not surprised, Guevarra; but I know you and recognize you, as others will do ere long," I said solemnly. "You have that on your conscience which cannot but make your thoughts terrible."

"My name is Fulano (anybody)," he stammered, in a vain attempt to deny his identity. "I have done nothing wrong. I was starving, and I asked a *limosna* (alms), for the love of God."

"Accompanied by brutal threats. If a policeman had not come by fortunately, you would have committed some act of violence."

His offence was a case of persistent begging, aggravated and insulting language—he could speak English quite fluently when it suited him—and his intended victim had been a helpless woman. The Bench had sent him to gaol for three months without the option of a fine, and he had still a month to serve when I came across him in gaol.

The far more heinous charge of murder now hung over him, and suspicion amounting almost to certainty warranted his speedy transfer to London to stand his trial at the Central Criminal Court. He pleaded hard to be allowed to take his unpleasant familiar with him, but the concession was denied him, and the approaching separation seemed to drive him to despair. He refused food, became moody, morose, threatening. His worst instincts were in the ascendant, and although he was carefully watched and well guarded always, fears not unnaturally were expressed lest he might break out again, do something desperate, commit some fresh act of murderous violence before he was removed.

Only a few days before he was due to leave, by a mere accident the air was cleared. His brooding spirit found an outlet in vindictive reprisals upon something less valuable than a human life. Being now a prisoner awaiting trial for murder, he was excused all labour and permitted to exercise in a yard alone. The warders who were present did not greatly interfere with him; a man of his evil disposition was best left to himself. Besides, a certain latitude is always allowed to prisoners under "shadow of the black beam."

So Guevarra played with his pet rat, which he took out of its hiding-place in his bosom, and, releasing the cord, suffered it to run about on the ground. The rat, without seeking to escape from its master, once ventured rather too far away.

Its fate was sealed. One of the prison cats—there are always half-a-dozen on the premises, waifs and strays from the neighbourhood and pensioners on the bounty of the administration—happened to be crossing the yard, and made one bound upon its natural prey. There was an end of "Pobrecita," as Guevarra called his pet. But it was speedily avenged. With a wild howl of furious rage, the Spaniard rushed on the cat, caught it savagely by the throat, and a fierce struggle ensued. The cat fought hard for life with teeth and claws; but Guevarra's blood was up, and he throttled it with his hands. They were streaming with blood from the deep scratches he had received, but his face had grown deadly pale. For the moment he was unmanned and quite broken-hearted at the untimely end of his pet. After this he gave no trouble, and went away quietly enough, delighted, as it seemed, to leave the spot where he had suffered such a cruel bereavement.

Yet his perfectly callous demeanour, when arraigned for one of the most atrocious murders on record, struck all who saw him with indignation and horror. The case was so clear against him that he made no defence, except to assure the judge that the woman had vexed him, and that she richly deserved what she had got. Of course he was sentenced to death, and eventually suffered the extreme penalty of the law, although even this cruel ruffian found ultra-humanitarian friends to plead for his reprieve. A plea of insanity was set up, based upon the strong contrasts in his behaviour, as shown in his alternate fits of uncontrollable savagery and overflowing tenderness for the brute creation. Only a lunatic, it was urged, would one day hold human life so cheap and the next lavish boundless affection on the lower animals.

He exhibited this strange anomaly to the last. When in the condemned cell awaiting the dread hour, he was watched, according to the invariable rule, by two officers night and day. For one of these he developed the most implacable hatred. It grew out of what he thought unjustifiable interference. Never being alone, he was unable now to charm the rats and mice out of their holes—they were scared by his constant companions—so he devoted himself to the birds outside; to the swarms of sparrows who, with their proverbial impudence, came down in flocks to fight over the food for them on the window-ledge. He was not stinted now in his allowance; condemned prisoners have practically unlimited diet, and every little craving is, if possible, gratified. Guevarra devoted a large part of his daily rations to the concoction of messes of bread and milk for his birds; and when they fearlessly ate he talked to them, using strange sounds in imitation of their noisy twitterings.

It was this wastefulness, as Mr. Allkirch called it, that led to a conflict between him and Guevarra. Mr. Allkirch wished to stop the feeding of the sparrows, and a fierce altercation ensued. In one second the Spaniard's nature was changed—he became a wild beast; his eyes were injected with blood; he broke into hoarse imprecations, and, but for prompt interposition, would have attacked his enemy then and there. It was impossible, indeed, to pacify him until Mr. Allkirch was removed from his cell and detailed for some other duty. Even then he hurled a parting defiance at the man who had enraged him, crying out after him in his broken but fluent English, interspersed with Spanish oaths—

"*Maldito sea!* If I had but one knife—a sharp *navajo*—I would stab you to the heart; and when your blood did flow I would lick the blade like a cat."

After this Guevarra was permitted to go his own way with regard to the sparrows. But he abandoned them long before the end came; for his fortitude completely broke down, and after long resisting the ministrations of the priest, he yielded at last to the most absolute and crushing despair. Like most brutes, he was an arrant coward, and the coming terrible reprisals of the outraged law filled him with overmastering horror. I heard that at the last he could not walk to the place of execution, but was supported there on this last short journey by warders on either side. He was all but unconscious when Billington fitted the fatal noose, and had really suffered death a dozen times before the drop fell.

It is a strange fact, first noticed by Doctor Descuret, that while suicides, if celibate, have had no love for animals, have had no domestic pets of any kind, murderers and criminals have shown just the contrary feeling. The case of Guevarra just told is not by any means a singular one. Several others quite as curious have been recorded by Dr. Lindau—one man who had just murdered his sweetheart went back to her house to let out a canary which might have suffered from want of food. Lacenaire, on the day that he committed a murder, saved a cat's life at the risk of his own. Wainwright was always extremely fond of cats; his sole companion in his last days was a cat, for which he evinced extraordinary affection. A French convict, who had been associated in the murder of his two brothers, had tamed a field-mouse, and made it turn a miniature grindstone. One night the little thing died. The convict was inconsolable; indeed, his bereavement so affected him that it was necessary to take him to the hospital, where he was so ill for some days that his life was despaired of. Again, at Toulon some visitors were much struck by the pretty tricks of an uncaged sparrow. Its master had trained it with infinite gentleness and patience, and seemed so harmless a creature himself that his presence in the *bagne* was a surprise. Yet he was a parricide. At Brest, a one-armed convict had a jolly old parrot he had brought up himself, and to which he had communicated his very thoughts. When the master was sad, the bird put its head on one side and drooped its eyes; if the master laughed, the bird beat its wings and shared his happiness. The convict was offered large sums for his parrot, but refused everything; it was believed that he would not have parted with it even at the price of his liberty. Birds were not forbidden as pets within the French *bagnes;* but dogs were, no doubt because their higher intelligence might be turned to illicit correspondence. This was the case not long ago in an Italian prison. Prohibited articles were continually finding their way inside, no one could tell how. At last it was discovered that a warder's dog was an immense favourite with some of the prisoners, and one day he was closely searched. In the curls of his long hair all sorts of things were found at different times; a knife, letters, tobacco, money. When the dog accompanied its master into the town, he was quite as much petted by people who were really the prisoners' friends, and who then made use of this canine post-office.

man included, so long as their courage remains unbroken, their natural instincts unchanged. It is true that at times birds will not leave their opened cage, that slaves will hug their chains, that prisoners to whom their prison has become a home will, if unexpectedly released, still hanker after their cells. Thus the life-long inmates of the Bastille refused to leave its smoking ruins; when Newgate was emptied by the Lord George Gordon rioters, many ex-prisoners returned to loiter about the unsealed wards; many were retaken, many voluntarily surrendered. But this is the result of deterioration, an artificial condition; all prisoners and captives in their true and natural character are possessed with one absorbing, over-mastering idea—the desire to go free. Liberty is a Mecca to which their eyes are always religiously turned, the blissful change on which their minds are eagerly and constantly fixed. They know to an hour the end of the longest sentence; they keep mental calendars like school-boys, and for ever reiterate the old refrain, "Roll on, time." To shorten "time," in fact or fancy, is their perpetual prayer; for this, still clinging to the hope of pardon but seldom accorded in this country, they petition the Home Office again and again, protesting against conviction, re-stating evidence already fully considered, impugning the wisdom of the jury, the justice of the judge. For this they gladly struggle to earn "remission," that legal curtailment of sentence which their unstinting industry may secure, and which has been found to be one of the most potent levers of prison discipline. A few, the boldest and most reckless spirits, to regain their freedom will seek a more illegitimate outlet, and too often with all the chances against them endeavour to escape.

How potent is the temptation may be seen from the risks braved, the pain and anguish endured, the patient skill and consummate cleverness displayed to compass and secure it even for a brief space of time. None can resist its allurement. Weak souls who would shrink from great efforts, will yet seize it if a fortunate accident or favourable opportunity offers. Even when lawful enlargement is within close and measurable distance, the offer of an opened gate or momentary relaxation of vigilance will inspire a man to run who next day might walk out free. A prisoner is weeding in the prison field; he is left for one short minute alone, and he forthwith takes to his heels. Another close to legitimate release, and working in the yard, finds a scaffold-pole lying handy, raises it to the boundary-wall, walks up it and over to the other side. Again, escape is attempted when recapture is certain, inevitable, when freedom would be useless, and could not be enjoyed. Charles Peace, with the halter (in prospect) around his neck, and manacles actually on his wrists, is travelling by express train; yet he leaps through the carriage window and sustains such injuries, is so crippled by his hazardous enterprise, that he is caught then and there. A prisoner is marching handcuffed between two officers across a railway-line; he knocks one down, runs for his life, and is promptly secured by the other. Even if the fugitive evades immediate recapture, he is pretty sure (at least in England) to be found in the end. The greater the offender the keener the pursuit, the louder the hue and cry. Jackson, who murdered a warder at Strangeways and made good his escape, was a long time at large, but the circle narrowed round him, the net hemmed him in more and more closely, and presently, hunted and proscribed, he dropped into the mouths of his pursuers. Often enough the fugitive "gives himself away"; the struggle for existence, the evil habits which have become second nature, drive him again into crime, and the commission of some new offence leads to the discovery of an old one still unexpiated. The story of Plews, which the reader will find on a later page, is a remarkable instance of this, based upon actual fact.

Escapes, as a class, have a strong family likeness; details, processes, stratagems are much the same now as in the days of Baron Trenck, Casanova, Jack Shepherd, and Latude. Those older prison-breakers had moreover many aids and advantages denied to the new. One of the best was immunity from supervision; the long hours spent in isolation, unvisited save at meal-hours, which might be turned to the best account in the slow fabrication of ropes, the unravelling of sheets and shirts, the filing and sawing through bars, the tunnel-like burrowing underground,

—work which could be pursued without interference, the progress made concealed without discovery. They had, moreover, frequent facilities for communicating with and obtaining the assistance of friends and confederates beyond the walls, from whom aids to escape might be smuggled in under the very eyes of careless officials. The latter, indeed, might be bribed into collusion or convenient blindness. Often enough a file, a knife, a length of fine cord, have been introduced into prison hidden within a pie, in the centre of a leg of mutton, or crock of butter. In the old days of the French *bagnes* the convict's friends came and established themselves in the neighbourhood of the arsenals and prisons, and they were in frequent daily communication with each other. A series of signals was arranged between them; whistles, calls, the imitation of the cries of animals, all of which were perfectly understood, and had a particular meaning. The old device of blows struck to indicate the corresponding letter, in sequence of the alphabet, was also employed,[1] and thus the important news was conveyed that "the file was under the seventh tree to the left," or that a sailor's hat, a wig, private clothing, lay ready under some coil of rope. One philanthropic criminal when at large spent a great deal of his time near one or other of the *bagnes*, where he could afford timely aid to his former comrades, both in preparing for and facilitating escape.

---

[1] In Russia this means of surreptitious intercommunication is prevented by lining cells with a frame-work, on which a false wall of linen or paper was stretched at some distance from the real wall. Messages by blows struck were thus made impossible.

There would have been something almost magical in the way escapes were effected at the French *bagnes* but for the explanation of the assistance afforded. As it was, they were often marvellously clever and surprising. The prisoner has always this advantage over his keeper, that his mind is always concentrated on the one idea, watching for any loophole, while his warder can only maintain a general line of defence. The vigilance of the French officials was not perhaps of the keenest, and escapes often took place, several every week at Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, in the teeth of surveillance. Not only was the attention of the *garde-chiourme* (warder) eluded, but the chain-companion, the twin prisoner to whom he was linked by a short iron chain, was deceived till the fugitive was gone. An eye-witness[1] describes the escape for the hundredth time of a famous prison-breaker, Jean Arigonde. "I was talking to Collet (another famous convict whose most marvellous misdeeds have been often chronicled), when a *sous-officier* warned me to leave the spot. I protested; it was the hour of repose; I was not interfering with the duties. 'Ah! but to-day our orders are very strict. There have been several escapes. Only a few minutes ago that young fellow who was working close here——'. At that moment I heard the three guns that gave notice of an escape. 'That man!' I cried. 'Can it be possible he can have gone? Why, he was in irons.' 'They lie there, on the ground, and his chain-companion stands alone, you see. There is his waistcoat, the adjutant has his cap.' I saw it, and that it still had clinging to it a stray lock of the wig he had assumed to conceal his closely-shaven skull. It was beyond belief. 'What! escape, all at once under your very eyes, with all this crowd of people about? Impossible!'"

---

[1] Alhoy, *Les Bagnes.*

But Arigonde was gone, as he had frequently gone before, and as he often went again. This time he got away well beyond the town, and was only re-arrested on the commission of a fresh crime. Then he was identified and brought back to Rochefort; once more he wore the chain, once more escaped, and once more was caught. His next bid for freedom was in company with four others. They were employed together in stacking wood at the far end of the harbour, near the outer wall of the arsenal. When unobserved, they disencumbered themselves of their chains, placed a plank as a gangway between the woodstack and the wall, and so walked off. The drop from the top of the wall to freedom was fifteen feet, and the last fugitive disappearing was seen by the guards. Chase was given immediately, and the fugitives were taken in the act of swimming the river boundary. Arigonde had failed again. Yet he was not disheartened, and renewed his attempt this last time with more good fortune; at least there is no record in Alhoy's work of his recapture.

Perhaps the most surprising part of these and other escapes was the facility with which French convicts got rid of their chains. Once a prisoner to escape the *bastonnade* revealed to the Commissary no less than twelve ways of cutting the links, or of concealing the gaps of the partly sawn iron. To prove his words this man took from his prison-cap the *plaque* or badge of tin which every convict carried as a distinguishing mark, and with this *plaque* promptly cut through his chain. The original tin badge had been replaced with one in fine steel with jagged, saw-like edges. At another time a straw basket sent in to a prisoner was confiscated, and on breaking open each straw it was found to contain a small and almost invisible file. In modern times the vagaries of fashion have done much to aid prisoners to escape. The most effective impromptu saw that can be made is constructed from a scrap of crinoline hooping. When wide skirts were worn, such bits were often obtainable.

Arigonde's was a typical case, as showing the futility of prospective penalties in checking attempts at escape. The punishments inflicted on unsuccessful fugitives were severe. If caught before the alarm gun had been fired, the penalty was such as lay within the power of the Commissaire or chief officer of the *bagne*, and might be corporal, the *bastonnade*, with his chain-companion looking on at his torture, or the addition of weight to his chains, the double chain, or relegation to the *cachot*, or black hole. Capture after the alarm was given invariably carried with it a prolongation of sentence, three additional years' wearing the double chain. So little did this penalty deter, so repeated were the attempts at escape, that there were convicts at the *bagne* whose cumulative sentences by successive additions of three years had reached a total of thirty, forty, and even fifty years. Arigonde, the man just mentioned, although barely one-and-twenty years of age, had fifty-two years of accumulated sentences before him when he last left Rochefort. This farcical system of punishment is still in favour with French administrators, and has reached a climax of absurdity in the penal colonies. Verschuur saw a convict before the magistrate at Noumea, charged with his fourteenth attempt at escape, who insolently declared he meant to go again directly he got the chance, and who already had hanging over him sentences amounting in the aggregate to one hundred years.

Escapes from the modern French colonies are as numerous as, and often bolder and more ingenious than, those in the old *bagnes*, although frequently following the old lines. Many take to the bush, and imitate the ruffians who so long terrorized the outlying districts of New South Wales; others wander back secretly to Noumea, the capital, where they are helped and successfully hidden by old comrades and associates of the liberated class. A close communication and intercourse is often maintained between convicts at large and those undergoing their sentences. M. Verschuur tells us of one extraordinary case, where a convict escaped and came to Noumea, where he boldly entered society, and passed as a traveller of rank, the Comte de Nérac, which gained him admission to the best houses. Convict friends in the capital provided him with fashionable clothes, and he became most popular. On one occasion he acted as groomsman at a grand marriage, but at last, having had the temerity to appear at a ball at Government House, he was recognized by pure accident and taken into custody. The condition of the recaptured was not enviable; part of their sentence was the penalty of heavy irons. M. Verschuur was much struck with one old man in this category. "He was about sixty, and wore chains. He had escaped for the fifth time, but was recaptured at Sydney, whither he had gone with three fellow-prisoners. This poor old reprobate had been a thief from childhood, had spent forty-eight years in the *bagnes* and prisons of France, and had at last gravitated to New Caledonia, where he had still some eighty years imprisonment to do."

One other episode of escape in New Caledonia may be told in M. Verschuur's own words. "During my stay on the island four convicts escaped in the boldest manner. For three weeks they had been engaged in work which necessitated their crossing the bay every morning in a small steam-launch. One fine morning they leaped into the boat, before the officer in charge had time to follow them, and made off. Before any alarm could be raised, the fugitives had cleared the harbour, and gained the open sea. Such an attempt could never have been made without the connivance of some ex-convicts. They had stored the boat with provisions, coal, a compass, and other necessaries. The weather was bad, and the sea stormy; nevertheless the fugitives succeeded in reaching the coast of Queensland. Unhappily for them, the Australian authorities, who had seen too many of these New Caledonian convicts land on their shore, seized them as soon as they touched British soil, and notified their arrest to the authorities at Noumea, who sent a warder to receive and restore them to their proper quarters. They were, of course, sentenced to a lengthened period; but they made as light of the sentence as they had done of the perils of the voyage."

Sometimes the plot is laid before departure for the Antipodes. There was much ingenuity in the device of a French convict who was sentenced to twenty years in New Caledonia, and asked for a wife to take out with him. He was engaged, he said, to a "*marchande de quatres saisons;*" so he was taken to the Mairie, and to church, where the ceremony was duly solemnized. Two police inspectors accompanied him, and he was lent for the occasion a black frock-coat and a white tie. He left La Roquette at 9 a.m., and was back again after the marriage by 10.

His whole object was to attempt to escape *en route.* He meant to make the police officers drunk, and then get away by the help of one or two comrades. But his scheme failed, and the *aumônier*, who tells the story, found him in the prison the same afternoon, looking very silly and disappointed.

The inability to prevent escape has already been referred to as a blot in French colonial administration. One of the strongest arguments against transportation to Cayenne is the facility with which exiles can leave it. Arab convicts boldly return to Algeria to reside in their own homes, and render whole districts unsafe; the Parisian *coquin* seized with nostalgia can cross the sea for a jaunt in Belleville or the Place Maubert whenever so disposed. The story of the convict in Cayenne who wished to see the Great Exhibition of 1889 has already been told.

Escapes were so numerous in the old French *bagnes* that special officers of the detective class, with a good memory for faces, were posted at the gates of the arsenal to examine the free labourers as they left work. One of these, Legaineux, at Rochefort, was famous for his instinct in discovering a disguised convict. The ineffaceable trick of dragging one leg, which constant carrying of leg-irons engenders in the French convict, generally betrayed a would-be fugitive if there was one who had got so far as the gates. He penetrated the disguise of two men who had cut their chains, and manufactured petticoats during the night out of their bed-clothes. They had got white caps, and curls made of oakum from some free female work-people in the arsenal; they had dyed the lower parts of their legs blue to imitate long stockings, and thus disguised, made a bid for liberty. But Legaineux recognized them, took them at the gate, and brought them back to be a laughing-stock to their comrades, who were just then leaving their yards.

Escapes have often been made on a large scale. The combination of a number of prisoners aiding and abetting each other has led to a general exodus. I shall have to tell presently of the general emptying of a reformatory in an English county not so very long ago. These collective escapes, or unofficial gaol deliveries, are well known in the Spanish *presidios:* they happen in some of the least well managed prisons of the United States;[1] in the old French

---

[1] As these pages are passing through the press, an American newspaper tells the story of a remarkable escape made by two condemned murderers, Pallister and Rohlf, from the old Sing Sing prison in New York State. These men, after the common American custom, having long awaited execution, but postponed it by frequent appeals, decided at last to make their escape. Pallister asked one of the night officers for a drink of milk, and the latter opened the cell door to give it. Pallister at once attacked and overpowered him, pushed him into his (Pallister's) cell, and locked the door on him. Then Pallister let out his accomplice Rohlf, and together they overpowered and disarmed the second night officer, and proceeded to release three more friends among the prisoners. These three, however, declined to accept the good luck that had come to them, whereupon Pallister and Rohlf climbed through a skylight in the roof of the prison, and so reached the boundary wall, whence they dropped to the ground, made for the river Hudson, and crossed it in a boat. They were still at large at the time of my writing.

Almost at the same time another escape occurred from the famous old "Tombs" in New York city. A burglar in custody, awaiting sentence, made use of two iron bars removed from his cot to break away the mortar surrounding the cell ventilators, *bagnes* they were of frequent occurrence. In the records of Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, such escapes were remembered as the "six," "nine," or "eleven" escape. One known as the "ten" escape did not turn out happily for those who tried it. It was accomplished by means of a great dredging barge under the noses of the *garde-chiourmes,* who were unable to prevent their embarkation, and who could not overtake them before they had landed in a distant bay, where they broke up and disappeared. However, a look-out man on the pier had scanned their proceedings on board the barge through his glass, and had seen them throw off their convict garb for the various clothes that were to disguise them. He reported this, describing their appearance, and by these means they were all subsequently identified and brought back to the *bagne.* The escape of "nine" was characterized by rather quaint incidents. A convict on the double chain obtained a false key, with which he opened the doors of the hall he occupied. Thence he wished to gain the roof, and could only do so by going up a rope he found hanging outside, not far from a

---

and so reach a large block of granite in the wall. The stone he in due course loosened, dragged it into his cell, and so secured an aperture wide enough to let him through. His subsequent proceedings were those familiar to all stories of escapes. By tearing up his blankets he obtained ropes to let himself down into the yard, he went up water-pipes and then down again, till at last he was clear of the boundary wall. The worst part of this is that the escape was suspected from the noises heard, and a muster of the prisoners ordered, which was so carelessly carried out that the absence of the fugitive was never detected.

sentinel's post; but this rope was that of the arm bell, and the climber had the greatest difficult in reaching the belfry without making the bell rin He succeeded, however; wrapped the clapper round with cloths to deaden its sound, slipped down the rope to the ground, let out eight fellow-convicts, showed them the way to reach the roof, and one after one they all climbed up and disappeared.

Following the practice already mentioned of assisting escape, the friends of two convicts at Toulon informed them that they would find a sailing-boat awaiting them any day at Cape Sepet if they could get so far. This point is near the hospital of St. Mandrier at the mouth of the harbour. The point was how to reach it. At length they thought of fabricating a forged order for a boat to go to St. Mandrier, which order they showed an aged *garde-chiourme*, who had all but lost his hearing. The warder accepted the order, and presently embarked with the two convicts, who discussed their plans openly before him. But they had not counted with the weather. The sky became overcast, and with the rapidity so well known in Mediterranean storms, a strong southerly gale was soon blowing, which drove them ashore, to be easily recaptured. These two convicts were so confident of success that they left a letter addressed to the Commissary (governor) of the *bagne*, thanking him for his hospitality, and promising to write him again ere long in Italian, as they were on their way to Milan in order to study that language.

Cases innumerable might be quoted of escapes by burrowing underground, either through passages leading to the outer air, or in holes or hiding-places specially constructed for temporary concealment until the coast was clear. It was so common a practice at Toulon that some of the most astute rascals made it a matter of business. These were they who thought less of regaining liberty than of filthy lucre; or they calculated the chances better, knowing that the luck was generally on the side of the authorities. For a certain sum they sold the *câche*, which they had dug with much patience, to a purchaser, who might use it when he pleased. Occasionally he was sold himself; the proprietor of the hole had no scruple in laying information, and thus obtaining a double price—a reward for his treachery in giving up the occupants of his hiding-place, as well as the money paid by his victim.

Sometimes the stratagem succeeds, more often it fails. It served a French war-prisoner well at Dartmoor in the first decade of the present century. This man, with the quickness and handiness of the Frenchman, had picked up a good knowledge of a stonemason's craft, and was employed with others in building the Princetown Rectory-house. They had reached that part of the work which consisted in fixing a chimney-flue, and when the stones had been carried up a certain height an inner recess was left large enough to hold a man standing upright. The outer face of the flue was continued upward, but only with thin stone especially selected for the purpose, and easily removable. After six feet had been gained the strong work was resumed; the flue was made the proper thickness, and the stones rendered in good mortar. Care was taken to leave air and eyelet-holes for breathing and observation in the six feet of thin wall. One afternoon the intending fugitive entered the flue, and took up his quarters in the above-mentioned recess, while his comrades went on with their work above. They worked so well and with so much skill that they were particularly commended by their foreman, who complimented them highly on the excellent face put upon the flue. The man in hiding was not missed until after the party had left work; but his absence was discovered at evening roll-call. A thorough search was then made of the rectory-house inside and out, but the smooth surface of the walls negatived all idea of a practicable hiding-place. A number of vigorous bayonet-thrusts were made up the freshly-built flue, but without betraying or injuring the man inside, and the search was abandoned. It was believed the prisoner had absconded during the day, having successfully eluded the vigilance of the sentries posted in a cordon round the house. At nightfall, however, the immured man, finding all quiet, attacked the green masonry at its thinnest part, and extricating himself without difficulty, made off unobserved. The state of the flue on the following morning pointed clearly to the method by which he had effected his escape.

A French convict at Toulon who worked on a somewhat similar plan was not so easily successful. He was engaged on the ship-building slips, and managed to excavate a six-feet deep hole, which he lined with stone, and when ensconced within, roofed it over by an arch lightly fastened with cement. He fully expected to be able to break this roofing with his naked hands, but after waiting for a night or two he found the cement had grown so hard he could not dislodge the stones, and he was faced with the possible prospect of being buried alive. His agony was increased next morning on hearing a quartermaster above order several loads of bricks to be brought and stacked on the very spot beneath which he lay. At nightfall he redoubled his efforts to break out, and at last his desperate energy loosened the stones. Then he lowered himself by a rope to the water's-edge, when he fell straight into the hands of a couple of fishermen, who took him back to the *bagne* for the reward.

Self-interment continues to be a favourite although uncertain device with those intending to escape. It was tried while I was at Chatham, when a convict allowed himself to be built up into a brick-stack by his comrades, who were engaged in shifting bricks from one place to another. He lay full length on his back, and was quickly covered up by the long file of convicts, each of whom, one by one, deposited the bricks as he passed, but carefully adjusting them so as to leave sufficient air-spaces between them. A long hunt was made for this man in all parts of St. Mary's Island, but he was not caught till he had broken out of his hiding-place, and was making off. A later case occurred at Portland only a year or two ago. A convict was missed, and so promptly, from his party, that it was thought certain he could not have got far away. The warder who had lost him was satisfied he was still on the works, and by and by, when all was made snug on the island, the whole of the available staff turned out to make a narrower and more exhaustive search. Still there were no signs of the fugitive, till at last some of the Civil Guard took to prodding the soft ground with their sword-bayonets. All at once a wild but smothered yell was heard below ground; a sword-point had pricked the buried man's flesh, and with a wild convulsive movement he struggled through the newly turned earth, and sat up in his cleverly-contrived grave.

Chances of escape are no doubt favoured where prisoners are employed in the open beyond the walls of a prison. Much, of course, depends upon the discipline maintained. Even where the system is strong and effective, the love of liberty will tempt a man to risk everything. At Borstal (Rochester),[1] where the convicts work two or three miles from home, one or two attempts have been made, in spite of the excellence of the surveillance. On one occasion two convicts on the march back to prison suddenly bolted, and ran the gauntlet of the civil guards' guns, all of whom missed, carefully. The law is not very clear as to a prison officer's right to shoot a fugitive. Again, a convict leaving one of the forts on which he had been at work, and crossing the drawbridge with his party, took advantage of the absence of mind in his officer to disappear. The party turned to the right, the prisoner, slipping out of the ranks, turned to the left, dropped into the ditch, forty feet down, and then clambered up the steep, nearly straight counterscarp. He had only a "timber clamp" (something like a boy's climbing-iron) to get up by. Gaining the glacis, he ran for his life, reached the Medway, and took to the water to swim to the far side. But he got cramp in the river, and was nearly drowned. As it was, he dragged himself as far as Gravesend, where he was recaptured and sent back to Borstal, to pass months in hospital with a severe attack of rheumatic fever.

---

[1] See *post*, final chapters, for some account of this novel and remarkable prison experiment.

Where the supervision is inadequate, not even chains, nor shot guns, nor bloodhounds, will deter from attempts to escape. None of these precautions kept down the escapes from the convict camps of the Southern States. "The convicts knew full well," says Captain Powell,[1] "that when they ran they took their lives in their hands, but there was no lack of men for such a risk. The guards, in emergencies of this kind, could not leave their squads, and the only messenger they could send was a bullet, which often enough missed its mark." Captain Powell seems to have relied more on recapture by tracking down, and for this purpose introduced sporting dogs, which proved of invaluable service. He found that foxhounds were the best for man-hunting. "They are probably a trifle less keen of scent than a deerhound, but they have also a slower gait, which is an advantage, inasmuch as it enables the horseman to keep up with them." Of these hounds, Captain Powell says, "I can affirm that some of them are natural man-hunters. . . . In training puppies at the camp, it was my custom to order one of the 'trusties'[1] to run a few miles through the woods, and then put the dogs on his tracks. I have known them to trail the man over the most intricate routes, and eventually follow up his track into the cell house, and pick out the identical 'trusty,' where he lay among a hundred other men upon the sleeping platform." Captain Powell declares it is a popular error that these foxhounds attack the prisoner when they run up to him. "They are simply guides, who lead the pursuers to their quarry; and when once the game is brought to bay, they are too wary to venture close enough to run the risk of a blow." Captain Powell does not solve the question, by what faculty these hounds follow the track. "They seem to have no difficulty in distinguishing the trail of one man from another, and is certainly not in all cases by reason of an odour left upon the earth. I have one dog, at the present writing, that trails entirely by air."[1]

---

[1] *American Siberia*, p. 75.

---

[1] Well-behaved prisoners who are "trusted" by the authorities.

The failure of the Southern prisons to ensure even safe custody is illustrated by Inspector Brynes in his famous work on American criminals. A notorious burglar, "Shang" Campbell, was captured and shut up in an old gaol with two others, a negro held for murder, and Baker a local offender. Baker stood on Campbell's shoulders, and with an old case-knife cut a hole in the ceiling large enough for all to squeeze through. Campbell hid on an island, but was informed against and recaptured. He was securely anchored, on his return to gaol, to 300 lbs. of iron riveted to his legs.

In the latest days of transportation—in Western Australia, that is to say—it was the custom to employ native "runners" as assistants to the local police in tracking down escaped convicts. The unerring skill of these black aborigines on the trail was equal to that of Captain Powell's foxhounds, and no doubt also an instinctive quality. They could see footsteps, or decipher indications, when to an ordinary eye there was not a sign. One of the most famous of these runners was a certain Midgeroo, whose father had been king of the territory around Perth, and who had been educated by the missionaries, and baptized under the name of Yulma. He was a marvellous man-hunter when put on the trail, his tracking so good that convicts whom he caught swore he would have hunted down a flea. It was not an easy matter to escape in Western Australia, although attempts were frequently made. Everything seemed to favour escape. The stations at which convicts were kept were isolated, they wore no chains, there were no safeguards but the supervision of the officers in charge. But the fugitive could only fly into the bush, where they found no subsistence; no food was to be got except by theft from the few sparse settlements, the houses scattered here and there, and these thefts generally betrayed them. On one occasion a party of nine convicts got clear away from the gaol at Freemantle, by a most daring and ingenious stratagem. One of the number got possession of a warder's coat and cap; how—whether by theft or connivance—was never ascertained. Having assumed the insignia of office, this sham warder took command of his fellows, and marched the party regularly and in good order to one of the gates in the boundary wall. This gate was not locked—again, whether by accident or collusion?—and he took his men through into the lane beyond the walls, until he reached the sentinel at the end, to whom he reported "all correct," and was suffered to pass free. The whole of these nine convicts made good their escape, but all were recaptured, with the exception of two, one of whom was drowned, the other shot by a native police assistant.[1]

---

[1] *American Siberia*, p. 25.

---

[1] I am indebted for these facts to the Hon. H. Wakeford, many years Comptroller-General of Prisons in Western Australia, now one of the Directors of English Convict Prisons.

It will be seen that the luck is in most cases against the prisoner. One convict at Toulon was

HE FELL INTO A CART.

so repeatedly unlucky that in prison *argot* his name became identified with Failure. This man, whether from mismanagement or misfortune, was invariably recaptured. He was mad to escape, and perpetually trying, but always retaken. At last his convict comrades christened an unsuccessful attempt a *gonette*, after Gonnet, the unlucky prisoner's name. But so it is; some strange accidents, some unexpected turn of events will often intervene. The Frenchman Gonnet just mentioned got out, and on to the top of the boundary-wall, but in lowering himself with a rope provided for the purpose, he fell into a cart, within which, curled up asleep, lay a *garde-chiourme.* The shock roused him, and of course the fugitive was captured. One dark night, at Newcastle, a prisoner leaves the main building by a gate left open by collusion or carelessness, and so gains the prison-yard. Once there he makes for the ladder-shed, where all these dangerous aids to escape are kept under lock and key, smashes the padlock, secures a ladder, by means of which he surmounts the boundary-wall. But he falls, and in dropping on the far side, breaks his ankle. He lies where he fell, till a chance passer-by proves to be a "pal," and takes him to a slum in the Quayside, where he is put comfortably to bed. By this time the alarm has been given, pursuit is hot, warders draw the Quayside, and one is informed of the whereabouts of the missing man. His recapture when in bed and helpless was quite easy.

In the large public works for convicts, where, from the comparative liberty accorded to the parties labouring at large, escapes would seem more feasible, very stringent precautions are taken. One of these is the selection of some one party, in number from fifteen to twenty, for thorough searching before marching out to the works. The choice is made at random by the deputy-governor from the list of parties, and the men selected are taken to the bath-house and stripped, one and all, to their skins. One morning the chance fell upon a party which included a convict who had made himself a complete suit, coat, waistcoat, and trousers, out of the flannel cleaning-rags supplied him for the washing out of his cell. This he wore next his skin, and must have so carried it, piece by piece, until completed, evading all detection until this the last supreme moment, when by sheer bad luck it was laid bare. But for this mischance, he would have thrown off his prison dress at the right moment, and walked off the works a free man, in a rough working suit, undistinguishable from other free labourers who came and went as they pleased. Another officer patrolling the outside of a prison block, notices a number of small punctured holes in the external wooden face of the building. He notes the cell, and entering the prison when all prisoners are absent at chapel, finds that one of the iron plates lining the cell is removable. Within is a wide excavation in the brick-work, nearly completed, the holes showing through. Often enough some such laborious attempt to tunnel through is detected at the eleventh hour and foiled. A man at

7
490
1190

Pentonville nearly won through one night, but daylight came too soon, and betrayed the aperture on the far side to the watchman on patrol. The same luck befell another convict at Wormwood Scrubs, in the early days when only the temporary prison existed, a mere hut of iron sheeting fixed in a wooden frame; he had burrowed down through the concrete floor during the night, well beneath the foundations, and was coming up on the other side, when daylight overtook and betrayed him.

A party of the war prisoners at Dartmoor made an energetic effort of this kind in 1812. This attempt was discovered before it reached maturity, when it was found that they had carried a mine under the foundations of the prison, for a distance of forty yards; the subterranean passage, which was some four feet in diameter and five feet below the surface, was driven towards the outer wall, which, when the plot was laid bare, they had almost approached. They had travelled out of their road, to avoid the great boulders the miners came upon in the gravel, and were often compelled to make wide detours from the straight line to avoid these obstacles. Their only tools were wooden spades edged with tin, cask-hoops, and old iron made into scrapers. As they removed the earth from the mine, it was concealed beneath the floor of the room they occupied, and from which their passage started; and by degrees it was taken thence into the gardens in small quantities, mixed with ashes and refuse. Much more recent and indeed more interesting cases of this elaborate and painstaking tunnelling for liberty's sake, which occurred in the American war prisons, will be fresh in the reader's mind.

The statement that there is nothing quite new in prison escapes may be further illustrated. One method has been employed at wide intervals of time and place; this is personation, carried out with extreme ingenuity and boldness. Among the war prisoners at Dartmoor was one who had been impressed to serve on board a French privateer. He belonged to a good family, had received an excellent education, and was altogether of a superior class to the bulk of his comrades. He was a quick and expert craftsman, and was constantly employed in the officers' quarters, executing alterations and repairs. One day he was at work on a cupboard in the house of the prison doctor, who was an officer in the British navy, and while thus engaged made friends with one of his maid-servants. With her assistance he received a complete suit of the doctor's uniform, including his sword and cocked hat. The prisoner was not unlike the doctor, of the same fair complexion, and much the same height. With consummate coolness and skill he proceeded to change characters, assuming the uniform, which fitted him well, providing himself with the doctor's snuff-box and silver-topped cane. Just as the hour for evening roll-call approached, he had put the finishing touches to the pigtail, which he was careful to arrange as the doctor did, and then he calmly walked out of the house, gained the high-road to Plymouth without observation, and was beyond pursuit almost before his absence was discovered. The fugitive eventually reached France in safety, whence, with profuse thanks and acknowledgments, he returned the doctor's possessions.

Similar cases occurred in the French *bagnes*. The first was at Brest, where an ingenious convict, Victor Desbois, got out in the uniform of an adjutant, who came to inspect the prison. No sooner was the officer inside, than his double, correctly dressed in the same uniform, which was manufactured in paper, with the same "head" made up with the same whiskers, came to the prison-gates, and ordered them to be opened for him. It was Desbois, who had filed through his chains, and assuming this perfectly fashioned disguise, had walked out of durance. The second was at Rochefort, the escape planned and executed by a convict employed in the household of one of the superior officers, one of whose full-dress suits he had secretly obtained. Gaining the stables, he saddled and bridled a charger, put on the uniform and the cocked hat with feathers, mounted his horse, and rode gaily to the principal gate of the town. The sentry cried, "Guard, turn out!" The guard fell in, presented arms, the drum beat a ruffle, and thus with all the honours the disguised convict made his stately exit. Once beyond the walls, he put spurs to his horse and trotted away. He was not missed till nightfall, when all convicts were compelled to return to the *bagne*. The alarm was given, but it was then too late. By that time the fugitive had reached Niort, where he sold his horse, and taking a seat in the diligence was rolling on his way to Paris. The daring prisoner Petit, who has been already mentioned, escaped from Brest, and made his way as far as Amiens, where, four or five days afterwards, he was arrested for a newly-committed offence. While waiting to appear before the Juge d'Instruction, he was shut up in a place near the cloak-room of the advocates, from which, almost directly after he had a conference with his own lawyer, he took the wig and gown. Thus disguised, he walked past the *gendarmes* on duty, who saluted him, and let him pass. Petit sold his disguise afterwards in the town for three francs.

Exact details are wanting of a strange escape meditated and all but executed years later at Millbank. The deputy-governor of that prison held an appointment at Court as one of the royal body-guard, and during the London season paraded regularly for duty at the Palace. He donned his uniform in his own prison quarters; took his seat in hansom or hired brougham, which was brought to his door within the prison. A friendly maid-servant confided these movements to a convict who had access to the "hexagon," or central part of the prison, which was in communication with the deputy-governor's house. The story goes that the convict got as far as the purloining of the uniform, but was detected before he had put it on. There was nothing, really, to have prevented his escaping, had he reached the gate. A female prisoner, disguised in the matron's clothes, successfully passed these gates in 1889, as will be seen presently.

Most modern prisons are so securely built, and generally so well guarded, that the chances of escape are altogether against the prisoner. / French prison officials assert that escapes are impossible from La Grande Roquette, the great convict depôt near Père La Chaise, the scene too of the last drama on the now rare occasions when the guillotine is brought into play. The argument that La Grande Roquette is inexpugnable is negative, and based mainly on the fact that no one as yet has left it except those legitimately through the prison-gates—not even Blin, the most famous prison-breaker of modern times, who had made thirty escapes before 1844, and who was successfully held at La Roquette. It was said of Blin that he could penetrate arches, run along sloping roofs, fly down to the ground like a bird, lift the stone flags of his cell-flooring, or scratch his way out underground with his nails alone. His greatest feat, as told by himself, was at one of the *bagnes*, where he was buried in the ditch by his comrades, and took into his hiding-place with him provisions for several days, and tools to regain the surface as soon as the alarm had blown over. But he was speedily missed, and his whereabouts surmised. The Commissary thereupon ordered the floodgates to be opened and the drains and water-courses flushed, intending to drown or drive him out. The incoming tide swelled the torrent of sewage, and Blin found himself up to his neck in water. He escaped only by a miracle, and by next morning was six miles from the *bagne*. He hid the second night in the bushes; then, having no clothing but that of the prison, he attacked the first passer-by, and "with strange forbearance," as he puts it, robbed him only of his clothes. "I might have killed him. I never thought of it. I—branded as the most abject being, abused, disgraced, despised —I only asked to be put on the right road to Blaye." This was after he had forcibly stripped his victim of all he wore. The third night, driven by hunger, he begged for bread at a house, where the stolen garments betrayed him. He was arrested, bound hand and foot, and restored to the *bagne*. "For the thirtieth and last time I had failed," he told the chaplain of La Roquette. "Now I have no hope; this prison is too strong." "The walls, the vigilance of the *surveillants* foiled him, as it did the most adroit and persevering," is the commentary of the prison *aumônier*, L'Abbé Crozes.

Yet escapes have been effected from prisons as well watched and as securely constructed, when fortune favours the fugitive, and he has both the wit to plan and courage to execute. At Nottingham a man squeezed through his cell-window on the fourth floor, and by sheer pluck climbed by the lightning-conductor to the roof. The police-station stood adjoining the prison, but at a distance of thirteen feet. The prisoner bidding for liberty boldly leapt across this gulf, beneath which the hard ground yawned fifty feet below. At Oxford another, seeing his cell-window badly provisioned with bars—the outer being wide enough apart to let him through—proceeded to smash the intervening window-frame. This he effected by first inserting his shoes into the arm-holes of his jacket, and placing it against the window to deaden any sound, kept it fixed there by a wedge made of his broken cell-stool. Then he used the plank bed—a movable piece of furniture, not a fixture—as a battering-ram, and so broke out the intervening iron window-frame. It was easy enough for him now to climb up and out between the bars, and so regain his freedom.

Jackson, the Strangeways murderer, when in custody a year or two previously, made a marvellous escape from a Yorkshire gaol, in which, on account of his intelligent smartness, he was employed as a reception-cleaner. In this reception-ward, a building with only one storey, there was an open ventilator leading into the roof. After being left so for years, it was suddenly discovered that this ventilating aperture was unsafe, and the authorities decided to close it by a grating. It was the addition of this grating that suggested to the prisoner the possibility of escape in this direction. He tried the new grating, found it badly fixed, and that it could be easily moved by a lever and short length of string; found also that although of the narrowest dimensions, only one foot one inch by eight inches, he could get his body through. The fit was so tight, however, that he had to strip stark naked and draw his clothes after him. The ventilator gave into a little loft used as a clothes store, and just under the roof, which the prisoner gained by removing the slates. It was an easy drop into the road outside. Jackson's last escape was preceded by murder. A clever plumber, he was employed alone with a single warder in charge of him, at the house of the prison matron; and he struck down the officer unawares with a hammer, after which he left the house by the roof.

Jackson's climb through so narrow an orifice was rivalled by that of an old soldier-pensioner in another Yorkshire prison. He was in a punishment-cell, semi-dark, on the basement, the windows provided with iron shutters that were bolted down. But the bolts were visible and insecure. This man, Kelly, extracted the bolt by knocking off with his boot the catch that held it. The bolt was a formidable iron weapon, eight inches in length, and with it he broke out his cell ventilator, clean. The time was the dinner hour, when only one officer was on patrol, and any noise of breaking glass passed unheeded. The space he thus obtained was fourteen inches by seven and a half. He was a stout, thickset man, wearing a fairly thick suit of clothes, yet he slipped through this opening and out into the garden—a drop of six feet. The poor creature was half-witted—he had been several times in an asylum—and now he made no use of the liberty he had so cleverly regained. His first visit was to the prison-gate, where he encountered the gate-keeper, whom he at once accosted with a cool request for a "chaw of tobacco." His relegation to a cell was not long delayed.

Dr. Campbell, in his book on Dartmoor, records two escapes with peculiar features. One was of a noted burglar, who cut a hole through the roof of his prison, and lowered himself thence to the boundary-wall. From the wall he dropped to the far side, then broke into one of the quarters, that of a superior officer, where he stole a good suit of clothes, and a saddle and bridle. After eating an ample supper, he made for the stables, but could not effect an entrance; however, he found a horse grazing near Two Bridges, which he caught, saddled, mounted, and rode for Exeter. Unfortunately, he met the owner of the horse face to face just as he was driving home from a fair. He was at once challenged as to the stolen horse, but only turned tail and galloped away, the farmer in hot pursuit, and was presently overtaken and secured. His first act was to offer a handful of silver spoons as a bribe for release, but he was held, and soon afterwards surrendered to the prison authorities. This man had the coolness to tell the officer whose coat he had "borrowed" that he had found it an excellent "fit." The other case was of a man who, when received into prison, was found to have disease of both ankle-joints, with extensive swellings of the legs. He was taken into hospital, but presently sent to his own cell for treatment, because he had assaulted two of the hospital patients. His legs still seemed so bad that he was compelled to crawl upon his hands and knees. Yet, when in a ground-floor cell, he made his escape from it by sawing through the iron bars of the window, and eventually got over the boundary-wall by means of a rope made of his bed-clothes. Strange to say, this cripple made his way to his own home, where he was recaptured at a distance of more than a hundred miles from the prison. He had walked the whole way, his only food being the turnips he took from the fields.

# CHAPTER II.

## TWO REMARKABLE PRISON-BREAKERS.

**Daybreak in an old cathedral city—Hattalt's clerk—Suspicions aroused—Contents of a sack—The burglar committed to gaol—Snazle's first escape—How foiled by a cow—His aliases—His marvellous escape as Plews from Hawksfield—Cuts his way out—No clue to method until he confesses—His trial for the burglary, sentence, and third escape—Gets on board ship, but put ashore—Recognized and recaptured—Female escapes rare—One or two strangely successful—Borrowing the matron's clothes—Boy arrested for stealing a horse—Discovered to be female in disguise—A fearless rider—Gaol friendship—Plan of action after release—Male attire resumed—Frequents fair—Jealousy provokes murderous assault—Visit of a great lady to gaol—Private interview with the prisoner—Daring exchange of clothes and successful escape.**

Perhaps the most marvellous escape effected of late years was that of the notorious prison-breaker whose authentic adventures will now be set forth.

The dawn of a summer's morning was breaking upon the silent and deserted High Street of Crowchester, and in its pale-grey light a man might have been seen leaving Hattalt's emporium by a side-door. Hattalt was draper, grocer, bootmaker, and general provider for the old cathedral town, and no doubt he had furnished the somewhat strange outfit of the person now leaving his premises.

Day-dawn is not the hour selected for appearing in one's Sunday best, and such Sunday best! A full suit of staring check "dittoes," brand-new, with the creases still showing, yet not exactly made to measure; a tall and very glossy hat, also quite new; Oxford shoes of patent leather, dazzlingly shiny, a smart crimson satin tie with a large cairngorm pin, high "all round" collar, and broad white shirt-cuffs completed his apparel. He carried a silver-mounted silk umbrella and a nice new mackintosh, and looked like one of Hattalt's clerks or *employés* starting for a day's holiday and taking time by the forelock, only he carried with him the badge of business in the shape of a great sack or canvas bag, which must have been heavily filled seeing how it impeded his progress.

Suddenly he dropped it on the pavement and slipped under cover of a projecting doorway. He had been alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only a ragged tramp just aroused from *al fresco* slumbers and shivering in all his limbs.

"Here, mate!" shouted the man, coming out boldly from his hiding-place, "lend me a hand, will you, with this? Help me as far as the station, and I'll give you a couple of browns."

The contract was duly performed, and the tramp, having spat on his two coppers, was proceeding with joy on his face to call at the first baker's he might find open, when he met a policeman plump, just outside the station.

"Halloa! who are you?" said the officer of the law with prompt professional suspicion. "What have you been up to? Something shady, I'll go bail!"

"No, sir; please, sir, I ain't a-done no 'arm," replied the poor wretch, with the cringing, deprecating air of his class. "Strike me blind, but I only come along with a gentleman—regular toff he was—'elped him to carry his bag as far as the stayshon. Arsk him yerself, sir. He's just inside."

"Ah! then you come too, my fine fellow! It'll make things pleasanter, perhaps. Morning," went on the constable to the man in tweeds, who was waiting at the ticket-office window, and who looked rather disconcerted at the address. "You're out early. Going far? Belong to Crowchester?"

"Only to Brickstone by the first train. I'm one of Hattalt's clerks, taking some goods in a hurry—an order for immediate delivery."

"They're in that bag, I suppose? Let's have a look inside."

"I should be doing wrong. It's against the rules of the house."

"Open the bag, I tell you. No more words about it;" and without further parley the policeman turned out a heap of miscellaneous articles, bundled anyhow into the sack: neckties, socks, silk handkerchiefs, shirts, several suits of clothes, a pair or two of boots, photograph-frames, hair-brushes, a ham sewn up in canvas, a dozen tins of sardines, and a lot of plated goods.

"Hattalt's don't often send out their orders like this," said the policeman sternly. "It won't do, my friend. I don't believe you're one of his clerks. Anyway, you will just step back with me to the shop and be identified."

"It is a case of false arrest. I'll have the law of you."

"Shut up, or I'll put the darbies on you. Here, you"—to the tramp—"shoulder the bag and go first. No larks. Remember I've got my whistle."

The party returned to the High Street just as Hattalt's head porter was taking down the shutters.

"Everything right inside, Peter?" asked the policeman, significantly.

"So far as I know. Why do you ask? Who have you got there?"

"One of your governor's clerks he calls himself."

"No fear——"

"But I believe him to be a burglar who broke into your place last night, and so I've brought him along."

The policeman's surmise proved to be perfectly correct. At the first sight of the interior it was clear that it had been completely ransacked from end to end. Its contents were all in confusion: drawers dragged open, shelves emptied, pegs stripped, all the heterogeneous stock was scattered pell-mell upon the floor. It was a bold and well-executed burglary; the work of a practised hand, who, thanks to the intelligent promptitude of one of the local constabulary, was now in custody. The prisoner, stripped of all his ill-gotten finery, and dressed in some cast-off clothing generously supplied by the emporium, gave the name of Alfred Snazle, when, in due course, committed to the Crowchester Gaol.

He was a lithe, active young man, with a well-knit figure, brown healthy face, and clear grey eyes. But there was a furtive look in the latter, and his manner generally was that of a man who had something to conceal.

The gaol of Crowchester was on a small scale, and the governor himself often assisted in the reception of prisoners. He was in the room where Snazle was stripped and his "particulars" taken; the general description and distinctive marks so useful as a *signalement* in these days of habitual crime.

"I say!" cried the colonel, struck with a sudden idea; "run over, one of you, to my office and fetch me—that paper I've just been reading."

He whispered in an officer's ear. By the time the messenger returned, the various entries had been completed, and the prisoner passed on to the bath.

"Now let me see the paper," said the governor. It was a copy of the last number of the *Police Gazette*, from which he read aloud:—

WANTED.—£5 REWARD.—Benjamin Plews, *alias* Bonsor, *alias* Daft, who escaped on the 27th March from the

**Hawksfield Gaol. Size proportionate, hair brown, eyes grey. Has a birthmark below left shoulder. Lost last joint third finger left hand. Tattoo marks: on left breast a heart transfixed by arrow, the letters B. P. M. Cross spears right fore-arm."**

"It's the very man," said the governor, as he compared the advertisement with the entries in the prison register. "We must telegraph at once to Hawksfield. And, stay, didn't Mr. Houseman come from there, the new storekeeper's clerk? Let him be sent for. He will be sure to identify the fellow as soon as he is out of the bath and dressed in the prison clothes. What a curious chance it is!"

The clerk was fetched and in waiting, but when the reception-warder summoned Snazle to reappear there was no answer.

"Come, move yourself! Bring him along, somebody," cried the governor.

And then it became evident beyond all doubt that Snazle had once more disappeared. He had spirited himself away; escaped all in a moment from the heart of this seemingly well-watched and most secure ward of the prison.

The alarm was immediately given; a strict search instituted and a close inquiry into the manner of his marvellous exit. It was soon established pretty certainly that he could only have gone one way, and that was through a circular unbarred aperture in the roof of the reception-ward, which had hitherto offered no bar to egress because it was deemed far too narrow for the passage of any but a skeleton figure. A short ladder had been formed by two tables placed one above the other, and this brought the fugitive within reach of the orifice, through which he must have drawn himself with the strength and skill of a practised acrobat. It was a funnel-shaped opening, intended for ventilation, which gave directly into a loft just under the roof. In the roof was a skylight; he went through it without difficulty and so down to the stone coping, from which, as the building was all on the ground-floor and abutted on the boundary, he dropped easily, some fourteen feet, into a field below.

But here the luck was against him, and on the side of his gaolers. He fell easily, even softly, because there was a cow grazing in the field exactly underneath him. The cow's back gave way under his weight, and as he slipped off her on to the grass, she quietly settled down on top of him. He was caught there, tightly held, with a sprained ankle, which gave him such exquisite pain that it was his own agonized shouts that first attracted attention. Long after his recapture he was under the doctor's care and unable to move. Meanwhile officers had arrived from Hawksfield to identify him, and their evidence was conclusive. The so-called Alfred Snazle was undoubtedly Benjamin Plews, *alias* Bonsor, *alias* Daft. The man was in his way notorious. He boasted that he could get out of any prison, and he had certainly escaped from several. Not the least marvellous of his successful attempts to break prison was that which set him free from Hawksfield Gaol. The exact method of its accomplishment remained a mystery, indeed, until, during his detention at Crowchester, he voluntarily detailed the whole affair. It was a remarkable instance of how prisoners will sometimes seize upon a seemingly slender chance, how promptly they see a loophole, with what intuitive quickness they will make the slightest lack of vigilance serve their purpose, with what patient ingenuity and skill they will utilize the most unlikely means and materials to compass the great end in view.

Plews, as he shall now be called, although he had probably as much right to have a dozen other names, had been frequently committed to Hawksfield, and was intimately acquainted with the interior of the gaol. He was said to be a plumber by trade, a handicraft much in favour with the professional burglar, on account of the skill it gives with housebreaking implements, and the easy access it affords as the honest British workman to the inside of premises to be cracked. But Plews, though young, had been often enough in prison to learn a prison trade, and he was by this time an expert shoemaker. He was put at once to a cobbler's bench in a cell of the shoemakers' ward, the last as it happened—and this was the lucky chance that he was shortly to turn to his advantage—upon a long landing, and the furthest removed from the ward officer's eye.

In the ordinary routine of daily duty Plews left his cell twice a day—once for chapel and once for

was opened ;
much as five
h of command
nd the outside
haped found
directly able.
was a skylig s, a
ty and so do ng
the building wa r
on the boundary,
feet, into a field

m, and on the side
en softly, because
ield exactly under-
ve way under his
on to the grass, she
m. He was caught
d ankle, which gave
was his own agonized
ion. Long after his
tor's care and unable
had arrived from
d their evidence was
lfred Snazle was un-
*ias* Bonsor, *alias* Daft.
ious. He boasted that
n, and he had certainly
t the least marvellous
o break prison was that

bound round with waxed thread. He must have been weeks at this job, and as long in fitting the key to the lock, which he did by letting down the door-trap in the dead of night when the watchman on patrol was at a safe distance from his cell.

When all was ready for flight he successfully utilized his means, and walked out of his cell. At the door outside he found the remainder of his shoemaking tools. From these he picked up a mallet, a cobbler's sharp knife, and a heavy file. Thus armed, he made for the top storey of the building, with all the intricacies of which he was well acquainted, having been frequently imprisoned here before. One cell on this upper level was used in connection with the heating apparatus. A ladder from it led on to the roof, where the hot-water pipes were located, and Plews at once climbed up this ladder, drawing it after him, and shutting down the trap-door.

It was now necessary for him to break through the roof, so as to get into the open air. The noise he was obliged to make, first in hammering at the woodwork and then at the slates, could not fail to attract attention. It was the first intimation to the night patrols that anything was wrong inside the gaol, and they at once gave the alarm. The night-guard was aroused, and other assistance called in. Naturally, all hastened to the spot from which the noise proceeded, and the searchers stood in the cell beneath the roof where Plews was still at work, but until another ladder could be brought further progress was impossible. By the time they entered the loft Plews was gone. A great hole in the roof, through which the sky and stars were plainly visible, showed his way of exit. Presumably he was still on the roof, and several officers climbed out after him. At that moment he was sliding down it into the gutter-pipe, and over on to a sewer vent-pipe which ran from the roof to the ground.

Had there been any one in the yards he might have been intercepted. But this time the luck was with him. He ran unchecked across the prison garden, to where a vacant house stood abutting on to the boundary-wall, broke in through one of the basement windows, got by the staircase to an upper floor, out again, and so to the top of the boundary-wall. Thence he dropped without much difficulty, into the lane, waded across a small stream, got into a wilderness of fields, but at last struck the high-road to Hawkspool. His only clothing was a shirt, pair of trousers, and shoes; but with these he made shift till he could help himself to others. The fugitive's line of escape was southward, and it took him three weeks to reach Crowchester, tramping, begging, or stealing by the way.

His escape, and the exact manner in which he had compassed it, had greatly puzzled the authorities at Hawksfield. There was little or no clue until he finally made his own confession. It was not until the morning following his escape that they knew which prisoner had disappeared. For Plews had closed his door behind him, and it was necessary to unlock some hundreds of cells before the particular empty one was found. Except that its contents, furniture and utensils, lay tumbled and tossed about, there were no indications that would help to solve the mystery. It was impossible to take seriously the valedictory communication addressed to the governor which the prisoner had left behind him written on his slate. This rather impudently-worded "open" letter ran as follows:—

> "SIR,—To prevent any innocent person from being suspected of aiding me, provided I succeed, I shall leave the key so that you shall know how I escaped. The reason I am going is to make known a valuable invention worth millions to the public. It would be no use my offering it to the authorities of the gaol."

This generous disclaimer rather directed suspicion to one or other of the officers, particularly as no false key was left behind. It was thought most possible some traitor had set him free; but his subsequent arrest and confession, with the surrender of the key (he had taken it with him), completely exonerated them all.

Plews came on for trial in due course at Crowborough assizes, on the two charges of burglary and breaking prison. He was sentenced to penal servitude, and was removed from the court to Crowborough Gaol, where he again succeeded in getting away.

It was a big old prison, dating back to the time of John Howard, but adapted to more modern ideas with ventilators and gratings for fresh and foul air.

He soon ascertained that he could remove one of the gratings by extracting the screws that held it. The mortar of the brickwork behind this grating was old and perished, and a scrap of wood picked up in the exercising-yard was enough to remove the bricks one by one. The rubbish as it gathered he swept down the air-shaft, and every morning—he worked all night—he re-fixed the grating by lightly re-screwing it in. At last he reached the outside courses of bricks, removed them, but replaced them and held them in their place by a putty made of chewed bread.

One dark night, the very night before his departure for the convict prison in London, he pushed out the bricks, crept through the hole, dragging his bedclothes with him. With these he constructed a rope-ladder, threw it to the top of the boundary-wall, where it caught, climbed up, drew it after him, and went down on the other side. Repeating his old tactics he lay by during the next day; then stole some clothing, and made his way to the nearest sea-port, where he managed to board an outward bound ship as stowaway.

Before the ship had got out the Channel he was detected and put ashore at the Downs. A fresh tramp inland brought him again to Crowchester. Almost before he knew it he was in High Street, face to face with the head porter of Hattalt's emporium.

It was all over with him once more. He was recognized, re-arrested, and sent to his old quarters in Crowchester, where they took so much care of him that another escape was impossible. When finally he reached the convict prison, it was with the character of a notorious prison-breaker.

Naturally the female sex is handicapped in the race for escape. Women are seldom fit for those feats of strength and audacity which secure male prisoners success. But they have their own weapons of guile and cunning stratagem which have served them in good stead in the few instances when they have broken prison. I have come across only one case in which a woman got out by an exhibition of force, if I except the escape of Blanche Gamond, one of four Protestant ladies who escaped from the gaol of Grenoble, who lowered themselves from a high window by their sheets. This was in 1687, and is rather ancient history. The more recent case is mentioned in Mr. Scougal's *Scenes from a Silent World*, and was that of a woman summoned to the matron's office to answer for some infraction of the rules. Seizing the opportunity when the officer's back was turned, this prisoner "sprang like a cat to the window, shivered the glass, forced herself through the bars, and at the imminent risk of breaking her neck, dropped from a considerable height to the ground. Just at first she lay stunned, but quickly recovering consciousness, she managed in an unaccountable manner to scale the walls that intervened between her and liberty, and the night being pitch-dark, she got clear away before the officers sent in pursuit could succeed in capturing her. She was dressed in the tell-tale convict clothes, and therefore hurried under cover of the darkness to the house of an acquaintance in one of the lowest parts of the town." Here she obtained a suit of male garments, and masqueraded in them some time much as Josephine Winter did, whose story will presently be told.

There was some boldness in the escape of a woman at Hull, who gave the warders of her escort leg-bail at the railway-station, when they were taking her for trial at sessions. The station was thronged; she had several friends among the crowd; one of them attracted or rather distracted the officers' attention; the rest assisted the fugitive to run, and covered her retreat. This could hardly be called an escape from prison, although it was from custody. It was a reckless, useless act of bravado, for the woman was soon re-arrested, and the escapade being added to her previous offence, her sentence was proportionally increased.

For pure effrontery and native cunning combined, the escape of a female prisoner from Millbank in the matron's clothes stands almost unrivalled in prison annals. She was a quiet, orderly woman, doing a twelvemonth's sentence for hotel robberies, and through an error in judgment on the matron's part, was appointed the matron's "cleaner" or servant very soon after she arrived in prison; in fact after she had completed only the first six weeks of her sentence. Moreover, implicit confidence was placed in her, being such a superior, well-educated person, and she was suffered to come and go in the matron's quarters as much as she pleased. No doors were locked, no cupboards or drawers, the prisoner had free access everywhere, and one fine morning she took the hint and disappeared.

The matron had left her at 11 a.m. scouring floors. At 12 noon she was gone. More, a light gray cloak, a striped stuff dress, a sweetly trimmed bonnet, and a neat pair of button boots were not to be found. The connection was obvious; but how or when had the prisoner got away? Inquiries were at once made of the inner gate-keeper. Yes; he had let out a young lady; called herself "Miss Walsh," one of the matron's friends, whom it was known was on a visit to her. The gate-keeper did not know the matron's friends by sight, and quite satisfied with the explanation given, opened the passage. Once through the inner gates it was not difficult to pass the outer, and "Miss Walsh," *alias* Annie Lloyd, was well beyond pursuit before her exodus was known. Some weeks elapsed before any news was heard of her, but at last through information received the police took her partly concealed under a bed in College Place, Chelsea. The matron's clothes which she had purloined were found in the same house, but the prison clothing she had destroyed. She told her captors that she had so little time to carry out her escape, the facility for which had struck her quite suddenly, that she had been obliged to put the dress and mantle over her prison suit. Of course she changed her boots; prison shoes are unmistakable, and one glimpse of them at the gate would have betrayed her. She also declared that it had been her intention to leave the country in man's clothes as soon as she could obtain them.

The supposed security of this travesty is often a dominant idea with female offenders. It assisted, if it did not originate, the strange freaks of which Josephine Winter was guilty, whose story shall now be told.

It was at Hawksfield Gaol one fine morning that the reception-warder cried to his assistant—

"Here, Mr. Gosnell, look sharp; there's something very odd about this chap."

It was a prisoner just brought in for horse-stealing: a small, slightly-built slip of a boy, dressed as a groom in short jacket, cords, and gaiters, but who wore them with a curious mixture of awkwardness and want of practice. Strangest thing of all, when the brown "bowler" hat was removed, a mass of dark ringlets came tumbling down upon his shoulders.

"I don't know what to make of him," said the first speaker.

"*Him!*" replied Gosnell. "You mean *her*."

"Eh, what? Why, so it must be. But surely now—here, you, whatever you call yourself, speak out, what are you, a boy or a girl?"

Any further doubt as to the sex of this new arrival was now removed by the prisoner, who then and there burst into a torrent of tears—a woman's unfailing resource in trouble.

"Well, here's a rum start!" cried one officer. "You must not stop here. Run, Gosnell, and fetch the matron over."

"It'll be better for us to take her straight over to the female side," said the other, with prudent anxiety to be rid of the inconvenient charge.

The news spread rapidly that a woman, disguised as a groom, had been detected in the male reception, and the governor himself stepped over to the female wing of the prison to hear the rights of the story.

There she was, answering now to the name of Josephine Winter, and openly avowing her sex, although the name on her commitment was Joseph Smith, and the offence for which she was arrested—horse-stealing—was decidedly masculine. A roguish, not ill-favoured damsel, with a clear complexion, bold, wide-open, black eyes, and a sturdy, self-reliant air as she stood up before the governor in the blue-and-white check dress with its white coif and mob cap, and answered his questions coolly and off-hand. She had regained her natural effrontery with her proper attire.

"What's the meaning of this? How do you come to be masquerading as a man?" she was asked.

"Mayn't I wear what clothes I choose?" she replied insolently.

"You know you mustn't. And the idea! A little chit of a girl like you to run off with a horse sixteen hands high!"

"They dared me to it. No one liked riding it, so I up and did it. Rode twenty miles on him—there!"

"Stole it, in fact, and the clothes as well?"

"I didn't steal them. They're my brother's. I've as good a right to them as he has. Father paid for them."

"Who is your father? Where do you belong to?"

"Crewkerne Hall. Father's coachman there to Lady Sarah Furnival. It was her horse."

When all the facts came out, it was found that the girl's account was right in the main. Among the horses under her father's charge was a wild, fierce brute, bought by Mr. Furnival as a hunter, but which it was no pleasure for him to ride, and which he was anxious to be well rid of, but no one would buy.

Her brother, who was one of the helpers, looked after this brute, a tall, watery chestnut with a switch tail, and both hated and feared it. One day, after a more than usually ignominious adventure with the horse, in which he had been kicked off three times in quick succession, the lad, in reply to his sister's taunts, "dared her" to ride it.

The same night, without one word, she crept out of the house dressed in her brother's best suit, abstracted the stable key, saddled the horse herself, mounted him without assistance, and, bold as a Mexican horse-thief, galloped gaily away. She took the road to Harchester, ten miles distant, and, reaching the old cathedral town too early to dispose of the horse, pressed on another ten miles to Hawksfield.

There she sought some livery stables, and offered to sell him for a song. The price she asked was so ridiculously low—five pounds—that the dealer guessed what was wrong. He detained the horse, and sent for the police.

OFFERED TO SELL HIM FOR A SONG.

Lady Sarah Furnival was a kindly, philanthropic woman, who took deep interest in the people around her, especially the Winter family. When she heard of Josephine's escapade she was greatly concerned for the girl, whom she thought guilty of nothing more than flightiness and bravado. So when the stolen horse was safely sent back to the Crewkerne stables, she urged her husband to let the silly child off as easily as possible. There had been no real intention to steal, and now restitution had been made. Surely the matter might be dropped?

But Mr. Furnival took a sterner view of the case. He was a magistrate, and bound to uphold the law—to see that those who broke it met with their deserts. So Josephine was sent for trial at the assizes, where the judge was also rather hard on her. In spite of the extenuating circumstances, he felt it his duty to sentence her to three months' imprisonment.

Gaol life is not always improving. Prisoners are kept as much as possible apart, but they must meet and communicate at times. Josephine, after the first month, passed according to the Act in the strict privacy of her cell, went to one of the workrooms, where she found herself at the same table with a gipsy girl, Maimie Popple.

The two speedily became fast friends. There was a strong bond of sympathy between them, similar temperaments, similar tastes. Both were wild, harum-scarum, reckless creatures, full of exuberant life and spirits, equally affected by the irksome restraints and prolonged confinement. They were like a couple of caged birds, mad to flap their wings in freedom and take a bold flight anywhere.

Maimie had no particular loyalty to her gang or family. They had deserted her, left her to bear the blame of a series of depredations while they hastily decamped. She said she had taken no part in the thefts, and had received no sort of benefit from any of them. Nothing would induce her to go back to her people. If only Josephine would join with her, and stick to her as she would—" 'pon her God"—to Josephine, they might have a splendid time. Why, they could wander through the whole country, attend fairs and race-meetings, tell fortunes, sing songs, give entertainments, and be free as air.

"No one will touch us or interfere with us," went on Maimie to silence Josephine's apprehensions. "You shall be my Ro; put on your boy's duds and boss the business. You'll find me a true pal, s'elp me, I swear."

As Maimie was released first, she was to make all the arrangements. She was clever enough for anything, had money enough to buy a banjo for Josephine, and she herself owned a tambourine. These would be the properties, the stock-in-trade of the firm. The question of the male costume was more serious; if Maimie had any luck she would get some clothes, but she urged Josephine to claim those she had brought in with her. No one had a better right to them; the prison authorities could not stop them, and if they did, what was Josephine to wear?

This matter was happily disposed of by the kindly forethought of Lady Sarah Furnival, who sent a neat dress and all necessary articles of female apparel to be worn by Josephine on the day of release.

"I'll be waiting for you at the gate when you come out," said Maimie on her departure. "You come straight along with me. We'll spout your smart clothes and buy you a new rig-out. I know where to get it."

When the day arrived for her release, Josephine found to her great disgust that there were others awaiting her. Her mother and a young brother had come to receive and escort her back to Crewkerne, and for a moment she thought her plans were frustrated. Then she caught a glimpse of Maimie in a side street, and with a brief salutation—

"Morning, ma. That you, Ted? How's pa? Give him my love. Ta-ta!" Josephine took to her heels.

The movement was so sudden that she was out of sight before mother or brother realized what had happened. Under Maimie's pilotage she safely reached a place of concealment. Later in the day this precious pair sallied forth like modern troubadours to perambulate the world.

After that, in spite of a hue-and-cry, nothing was seen or heard of this madcap girl for some months. At last she was recognized and arrested on Harchester race-course. There was nothing against her or her companion, but the male disguise warranted Josephine's committal to Harchester Castle until her friends were summoned to take charge of her. Her father came this time, but she gave him the slip, and again joined her partner to resume their wandering life. She was now on the downward road, and, as it seemed, beyond all hope of reclamation. Her relations gave her up, only Lady Sarah Furnival continued to take a sorrowful interest in her, which culminated on hearing that she was in custody in the gaol nearest Crewkerne, Hawkspool, on a very serious charge.

The gipsy family to whom Maimie belonged had come upon her by chance, and tried hard to win her back to their caravan. They used every argument in vain, and at last a young Romany, who had long been an admirer of the truant girl, determined to secure her by force.

Josephine, in her *rôle* of male protector, resented this, and a fierce struggle ensued, in which she stabbed the gipsy lad, inflicting several serious and, as it was a long time feared, mortal wounds. She was taken red-handed, and, as her story was by this time pretty well known through Hawkshire, she took up her quarters on the proper side of Hawkspool. There she was soon visited by Maimie, who was in a state of wild, hysterical distress.

She had been the true cause of the quarrel; the blame and the punishment, whatever it was, should fall upon her. No doubt Lemuel (the wounded gipsy) lay in great danger of his life, but then he might recover; and, after all, why did he come between the two friends? Was there nothing she could do, no one to help them, in this sore strait?

Josephine had not forgotten Lady Sarah Furnival's kindness to her on other occasions. Perhaps her ladyship would intercede for her now. Maimie snatched at the suggestion thus offered, and declared she would go straight to Crewkerne Hall with an appeal.

A few days later, Lady Sarah Furnival came in person to call at the Hawkspool gaol. She did not come in her own carriage, but in a fly from the station, and on arrival at the prison-gates she sent in her card to the governor, with an urgent request that she might be allowed to see Josephine Winter, her coachman's daughter.

"There is no objection, I hope?" said Lady Sarah, when the governor came out in person, hat in hand, and helped his aristocratic visitor to alight.

She was richly dressed in a long sealskin, with a smart bonnet and brand-new gloves. Only she kept her veil down, and spoke in rather a mincing, affected voice, which the governor attributed to emotion.

"Oh, no objection. She is still awaiting trial, and entitled to see her friends, for the *bonâ fide* purpose of her defence."

"That is why I wish to see her. I should like to secure her a good counsel to defend her. I suppose it is a bad case?"

"If this gipsy boy dies, as seems most probable, it will be brought in murder, I feel sure."

"How horrible! and I have always liked the girl so much. But can I see her alone, please? Time is rather pressing."

Lady Sarah was at once admitted into the prison, shown into the governor's office while they went to fetch Josephine to the "visiting boxes."

"But surely I may see her in her own cell?" Lady Sarah said, protesting vigorously. "I want to speak to her, reason with her, console her as I best can, and for that I must be alone with her."

"It is against the rules, I am afraid," began the officials apologetically, yet not wishing to disoblige her ladyship.

"Stuff! not in my case," was the energetic reply. "I will go and get a positive order from a magistrate. My husband, or my uncle, Lord Crewkerne——"

"Well, my lady, we may strain a point with you; we should be sorry to offend your ladyship," said the governor, when the question was referred to him. "Will your ladyship come this way?" and Lady Sarah was led into the female wing.

The matron in person received her. It was the first occasion on which the great Lady Sarah, the principal personage in the neighbourhood, had visited the gaol, and every effort was made to do her honour. She was shown with much pomp, a great noise of unlocking and running back bolts, into the cell where Josephine cowered sulkily in a corner, and the prisoner was called sharply "to attention" like a soldier.

"Now, you Winter, make your manners!" but the girl would not curtsey till the order was repeated, and then did so ungraciously.

"Never mind, pray. Do not be cross with her. Josephine!" she continued, as she approached quite close, "my poor girl, you are in a very great trouble; but keep your courage up. I have come to help you."

An extraordinary change came over the prisoner at the very first sound of her visitor's voice. She started, coloured, then looked terribly frightened, and turned ghastly pale.

"Who is it? What do you want with me——" she began, stammering and in a great confusion, when she was interrupted by a sharp, peremptory whisper, which only reached her own ear.

"Don't be a fool. I am Lady Sarah. Recognize me at once."

"Oh, my dear good lady!" cried Josephine, recovering herself instantly, as she threw herself on her knees, and, seizing the other's hands, kissed them amidst tears and little sighs of gratitude.

"Can't we be alone—for just five minutes? Quick! Invent some excuse," whispered my lady, who was no other than Maimie.

Next moment Josephine fell back in simulated convulsions, and was kicking full length upon the floor.

"Run, run, all of you, get the doctor, some one; fetch things," cried Lady Sarah, as she bundled matron and assistant warder out of the cell, and—as they left, gently closed the door after them.

The two within were now alone, and free to act.

"Quick, Josephine, throw off your skirt and now your shoes. Put on mine, they'll fit you easily. Change your cap for my bonnet. I'll tie the strings. Now my sealskin. It will reach to your heels. There, tidy yourself up while I put on your things."

The whole transformation was performed in less than three minutes, and was completed long before the warders returned. As they found the cell door locked there was a further delay, during which a few last words were exchanged.

"What does it all mean?" asked Josephine.

"Escape."

"I cannot go and leave you here."

"You must. I don't mind. Go out directly they open the door. Say you've had enough of it. They'll let you through safe enough, and right out of the gaol. Take the fly, drive to the station, and get away."

"And you—you—what will you do?"

"Hurry, dear, no more jaw. Now's your chance. Imitate my voice. You've done it before now."

The stratagem was as successful as it was boldly conceived and carried out. Josephine was bowed out most civilly; her explanation that the recent scene was too much for her was accepted as quite natural and satisfactory. She found money in the pocket of the sealskin and a few lines scribbled by Maimie of notes and instructions.

"I broke into Crewkerne Hall last night. The family are all away. After what you told me I got hold of some of my lady's things, enough to make up like her, and you'll understand why, if ever you get this. I was bound to get you out of the 'stir.' It was all through me you went, and that galoot Lemuel. Well, now you are free. Lie close till they've done with me. I shall be copped, of course, and they'll bring the business of Crewkerne against me too. But I shan't get more than six months for the job, with this helping you to escape as well. So you go your ways, Josephine, and wait at the old place till I come out, and we'll have a high old time yet, never fear."

Maimie was not much out in her calculations. Six months was the sentence awarded her, and when that was concluded she sought out her friend; but the cleverly executed escape had benefited Josephine very little. She had been recaptured after being a month at large, and obliged to stand her trial for wounding with intent.

The award was penal servitude, and at the end of her time, when she hoped to recover touch with the friend who had really sacrificed herself for her, it was too late. Maimie had disappeared—gone back to her gang probably—but Josephine never saw her again. She herself returned to her friends, and eventually, through Lady Sarah Furnival, was sent to Australia, where she married, and when last heard of was entirely reformed.

# PART VI.—JUVENILE CRIME.

## CHAPTER I.

Prevention of crime better than its cure—Various kinds of preventives—Reformation not often effected by punishment—Police organization not a preventive always—True prevention can only be fully applied to the young—This the best explanation of decrease in adult crime—How juvenile offenders were dealt with prior to 1854—All went to gaol, which neither deterred the child from crime, nor reformed nor rescued him—Juvenile depravity widespread—Leary a type of the time—Still plenty of juvenile offenders—Children are by instinct criminals, but evil tendencies may and should be checked—Movement in 1851–3 towards the better care for and reformation of the young offender—Charles Dickens its most eloquent champion—Drastic change imperatively demanded—Objects of the first Reformatory School Act of 1854—Its powers permissive, but short committal to gaol imperative—This practice is both upheld and condemned—My opinion against it—Steady growth of reformatories—Creation of industrial schools for non-criminal children—One of the first, as it is the eldest of reformatories, the Farm School at Redhill—Industrial schools, and the powers entrusted to them—Results obtained by all these institutions for the young, as shown by statistics—Numbers which have passed through reformatories—Percentage of those who do well—Truant schools—Cost of these schools of detention—"Value commensurate with the outlay"—Schools generally satisfactory and successful—*Régime*, that of the establishment, but schools kept small so as to approximate to the family.

No one will deny the general principle that it is better and probably easier to prevent crime than repress it. Prevention is surely better than cure in social as well as in medical science. The conclusion may however be more readily accepted than the processes indicated by which it may be arrived at. To remove the causes of crime would be the simplest method if it were feasible. No doubt the greater diffusion of material well-being diminishes temptation to certain forms of wrong-doing, while higher education, a loftier code of ethics, based upon purer and more religious principles than at present hold sway, would tend to strengthen the moral fibre and increase the detestation of crime. But there was crime under the most Puritan *régime*, and philosophy itself has not always stifled the baser passions or turned its back upon *le bien d'autrui*. It is certain that crime is little affected by the dread of its consequences. The threat of the most severe reprisals has never yet prevented crime. As for punishment itself, which may be classed with prevention when it is a warning only, its incidence is indirect and generally too remote to be appreciable. Its influence is not much felt beyond the individual who has encountered it. One back will never smart much for the blows inflicted on another. Example is fine in theory, but Brown's trouble is not so acutely painful to Jones that it restrains Jones if he is drifting into evil ways.

A still more untrustworthy and generally unfruitful class of preventives are those which depend upon the curative action of imprisonment. Too much has always been expected from the reformatory effects of the gaol; much disappointment, much indignation have been expressed at the little good the prison has done the prisoner. One great English judge[1] has said that he hesitated to send culprits to gaol, because he feared he could not benefit them by so doing. "He was sure," he said, "that the greatest pains had been taken to make our prisons as useful as possible in the way of reformatories; as a matter of fact they were not so." The Lord Chief Justice has something perhaps to learn of the true meaning of reformation as applied to criminals, but it may fairly be asked whether to do a prisoner good is a judge's only reason for sending him to gaol. The public are inclined to think that a judge also holds the power of punishment for the vindication of society, and that society has a first claim upon him. Should however the Elmira methods obtain general support in this country, Lord Coleridge may have less compunction in subjecting those he sentences to gaol discipline.

Police organization must also be counted among preventive agencies, although not exactly in the sense here understood. No doubt the police do immense service to the public in anticipating would-be offenders, and so checking the commission of crime. It may, however, be said that the results they achieve depend rather upon negative figures, to which indeed some critics are disposed to give a hostile interpretation. These are they who deny that an alleged decrease of crime necessarily implies a decrease of offenders, and who argue that the decrease might also be attributed to police inactivity. Still it is a fact that the temporary withdrawal of police protection has speedily been followed by a recrudescence of crime. The brief paralysis of a portion of the Metropolitan police—even for a few hours—was sufficient to nearly wreck the West End. There can be no doubt that habitual offenders are afraid of the police, and that the dread of pursuit, the chance of detection enter largely into the calculations of the dangerous classes when preparing for crime. But police effort after all is directed mainly against crime in the concrete; it is rather an insurance against an established danger than a preventive against possible and still undeveloped crime.

---

[1] Lord Coleridge.

It is not until we touch upon prevention as applied to the young, whether as actual or only potential offenders, that we feel firm ground. Undoubtedly the best, the most paying method of dealing with crime is to attack it in the embryotic stage, in those early phases of growth when heredity and surroundings notwithstanding the stigma of birth may be effaced, the poison of evil communications escaped. Crime is thus cut off at its source, the foul stream that would swell the sewer flows into a broad, pure channel. This axiom is now fully acknowledged throughout the world, and nowhere more completely than in England. The full acceptance of the principle is already bearing good fruit with us. Beyond all question a principal cause of the steady diminution in crime in this country, a decrease proved by incontestable facts and figures,[1] is largely due to the greater care extended to youth while it is hovering on the borderland of crime. The child will benefit by treatment that is wasted upon the full-grown man. Crime may be avoided or fended off while still in the symptomatic stage; when the disease has declared itself, the time for prevention is passed, and cure becomes uncertain if not impossible.

In these days when the direct effect of penitentiary systems is more than doubtful, and penal institutions cannot pretend to greatly diminish adult crime, it is necessary to go to the root of the matter and deal with the criminal child, an expression which may be taken to include all youth that is uncared for, whether neglected, deserted, exposed to evil example, directly reared in evil ways, or actually depraved and guilty of crime.

How marked and marvellous a change has come over us in this respect, both as regards public opinion and public practice, will be best realized by comparing the past and present treatment of erring and neglected youth. Forty years ago, at a time antecedent to the great reformatory movement of 1851-4, there was no punishment, no means of disposing of the juvenile offender, except that of sending him to gaol, or, in other words, of legally drafting him into the community of criminals. The child was thus directly encouraged to take to dishonest ways. It was estimated by a painstaking gaol-chaplain about that time,[1] that 58 per cent. of the criminal classes began to practise crime before they were fifteen.

---

[1] See Prison Commissioners' Reports.

The gaol was the Government school for education in crime, and every form of judicial machinery was employed in sending the juvenile thither. The child was committed for almost every description of misconduct: the worst, which might be larceny; the least, trespass, ringing door-bells, or throwing stones. All alike ended in imprisonment. The first and heaviest sentence might be a term of years in the Parkhurst prison for boys, the lightest seven or fourteen days in Tothill Fields. Neither deterred the child criminal from crime, neither reformed or rescued him.

Boys laughed at imprisonment; they were in and out of gaol perpetually. Lads of thirteen or fourteen might be found among the prisoners who had already been sentenced ten, twelve, sixteen, or seventeen times, and all necessarily for short terms, some for three, four, or five days. Religious and moral improvement was little thought of; industrial training was impossible. Time did not admit of the teaching of a useful trade or handicraft. The childish fingers, and growing intelligence, which would soon have mastered the use of tools and acquired the artisan's skill, gained no proficiency but in "teasing" or picking oakum. All else that the boy prisoners acquired was an intimate acquaintance with the demoralizing interior of the gaol; all they carried away with them was the brand of enlistment into the flagitious army of crime.

---

[1] The Rev. Mr. Cley, chaplain of Preston prison.

In those days juvenile depravity was widespread; the very worst crimes were constantly committed by children of tender years. Youthful crime went organized in gangs. In every big city there were Dodgers with their schools; receivers who gave Artful Dodgers harbourage, and kept them fully occupied. There were said to be in London two hundred flash houses, frequented by six thousand boys who had no employment or means of livelihood but thieving.[1]

Here is a type of the juvenile criminal of that time. Leary was a lad, a mere child of thirteen, already under sentence of death for stealing a watch, chain, and seals, who in five years had passed all the phases of delinquency, from stealing apples to housebreaking and highway robbery. He had often gone to school of a morning with many pounds in his pocket, the produce of his robberies over-night. This lad became the captain of a gang named after him, numbering five or more, who issued forth of a night with a horse and cart, and cut trunks from behind travellers' carriages, which they rifled or carried off in the cart. Leary was once caught and committed to Maidstone Gaol, but he got off because his prosecutor did not appear. But London was his favourite hunting-ground, and there he took sometimes as much as £50 or £100 in a night. Once he had property of his own amounting to £350, but it was taken from him, or he squandered it in flash company. He was caught at last when committing a burglary in Kentish Town, and was sent to the Philanthropic Asylum, as the Red Hill Farm School was then called, one of the earliest, and at that time the only reformatory of the kind. He soon escaped, and was again guilty of robbery, for which he was taken and cast for death. But his extreme youth earned him a respite, and he was reprieved to be sent back to Redhill, from which, however, he again absconded. He continued his evil practices till at last he was captured and transported for life.

---

[1] Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 200.

It would be absurd to pretend that there are no more juvenile offenders. Crime must always show itself in the rising generation. If we are to believe the criminal anthropologists, all crime is precocious. It may indeed be admitted that all children are criminal by instinct. Whatever weight we may attach to this dictum, to whatever cause it may be attributed, whether the taint of original sin, the absence of controlling judgment, the nearer approach of the undeveloped child to the lower and more animal or savage type of the race, it is too often evident that the young display many of the worst passions, enlarged and exaggerated. That "there is nothing so cruel as the child," is a very old saying, proved by the fondness children show of inflicting pain; children are born liars, and are only taught to tell the truth by admonition and example.

This inherent natural depravity is a still stronger reason for devoting the utmost care to neglected juveniles. Where the child is well cared for, closely watched, and judiciously corrected, its unreasoning, irresponsible, vicious, and even criminal impulses checked betimes, as is the case among the easy, cultured classes, youthful misconduct makes little headway. Evil tendencies will show themselves in the offspring of the noblest, and in schools of the highest class, but they are not generally permitted to develop into offences which will swell the statistics of crime. The necessity for applying the same methods to the children of the masses, more particularly to those of the dangerous and improvident classes, has thus become an imperative duty, and it is to the credit of this country that the means and measures adopted are now so comprehensive and upon such a sensible footing.

The first Reformatory Act was passed in 1854. Philanthropy, both public and private, had however been directed long before this to the urgent need for preventive institutions. As early as 1756 the Marine Society had been founded, to clothe waifs and strays and send them to sea. In 1788, the City of London gave birth to the Philanthropic Society, which is still flourishing and full of vigorous life in its Farm School at Redhill. In 1838, the Parkhurst Act of Parliament was passed, which created an establishment for juveniles who accepted pardon on condition that they voluntarily entered some charitable reforming institution. This Act constituted the prison at Parkhurst for the detention and correction of such juvenile offenders, and Parkhurst only ceased to exist when the reformatory movement was fully established. The first Reformatory Act above-mentioned grew out of the Conference held at Birmingham in 1851, and again in 1853.

But before these conferences, their origin and inspiration indeed, the eloquent and powerful voice of Charles Dickens had been heard continually protesting against the neglect of our youth. The large heart of the great master had been stirred to its depths by the atrocious system, or want of system, in force; and I have it on the authority of one who knew him intimately,[1] that the subject was one which at all times roused him to passionate indignation; that at all seasons, at his own table, in private conversation, as well as on all public occasions, he denounced the treatment of our unfortunate juveniles as inhuman and unnatural; a monstrous evil calling for immediate reform. What he wrote on the subject—and his great pen was for ever attacking it—is still preserved to us, and I find in the earlier numbers of the *Household Words* such passages as the following:—"We condemn young criminals for not knowing certain moralities which we have not taught them, and—by herding them with accomplished professors of dishonesty in transit jails—punish them for immoralities which have been there taught them." . . . "After whipping and a few imprisonments, they (two juvenile offenders) will doubtless be boarded and instructed by fellow-prisòners into finished thieves." . . . "First the paternal Government allows its children to become thieves without a single effort at prevention; and then, when prevention is a work of very great difficulty, and requires a great expenditure of money and time to produce a doubtful result—or only 50 per cent. of ultimate good—then only the idea of education, instruction, and training in moral and personal habits, seems to occur to the sagacious minds of our legislators." . . . "The compulsory industrial education of neglected children, and the severe punishment of neglectful and unnatural parents are reforms to which we *must* come, doubt it who may. We can no more hope to make any great impression upon crime without these changes, than we could hope to extinguish Mount Vesuvius in eruption with a watering-pot, or stop its lava flood with a knitting-needle."[1] The reform has come, and the truth of these pregnant words is now most fully proved.

---

[1] Mr. J. C. Parkinson.

The time had arrived for protesting against existing methods, the futility of which was not less plainly marked than their danger; not only had all repressive measures failed, but their inefficacy was rapidly fostering and developing the very evils they were expected to counteract. Crime was being so constantly reinforced from below by the continual accession of the younger contingents, that it threatened ere long to overrun the country. Statistics were not then kept with the accuracy and nicety of to-day, but it was calculated by Mr. Mayhew,[1] that between 11,000 and 12,000 juveniles passed annually through the prisons of England and Wales, a third of the whole number being contributed by London alone. In 1854, more positive evidence fixed this number at 14,000. The ages varied from under 12 to 17; sixty per cent. of the whole were between 14 and 17; forty-six per cent. had been re-committed more than once; but eighteen per cent. had been sent to gaol four times and more. It will be instructive as well as satisfactory to compare these figures, as I shall do presently, with those afforded by the latest statistics of Reformatory Schools.

---

[1] *Household Words*, vols. i. and iii., 1850-1.

Every religious, moral, and social reason combined to call for some drastic change. For the better protection of the body politic some remedy, some reform was imperatively required. Right-minded people moreover were aghast at the thought of so much valuable seed going hopelessly wrong, and there were among them a sufficient number of wisely resolute leaders to organize and secure another system of procedure. This was brought about by the first Reformatory School Act of 1854, the main principle of which was to convert these old unofficial establishments, created and supported by private benevolence, into places for the legal detention of juvenile offenders. The Act confirmed the right of voluntary control; gave legal powers over the inmates, and guaranteed Government aid to be accompanied by Government inspection. The intention was to substitute the school for the gaol.

---

[1] *The Great World of London*, p. 380.

The first Reformatory Act was permissive and experimental, but later legislation has continued its provisions. All judicial benches were and are now empowered to send children to schools who had been guilty of acts punishable by short imprisonment. The limit at first was fourteen days; it is now ten days. If the child is under ten years of age there must have been a previous conviction. In every case a preliminary committal to gaol for the short period is indispensable, and as this is, to many minds, the sole remaining blot on our present mode of dealing with juvenile delinquency, I will pause for a moment to consider the question.

The practice although very generally condemned is not without its defenders. It was strenuously upheld as necessary by the vast majority of the most experienced managers and superintendents who were present at the Birmingham Conference on Reformatories and Industrial Schools. Such experienced persons as the Rev. Sydney Turner considered the preliminary imprisonment most salutary. Where there had been none, he had found the reformatory process slow; the prison had made a good moral impression on the little culprit; he was always the better for the first "moderate amount of corrective punishment." The late Lord Iddesleigh, who had maintained a private reformatory at his own charges, thought the committal to gaol essential. Removal thence to the reformatory was the first step in a new life; the boy left behind him his offence with its punishment in the gaol. He should look upon the reformatory as a "home for a new start in the path of honesty and rectitude." Others, again, argue that to dispense with the preliminary imprisonment would be to sacrifice a considerable deterrent influence. Boys, it is urged, fear to be sent to gaol, but they have no dread of the reformatory. Yet it is a fact that many magistrates, especially in Scotland, will not avail themselves of the Reformatory Act, because of the necessity for imprisonment. Mr. Morrison of Glasgow considers the present system wholly pernicious; he believes that the child leaves prison with a brand he can never escape for the rest of his life. Perhaps the most valuable opinion on the subject is that of Colonel Inglis, H.M. Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, who is pretty positive that the sooner the preliminary imprisonment is abolished the better. To do so, he says, would be a step in the right direction. Colonel Inglis, in his last Report,[1] expresses a hope that "any imprisonment of children in this or any other country will soon be a thing of the past."

I have no hesitation in throwing the weight of personal experience against it. I have had frequent opportunities of observing children in prison, and I may be able to contribute something to the controversy from another and less familiar point of view.

[1] 1892.

In my opinion the imprisonment of the young in ordinary gaols is an unmixed evil, fruitful of bad consequences, entirely barren of good. The deterrent influence of the gaol which is claimed as the chief excuse of the practice does not exist. How can it, when its effects are only experienced for ten or fourteen days? On whom does it act?—on the boy or girl subjected to imprisonment? But it is too late to deter them,—the mischief in their case is already done; nor can it be effective in the future, for the prisoner is going on to a reformatory for a term of years, and when free to re-commit himself he is no longer a boy. Can it be expected to deter other children, those not yet criminal, but hovering only on the brink? The fear of gaol was quite ineffective in deterring the thousands of juveniles who, before the Reformatory Acts were passed, continually crowded our gaols.

On the other hand, the evil lies very close to the surface, and is patent to all who have any acquaintance with the gaol interior. A prison is no place for a child. With the most ample and effective safeguards, positive contamination instantly ensues. It has been asserted that the so-called "prison taint" is quite imaginary. Not so. There is harm, injury, deterioration in the very air; in every sight and sound, in the prison dress, the prison cell, the bolts and bars, the diet, discipline, daily routine; above all, in the near neighbourhood and occasional view of full-grown criminals; and although speech or intercourse with them is strictly forbidden, the child is quick to take up new impressions which in the gaol must be of the most corrupting kind. No juvenile offender can be exactly innocent when he enters gaol, although I have seen children of tender years imprisoned for nothing worse than picking a flower, playing pitch-and-toss, or trespassing in a field, but he will certainly leave it far worse than when he came in. I cannot believe that any manager of a Reformatory prefers to receive his little charges with the prison mark upon them; they are far better without it, he may be sure. Some children may be cowed or crushed by it; its memory may for a time urge them to better behaviour; but many more gain from it an air of bravado, of misplaced pride in the terrible experience they have undergone. The great bulk learn in gaol the dangerous knowledge that prison is not so terrible after all. Familiarity with it breeds the proverbial contempt, for they usually escape its utmost rigours. It would be impossible, often sheer cruelty, to subject these bright-eyed, chubby-cheeked little rogues to the more severe restraints and restrictions; on the contrary, the prevailing attitude is one of pity, often of infinite pity, towards the prisoners of tender years. Governor, chaplain, and doctor are alike soft-hearted and solicitous; and I have been sometimes strongly tempted myself, when I have found an especially infantile male offender in the dull unlovely solitary cell, to order his transfer forthwith to the female side; where he might live in a nursery and have motherly care. If preliminary punishment of a penal character is essential as a precursor to reformatory treatment, it should be enforced in some other place than the common gaol.

It soon became evident that the Reformatories as a correctional agency were doing excellent service, and their numbers steadily increased, so that in 1862 there were 65 such schools. But with enlarged experience their managers began to realize that there were many among the rising generation who were neglected and unfortunate rather than depraved, and for whom entirely preventive rather than punitive treatment was required. This conclusion led to the establishment of Industrial Schools under an Act passed in 1857, and their growth was very rapid. In 1862 there were 45; in 1866, 57; in 1878 the number had more than doubled, and was 127; in 1888 it was 150; and now in 1892 it is 153; these totals including also the 12 truant schools established in 1878. At the same time the Reformatories have decreased in number to 52; in other words, the increased care bestowed upon the non-criminal children in these industrial schools has diminished the demand for accommodation in the penal or reformatory schools.

Our Reformatories, although differing in the details of organization, have all a strong family likeness, and a description of one will give a pretty good idea of all. One of the best is the Farm School at Redhill, practically the eldest of such institutions in this country. It was in 1788 that the newly-formed Philanthropic Society of London hired three or four cottages in the village of Hackney as an asylum for young offenders, or the offspring of convicted felons left destitute by their parents' death or transportation. Each cottage constituted a family of twelve, and its head was a gardener, a tailor, or a shoemaker, who was to teach his charges his own particular trade. Four years later the Society moved to St. George's-in-the-Fields, and opened a large institution for the "promotion of industry and the reform of the criminal poor." It was so successful in its treatment of neglected and vicious children that it obtained in 1806 a special Act of incorporation, and was defined in its preamble as "a charity which had been of considerable use and advantage to the public, in the protection of poor children, and the offspring of convicted felons, and the reformation of children who have been themselves engaged in criminal practices." The Society as the years ran on continued to deserve its good name. Its successful labours were noted, and its frugal administration of its funds was commended warmly by the Police Committee of the House of Commons in 1817. Between that date and 1848 the institution was worked on the same lines at St. George's-in-the-Fields. Boys—and the school was in 1845 limited to males—began at the "Reform," a branch building, where a severe discipline was imposed, and thence they passed into the "manufactory" for industrial training. After this had continued for a period of from one to three years, each boy was apprenticed, or sent out into the world to employment found by his school or his friends.

A radical change in the character of the institution was made in 1849 following a visit paid by some of its committee to Mettray,[1] the great French agricultural colony, which was now attracting universal attention. It was resolved to move into the country, where an open-air life and out-door occupations would be likely, as at Mettray, to give better results both in health and training. Funds were obtained by subscriptions and the sale of London property, and the first stone of the Farm School at Redhill was laid by Prince Albert in 1849. The change was undoubtedly for the better, and it was soon found that out-of-door employment under judicious oversight, produced excellent results in London-bred boys.

The organization of the Farm School is that of the family, and it consists really of five separate and distinct schools, each under a master of its own; the object being to secure the domestic character of the small home, and the direct influence of authority over a small number of individuals, with the advantages of a large and comprehensive scheme of general management. Now, after forty-five years of useful labour, the Farm School at Redhill can claim to have accomplished great things. The education is most practical, beginning with field labour, for a time dependent on conduct and industry, after which each boy may choose one of several useful trades or handicrafts. The great test of results is the after conduct of the boys who have passed out of the school, and in this respect Redhill can point to the very highest figures. Out of 347 boys discharged in the last four years, 221 were disposed of at home, and the remainder by emigration to the colonies. Of the first-named, 200 were doing well; of the latter, 114; so that the percentage has been 92·7 of the home disposals, and 91·2 of the emigrants, who have not relapsed into misconduct. Such figures speak for themselves, and entitle the Redhill Farm School not only to every praise, but to the fullest support of the charitably disposed. For it must always be borne in mind that these most useful institutions are to a very large extent dependent for existence upon voluntary contributions. Nor must it be forgotten that it is essentially an agricultural undertaking, and as such closely identified with and seriously affected by the long prevailing agricultural depression in this country. So useful and deserving an institution can never be suffered to disappear, but it is nevertheless the fact that its income has steadily decreased in recent years, and that it urgently needs enlarged public support.

---

[1] See *post*, p. 413.

Next as to the Industrial Schools. That the uses of these are also most undoubtedly beneficent and far-reaching is now fully acknowledged. What they are doing and have done is best shown by the powers entrusted to them. They are entitled to receive all children of less than fourteen who are charged before a magistrate with mendicancy, vagrancy, without home, guardians, or visible means of subsistence; who are found destitute either as orphans, or having parents in prison; who frequent the company of reputed thieves, or who under the latest Act as amended in 1880 frequent or reside in bad houses. These powers may be called into exercise by any one, and it is the extensive machinery, parochial, philanthropic, police, and school-board, which is always active for this good purpose, that has so greatly helped the good work by keeping the industrial schools continually full. Their discipline and management scarcely differs from those of the reformatory schools; but their character is not the same. Although enforced detention is the rule, there is nothing penal about them; the industrial school-child is a pupil, and although not a free agent, of course—no school-boys are—by no means a prisoner.

Two other classes of school must be briefly described to obtain a complete idea of the system now in force. These are the truant schools intended for the naughty children who have broken the Education Acts, and whom the school-boards fail to manage; and the day industrial schools also for those who have set school-boards at defiance.

It will be well now to examine the processes at work in these several sorts of schools, and to estimate the progress made by the results shown in the official statistics. These, briefly recapitulating, are, (1) the reformatories, for children actually convicted of crime; (2) the industrial schools, for children neglected, deserted, of evil parentage, fast drifting into crime; (3) the workhouse schools, which deal with much the same classes; and (4) the truant and day industrial schools, for children who despise or are losing the advantages of the boon of compulsory education.

Since the first Reformatory School Act of 1854 the total number of young offenders passed through these schools in Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales) has been 45,192 boys, and 10,111 girls. The number of annual committals has varied, but it leaves off at a considerable decrease. Thus in 1855 they were 331 boys and 78 girls, but in 1865 they were 1256 and 337; in 1875, 1200 and 254; in 1885, 1260 and 237; in 1891, 1072 and 199. These last figures were the lowest in recent years, the highest having been 1532 and 354 in 1877. In order to judge of the change effected by the new system, these figures must be contrasted with the committals to prison during the same years. In 1856 (the Report does not give the return for 1855) the number of boys and girls sent to gaol in England and Wales alone[1] was 11,808 of the former and 2173 of the latter; in 1865, when the reformatory schools were in full working order, there were 8350 boys and 1290 girls; in 1875, 6319 and 893; in 1885, 4245 and 568; in 1891 it had fallen to 3465 and 390. It must be remembered that these totals include under the compulsory rule of preliminary imprisonment all the juveniles sent to reformatory schools; and it will be seen on comparing the totals that a considerable number are still sent to prison without the subsequent committal to school. In other words, the reformatory schools are even now not utilized to the full. According to the latest return, that of December 31, 1891, the total numbers of juveniles under detention in the 52 schools (43 English and 9 Scotch) on that day were nominally 4862 boys and 719 girls; but of these 759 boys and 77 girls were on licence or in employment at large; 31 boys and 1 girl had absconded, and twelve boys were in prison.

---

[1] The Report does not give any figures for Scotland.

As to the results obtained, the published reports are exceedingly satisfactory. There is a slight discrepancy[1] in the returns of admission and discharges as given in two places of Col. Inglis' last report, in the body of which he gives the first at 54,144 of both sexes, and the second 48,560 of the same; whereas Appendix iii. (c.), which I have quoted in the preceding paragraph, gives these somewhat higher. But taking the discharges at 39,554 boys and 9006 girls, of these 36,648 boys were sent to employment or service, placed out through friends, emigrated, enlisted, or sent to sea; and of the girls 8064 had emigrated, gone to places, or employment.

More detailed figures are given for the three years last before the reports of 1888, 1889, and 1890.

---

[1] Due, no doubt, to deductions for death, transfer, &c.

During that period 3711 boys and 547 girls had been discharged; of these 79 per cent. of the boys were doing well, 2 per cent. were doubtful, 5 unknown, and 14 per cent. had relapsed and gone to gaol. The percentage of girls was 76 per cent. doing well, 10 per cent. unknown, 9 per cent. doubtful, and 5 per cent. had been re-convicted. The number of offenders in English and Welsh prisons identified as old reformatory inmates was 524 males and 25 females; in Scotch prisons these numbers were 204 males and 4 females.

Yet numerous difficulties crop up to hamper school managers and defeat their best efforts for the disposal of their inmates when enlarged. The children's parents are often a stumbling-block. The worst of course are the most troublesome, and having neglected or ill-used their offspring in their tender years, try to reassume authority when they have arrived at wage-earning age. These unnatural guardians, who were often the predisposing cause of the children's committal, now claim their services, protest against apprenticeship, or find fault with the situations and employment suggested. Fortunately a new brief Act has placed the managers of a reformatory *in loco parentis*, and empowered them to dispose of lads as they consider right. They would perhaps do better with their charges if they were able to license them sooner than at present, which cannot be until eighteen months of the term of detention has expired. As Colonel Inglis says, "The transition state between complete subjection and complete freedom which a term of licensing means, is most valuable as keeping the juvenile under supervision and care until he can take care of himself." More too might perhaps be gained from the reformatory schools if they might receive inmates at a rather more advanced age. At present sixteen is the limit, but Colonel Inglis thinks juveniles might be admitted up to seventeen and even eighteen.

The industrial schools, as I have already said, have made very remarkable progress; their number in 1892, exclusive of truant schools, was 141, of which 107 are in England and 34 in Scotland, and the total number under detention on December 31, 1891, was 14,589 boys and 4396 girls. The growth of the industrial school population has been unceasing. The admissions during 1862 were 422 boys and 169 girls; in 1867 they had risen to 1444 boys and 539 girls; in 1873 to 2684 and 622; in 1883 to 4469 and 907; in 1891 they were only 3444 and 924, mainly because the schools had no room, and as a matter of fact the total population was higher by 139 boys and 131 girls than the previous year. It is interesting to note, and the fact may be commended to the notice of ratepayers, that as many as 2069 children were sent at the instance of school-boards, who make a very substantial contribution to school funds. Altogether during the 30 years of their existence, a total of 73,962 boys and 20,035 girls have been admitted to the industrial schools, and 42,278 boys have been discharged to situations or employment, and 13,145 girls. The strictness of the discipline no less than the refractory character of these children is shown by the number, 1138 boys, and 200 girls, who had to be committed to the reformatory schools. The number absconded during the same period of 30 years was 1240 for boys and 194 for girls.

Looking now to the results, I find it recorded that for the triennial period of 1888, 1889, and 1890, out of a total of 9089 boys and 2307 girls discharged, 86 per cent. of the former and 83 per cent. of the latter were doing well; the doubtful and unknown cases being exceedingly small. The general triennial percentage is, however, somewhat higher than that of the one year 1890. I notice also that the percentage is better, 92 for boys and 91 for girls, in the Scotch schools.

The total admissions to truant schools since their establishment in 1878 have been 14,719, but of these great numbers have been re-admitted more than once, showing that the schools are not quite efficient. There are 21 day industrial schools, which received in all during 1891, 3796 children. They do not appear to be much appreciated by the school-boards, for whose service they were originally devised. Yet they are well managed, mostly by women, who are kind and motherly to the little mites who arrive without the slightest notions of discipline, and yet soon grow orderly and quiet. The children are well taught, neatness and cleanliness are insisted upon, and the schools generally are doing good work in keeping their pupils out of mischief and away from the streets during the day, while not entirely severed.

Speaking generally of the "schools of detention," Colonel Inglis is convinced that they are well worth the money that is spent on them. The outlay is no doubt great and increasing. A few figures must be quoted here to give some general idea of the cost to the public of this latest and most effective branch of moral legislation. The total cost of the reformatory schools in 1891 was £117,836 7*s.* 5*d.*, more than half of which, viz. £74,423 14*s.* 6*d.*, was contributed by the Treasury out of imperial funds; £22,388 14*s.* 7*d.* was paid by the rates; £5171 13*s.* 1*d.* by the parents, and £3274 0*s.* 3*d.* by legacies and private subscriptions. This outlay is less than in some previous years; in 1878 it had reached its highest, viz. £139,327 0*s.* 10*d.*; and in the early days of the schools, as in 1856, it was as low as £72,893 10*s.* 8*d.* At those dates the Treasury grant was proportionally much the same, but the private support, as was to be expected at the initiation of the movement, was five times as much as it is now, and in 1856 amounted to £16,168 19*s.* 6*d.* The cost of the industrial schools has progressed steadily with their increasing scope and usefulness. In 1891 the expenditure on them was £386,351 10*s.* 6*d.*, made up of the following contributions: from the Treasury, £196,404 19*s.* 5*d.*; from parents, £16,764 4*s.* 5*d.*; from rates, £43,122 5*s.* 1*d.*; from school-boards, £69,017 8*s.* 11*d.*; and from private subscriptions, £34,006 6*s.* 7*d.* In one year antecedent, that of 1885, the expenditure was a little more, and the contributions varied, those from rates, school-boards, and private subscriptions being higher, and the Treasury grant less. But except for this year 1885, the cost has been more and more year after year from 1856, when it was only £58,701 4*s.* 8*d.* By 1870 it had risen to £188,778 14*s.* 10*d.*, and in 1880 it was £316,175 0*s.* 6*d.* The foregoing figures include the cost of truant schools from the year of their establishment, 1878. The day industrial schools cost, in 1891, £28,228 18*s.* 11*d.*, as against £3272 7*s.* in 1879, when first created; £13,494 in 1882, and £20,340 7*s.* 5*d.* in 1888. Commenting on these figures Colonel Inglis remarks, "There is no doubt that the value of the schools to the public is commensurate with the outlay, and the community at large profit by the withdrawal of so many children from the ranks of the pauper and criminal classes."

The means by which these results have been obtained must have much to recommend them. Reformatory and industrial schools are, on the face of it, satisfactory because they are so successful. Throughout, their distinguishing feature is the judicious mingling of religious and secular education with industrial training. The schools are denominational, each receiving inmates of its own religious persuasion only. The hours of instruction are divided into three for school-room work, five for industrial, while two hours must be given daily for recreation. The training comprises instruction in all kinds of handicraft — shoemaking, tailoring, carpentering, smith's work, bookbinding, printing, turning; and in the country districts in agricultural employment; while the training-ships naturally train their pupils for the sea. Girls are without exception trained for domestic service, and taught to sew and knit, and become proficient as laundresses. In all cases the great object sought is the formation of habits of work, of application, and of industry. All this is inculcated by precept and example, but the school authorities possess means of correction and coercion if fairer methods fail. Still, as Colonel Inglis reports, corporal punishment is less relied upon than it was in old days, and more dependence is placed on moral influences. But the birch and cane in England, and the "tawse" in Scotland, have not yet disappeared, and it is necessary to appeal to personal chastisement in refractory cases. It must not be forgotten that few of the worst boys reach a reformatory without making acquaintance with the rod. In many districts magistrates order whipping by the police before adopting their final powers of committal to prison and reformatory.

It will be understood that the *régime* of the schools throughout is for the most part that of the "establishment," or "congregate," as opposed to the "family" system, akin to that of "boarding out," which has so many ardent supporters. As a matter of fact the family system or something approximating to it is already in force in the largest schools, where the division is into houses, each containing a small managable number of "family" under an "official father" or head. Moreover, the principle of keeping schools small, so strongly recommended, tends in the same direction, and this is very generally adopted in nearly all industrial schools but those on board training-ships. As for "boarding out," official opinion is against it, and Colonel Inglis does not think that it can be worked in conjunction with industrial schools, or in substitution for them. Another weighty authority has also declared against the suggestion. Dr. F. I. Mouatt, vice-president of the Royal Statistical Society, in a paper contributed by him to the proceedings of the St. Petersburg Prison Congress[1] of 1890, mentions many of the objections to the system. One of the first is that the "boarded out" child, being a source of income and profit to the family, is really in a better position than the born offspring of the house; an argument that was convincing to the logical mind of the late Professor Fawcett. Again, the value of the domestic training, on which so much stress is laid, is of very uncertain quantity, and entirely dependent upon the chance character and fitness of the parents secured—in reality bought in the open market. However carefully selected, these foster-parents cannot always be the right people, nor can they always be easily watched and controlled. Dr. Mouatt has not much faith in "purchasable affection"; nor does he think it likely to equal, certainly not to prove superior to, that of the conscientious official of the organized school, working in the full light of inspection and public opinion. Again, the industrial training so vital to the improvement of the juvenile is sure to be less systematic and continuous in most private homes than in the well-governed school. Family life, even with every advantage, must be inferior to the school in the matter of discipline. Those children who have defied parental control, or broken out into open lawlessness, need the firm uniform treatment of the establishment at least for a time.

---

[1] Vol. iv. p. 133.

It seems as if some combination of the two systems would be likely to satisfy the two extremes of opinion, and give the most satisfactory results. The theory of the provision of a "home" is sound in principle, and might be applied with excellent effect in a great number of cases, where the child is teachable and well disposed, although it is sometimes liable to abuse; but it would probably fail with the more turbulent natures who need the wholesome discipline and regular restraints of the school. When their spirit however is once tamed and directed into the proper channels, these two might be sent with advantage into private life to complete their education. In other words, the family *régime* is only suited for children of tender years, who have no distinctly depraved tendencies, and who are rather unfortunate than bad. Older children, whose moral sense is weak, or who have already committed themselves, would only deteriorate further unless brought under stricter rule than they would find in the private home. But they might also after a certain period of probation be sent out on licence to work among honest folk, pending good behaviour.

At the present moment, however, one of the most prosperous British colonies, that of Victoria, is practising "boarding out," for which it has unhesitatingly declared, as eminently calculated to ensure the education and industrial training of children, while "merging them with those of the general community." It has been absolutely substituted for "institution life," in all cases of children destitute and neglected, and of juvenile offenders of less than twelve years of age. The experiment is based upon conclusions opposed to those generally arrived at in this country, and it will be interesting to observe how far it succeeds. The example set by Victoria has been followed in New Zealand and New South Wales, and the same views are very much in favour in Canada.

dozen bonfires blazed high into the midnight sky; wild figures, looming black against the brilliant, incandescent light, leapt madly and with exulting yells from bush to bush; and the conflagration, following close in their track, seemed rapidly gaining ground. But by degrees the strength and boldness of the farm-servants, who beat out the flames with long poles, overmastered them, and saved the farm buildings. This lasted until daybreak, and then was a hue and cry for the authors of the outrage. Farmer Venn's people spread out far and wide, hunting like sleuth-hounds on the trail.

"Whoo-oop! Gone to ground!" cried Reuben, the herdsman, as he unearthed a couple of cowering creatures from a quarry-hole below the common.

They were little lads in the uniform of the Lofthouse Reformatory.

"Bring 'em along," said the farmer, who had headed the chase. "We'll lock them up in the red barn."

Presently a labourer brought in a couple more.

"Found 'em in the stackyard, sur. This tall chap had got right into a haystack, and made hisself a bed."

Half-a-dozen others were caught concealed below the overhanging banks of the burn; three more were in the sheepfold, out on the wolds; odd ones were picked up here and there, lying among the tall shafts of the standing corn.

The whole were taken red—or, or more exactly, black—handed. Their skins were burnt and blistered by their incendiary fires; their coarse brown fustian clothes were torn and stained and scorched by the night's proceedings.

"Who's to make good my damage?" asked Farmer Venn, ruefully. "I shall have a claim against the county, I suppose; but I'd like to pay myself a bit first with a cart-whip. Well, perhaps they'll be flogged enough by and by. Young devilskins! Where do they come from? Looks as if the whole 'formatory had broken bounds."

And so it had. One hundred and twenty-seven boys of all ages, from eleven to fifteen, the collective juvenile crime of the neighbourhood, had bolted, in one simultaneous exodus, from the great Lofthouse Farm School, and were still at large, many of them, in the district.

Reports of their depredations came in hourly—hen-roosts robbed, orchards and gardens laid waste, the young pheasants swept off their feeding-grounds, sheep worried, cattle milked, streams netted, the potato-fields had been rooted up, and the tubers baked in rudely-built kitchen-fires. A few of the most daring had broken into the isolated cottages, and made free with anything—food, clothes, money—that they found.

By degrees the staff of the reformatory, aided by the county police and the only too willing support of the county folk, recaptured the bulk of the fugitives.

They all told the same tale. All were filled with unfeigned contrition, after the manner of evil-doers when caught and about to suffer condign punishment for their sins. Of course, too, none of them were greatly to blame. It was not their fault: if the idea had not been put into their heads they never would have dreamt of such an escapade.

Ebenezer Trowse was at the bottom of it all. He was still absent, and could not be called upon to rebut the charge. But there must have been something in it. Every boy, when questioned, bore witness against him.

Trowse, if all their stories were true, must have been a remarkable boy. I remembered having seen him in the Burport Gaol, to which he had been committed as an accessory in a very serious crime. A sturdy, self-reliant youth, with all the bold, unbending nature of the Yorkshireman inherited from the Dane. His outward looks indicated his mental character. There was cool, calculating courage in his clear, pale-brown eyes; firmness in the well-cut mouth; bull-dog tenacity in the lower jaw. He had a lithe, active frame, square, high shoulders, light flanks, and a straightforward, upstanding demeanour that meant combativeness, dogged and obstinate, if he were opposed.

As a prisoner he was intractable. The restraint was most irksome to him; the close, confined air of a gaol oppressed him terribly after the freedom of his previous life. Yet it had been a hard one. He was one of an often-suffering and ill-used class—the Burport fishing-lads, bound to the business by the parish overseers, an apprentice in the eye of the law, but practically a slave, subject to the cruel caprices of a brutal skipper, who "hazed" him and his comrade morning, noon, and night. Their backs paid for everything—the foul weather that often made their smack a floating hell; the battering winds and scanty takes of fish that kept them too long at sea. If the captain knocked either of them down, the "crew"—Jack Welford by name, who alone composed it—kicked him up again, and gave him "what for" for falling. The existence led by these two wretched lads was as bad as that of the cabin-boy in "Snarley Yow."

But one day the worm turned. A terrible tragedy was enacted on board *The Pride of Burport*, the truth concerning which was never exactly known. Amos Splent was held to have been the prime mover, but grave suspicion also rested upon Ebenezer Trowse. One or other of them—both together, perhaps—had wreaked a terrible revenge upon their principal tormentor. When Jack Welford was watch below, and asleep in his bunk, he was aroused by a wild yell and the fall of something heavy on deck.

Rushing up, he found the skipper stabbed to the heart, and Amos, mad with passion, brandishing his clasp-knife at Ebenezer, who had closed with him in the bold attempt to wrest the weapon from him. Welford joined in the conflict, but Amos broke away from them, ran aft, and jumped overboard. A rough sea was running, and it was certain death to follow him. They tried to launch the dinghy from the deck, but before it touched the water Amos had disappeared.

"Drowning was too good for that young savage. He's cheated the hangman. I'll wager you were in it too," said Jack Welford, with an oath, as he seized Ebenezer by the throat. "Anyway, tell me all you know about it. How came you to be on deck? You're in my watch, and should have been below."

"I ran up when I heard the rumpus. S'elp me, Jack, I know nothing more."

"You may tell that to the beak, for I'll give you to the police as soon as we've got the hooker into port. Blest if I believe your hands are clean."

The lad was accordingly arrested, and tried for his life as an accessory to the murder. But when he was arraigned he spoke up for himself so stoutly, defended himself so cleverly, dwelt so strongly on the absence of any direct evidence against him, that he was acquitted of the graver charge. It was but too well known in Burport how grievous was the lot of the fisher-lads, and much sympathy was felt for Trowse. In the end the judge sentenced him to a nominal imprisonment, to be followed by seven years in a reformatory.

Trowse, as I have said, was not very tractable in gaol. He was as mischievous as a monkey; his nimble fingers, which made short work of his daily oakum, were perpetually busy—carving and cutting, hacking, hewing cell-door, cell-furniture, walls, windows, everything, with any rough tools that he himself could manufacture and secrete. He was for ever in trouble on this account, and his misconduct was always aggravated by an insolent, insubordinate tongue.

I was appealed to, and, on inquiry, thought the lad was simply suffering from superabundant energy, and that his efforts were misdirected because they found no legitimate vent.

At my suggestion he was sent into the carpenter's shop, where he soon proved most useful. His conduct, too, was exemplary. Had he remained long in Burport—where he had been allowed a copy of the *Popular Educator* from the prison library and a book on technical carpentering—he would have become an excellent artisan. He took with him a reputation for handiness to the Lofthouse Reformatory, and for a couple of years or more he was one of the most docile and industrious of its inmates. The managers of the school were his fast friends, and now completely scouted the notion that he could have been in any way a party to the crime in which he was supposed to have been involved. He worked at every handicraft in turn, and became a proficient in many trades; was a good carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, sawyer. He could cook, patch clothes, and mend shoes. With all this he was fond of his books, picked up his lessons quickly, learnt readily, and read everything he could lay his hands on—

history, fiction, and especia certain death to fo
adventure. the dinghy from

It must have been something in ater Amos ha branch of literature that kindled in him dissatisfied spirit that gradually possessed savage. ere long led him astray. Although as yet b fifteen, he began to hate his present life as uneventful and circumscribed. He wanted to d something, be somebody; his mind was for ever distracted with ambitious dreams, born of a certain inward consciousness of capacity. He was not only a clever boy with a busy, well-developed brain, but he had the rare gift of leadership, and exercised an extraordinary influence over his fellows. As he pined and brooded seeking some suitable outlet for his energy, he created at last a great scheme, which embraced the whole school, but the full extent and meaning of which were understood by himself alone.

A born organizer, silent, crafty, and full of resource, he planned a vast conspiracy worthy of a Fenians' carbonari or any other secret society. He had his headquarters in each house, for the Lofthouse Reformatory was on the system of Mettray, and consisted of several detached farms or cottages, each under its own head, who governed his little community like a father his children. The head agents appointed sub-agents, the latter the rank and file. Secrecy was the first rule of the order, then obedience.

But Trowse knew boy-nature too well to suppose that either law would be long observed, and the very day that he gained his last recruit he gave orders to begin the outbreak. A little before midnight the inmates of every house were to escape without noise, and take to the fields. The method of escape was by a ground-floor window, and when once free each party was to follow a particular line—Trowse knew the neighbouring country by heart—till they reached a particular point, then to spread out far and wide and commence their depredations. The distribution of the truants was so cleverly planned that long before dawn they covered the whole district. What mischief they did—burning bush and hayrick, ravaging, plundering, and levying contributions—we have already seen.

Trowse's chief object was to divert attention from himself. His schoolfellows were merely pawns in a bigger game he was playing for his own gratification and amusement. He knew that the hue and cry would be raised, that it was impossible to allow so many evil-disposed young vagabonds at large for long, and he hoped that while the hunt was hot after them, and they were retaken, one by one, he might himself evade pursuit for a time; perhaps altogether. Using greater precautions, and following out a well-laid plan of his own, he meant to lie *perdu*, and enjoy himself for ever and a day.

Everything fell out as he had anticipated: escapade, indignant outcry, pursuit, recapture. The whole of the boys, sadder and sorer, were once more safe within the reformatory, four only excepted, and these were Ebenezer Trowse and his three chosen and most intimate companions.

What had become of them? The search was not slackened; it became more active, indeed, as the recovery of the other boys permitted more concentrated effort. Still it was fruitless, and was near being abandoned on the idea that the last four fugitives had got down to the coast and away from the country by sea.

They were discovered at last, quite by accident, on the outskirts of Minsterly, the famous old cathedral city, which is some fifteen miles distant from the Lofthouse Reformatory, but the nearest large town.

Trowse had two good reasons for selecting this as his hiding-place. He felt, first, that it would be best to leave the pure country, that he would be safest from pursuit in or near some crowded centre of population. Minsterly, moreover, he knew to be a great terminus and railway junction, the headquarters of one of the best lines in England, through which much traffic in goods as well as passengers continually passed. He had come there himself with parcels of fish for transmission inland, and his acute perceptions had shown him how he might utilize the place. It was within a few hundred yards of the great and constantly thronged Minsterly station that he and his little gang found shelter and support for more than a couple of months.

Long before their arrest the railway authorities had become seriously concerned at the constant thefts and pilferings that were perpetrated in and about the station. Suspicion fell upon the subordinate officials —who else could be guilty? The company's police were too much on the alert to allow improper persons to loiter about or enter the station at unlawful hours, and it was at night that the robberies were invariably committed. They were from the goods trucks always, and it was those laden with food or fuel that principally suffered. But a firm of well-known furniture movers, who had left a van full on the line one night, complained of and afterwards brought an action against the company for negligence in allowing the van to be ransacked while in the company's care.

One day a couple of platelayers who were travelling back to the station in their "trolly," kicking it along with one foot after the approved fashion, were greatly surprised to see smoke curling up above the embankment of a long-disused cutting.

"What's amiss up yonder?" one asked of the other. "Hold on. It's smoke for sure. Bank can't be a-fire?"

"Some one's at his pipe there, ye ninny—wot business is it of ours?"

"I'd like a pipe o' baccy as 'd raise all that smoke. Why, there's enough for a kitchen chimney. I'm bound to see what's wrong."

The smoke curled up the very face of the cutting, which was grass grown, as was also the permanent way, and the rails had long been removed. The sleepers, too, had been taken up, but still lay there stacked in a great heap alongside the slope.

"Blest if them sleepers ain't a-fire. See! That's where the smoke comes from."

"And the sleepers have been moved, haven't they? Don't seem to lie so careless as they used. Built up more regular like. Gosh, I'll lay some tramps have squatted there. May as well know."

They poked and pried about among the great logs, and presently found that one short sleeper was so placed as to cover a cleverly contrived orifice, and that it could be easily shifted on one side.

"Who's in here? Any one?" and getting no answer, they pushed on and found themselves in a dimly-lighted interior which, as their eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, resolved itself into a living-room roughly contrived, not unlike a backwoodsman's log-hut or shanty, but with more evidences of comfortable, even luxurious occupation. There were some strips of carpet upon the mud-beaten clay floor, a rude table made of piled-up wine-cases, several seats of flour-barrels cut down. In one corner was a brick-built kitchener with a fire alight in it, the smoke of which, ascending through a long length of battered stove-pipe, had betrayed the existence of this strange dwelling. At the farthest end of the hut were four bunks or standing bed-places, in which, on a closer examination, four boys were found.

Only one, Trowse, was actually undressed, and so sound asleep that he had to be aroused. The others were still in their clothes, and had only taken refuge in their beds on the first alarm of visitors; they lay there cowering under the sacking and old horse-rugs that served them as bedding, and evidently in much

"Who's in here?"

apprehension. But they all pointed to Trowse, and called upon him to speak for them.

"You sneaks!" he cried, vindicating at once his claim to be their leader. "You're rightly served.

I told you not to light the fire in day-time, but you disobeyed my orders, and we are run in. Well, I'm glad to be quit of you, even to go back to quod. What are you going to do with us?" he asked the platelayers.

"Take you where yer very much wanted, I expect. If so be yer the lads I'm thinking, ye've got a good deal to answer for."

"I'm ready to stand the racket," said Trowse, standing out boldly. "These sneaks here," pointing to his companions, "only did what they were told. I planned it all."

This little nest of freebooters, or land pirates, which he had established close on the confines of civilized life, was the crowning tribute to the boy's dare-devil cleverness, his ingenuity, fruitful resource, and power of adapting means to an end. They lived like fighting-cocks, these young rascals, on the fat of the land. When the cleverly-constructed hut was dismantled it was found full of comforts, supplies, luxuries even, which had been "lifted" from the whole country-side, but to which the station, with its heterogeneous goods traffic, had mainly contributed. Barrels of pork and flour, cases of tinned meat, ales and wines, fuel, coal and wood, candles, furniture, poultry, fruit, vegetables, clothing, bedding, rugs, and so forth, had been largely abstracted, and were stowed away in the recesses of the hut. There were books, too, explaining the thefts from the bookstalls, which had ruined two of the clerks in charge of them. Trowse was very fond of reading, as I have said, and lay most of the day in his bunk with a novel, while his fellows, who did most of the drudgery, slept off the fatigues of the night, when they were always scouring the country.

Trowse had gained his object. He had been much talked about, and he became a centre of interest, and when committed, this quite compensated him for the severe sentence of two years' imprisonment which he was sent to Burport Gaol to undergo. At its termination some charitable people helped him to emigrate, feeling that he had many good qualities, and might, if allowed full scope, raise himself from the slough of crime.

He went first to Manitoba, but soon made his way across the frontier into the United States, where, I am told, he has since done uncommonly well.

# CHAPTER III.

## FOREIGN SYSTEMS.

Early methods of dealing with juveniles—Institution life—Boarding out—Foreign methods now in force—Austria-Hungary—Reformatories of Kolosvar and Aszod—Belgium—Law of 1891—General control of the Bureau de Bienfaisance—System elastic to deal with varying natures of children—Good types of Belgian establishments—Denmark has many institutions—Mostly on family *régime*—France—Methods lack completeness—Age of discretion—The five methods of disposing of juvenile offenders in France—Evil influence still exercised by the gaol, and the depôt of the Prefecture—Juvenile depravity in France reaches serious proportions—Beginning of the reformatory movement in France—Mettray—Other schools on this model—Darnetal for females—Juvenile delinquents in Germany—State reformatories and private schools—Early efforts—Count von der Recke—Pastor Fliedner—Von Türk—Dr. Wichern and the famous Rauhe Haus at Hamburg—The brotherhood of the Rauhe Haus—Dr. Wichern and the Moabit prison, Berlin—Holland—The Godshuis of Amsterdam—The Netherlands Mettray and M. Suringar—Italy—The age of responsibility—Pupils retained till majority—Italian schools planned on a large scale—Norway—The Toftes Gave—Sweden rich in institutions for the young—Influence of Oscar I.—The colony of Hall established in his memory, an excellent institution—Russia has only two State reformatory schools—Other schools—Studzieniec—Mostly agricultural—In Switzerland the institutions for the young owe much to private benevolence—The same in the United States—Edward Livingston's philanthropic labours—His example largely followed—Many

**reformatories now in the United States—All well managed —Diversity of labour—Institution life—Faults found by Miss Mary Carpenter—To pass up to boarding-out part of the system—Employed Children's Aid Society of New York —Provision it makes in the West for those rescued.**

ALTHOUGH juvenile crime in all its phases has been perhaps more comprehensively dealt with in England than elsewhere, the care of neglected youth has always been deemed a duty in all countries and at all times. It was so esteemed in ancient Greece and Rome. Solon, in his constitution, provided for the education of waifs and strays; charitable Roman citizens, and the best and most humane Roman emperors, founded establishments akin to our modern industrial schools. During the middle ages the Church had the monopoly of such institutions, and several Popes founded refuges for orphans and deserted children. These became numerous all through Christendom between the fourteenth and the eighteenth centuries. But at the latter date great abuses had crept into their management, and their condition seems to have been deplorable. They were overcrowded, infants were herded by hundreds with adults and even old men; the labour enforced in many cases was cruelly severe and beyond the strength of the children, who were often tortured to force them to complete their tasks; the custodians of these refuges were disabled seamen, coachmen out of place—in one place, at Hamburg in 1725, an ex-convict was master of the school. The very worst evils flourished unchecked in these establishments, which were schools of corruption rather than of education: immorality, gross uncleanness, and general disorder prevailed.

It was then that the first crusade was started against "institution life," and the practice of "boarding out" was introduced. It was tried largely in various parts of Germany, at Pforzheim, Vienna, Gotha, also at Copenhagen. At the same time, the celebrated Pestalozzi invented the system identified with his name, which was applied to many of the institutions for the young. Since then the controversy has continued without a definite decision either way. Among the Latin races in France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, the establishment system is most favoured; it is the same in Belgium; in Germany, Holland, and the United States, placing out in private families is preferred. In this country a fierce warfare is waged against institution life, but, as has been seen, without affecting the school system in the opinion of the most weighty authorities. In Austria both methods are in use, and in Russia as well. But no amount of hostile criticism availed to check the growth of philanthropic establishments, although many of these essayed to meet objections by assimilating their *régime* to that of the "family." Thus at Mettray, which was founded about 1839, as in our Redhill Farm School, the *régime* is paternal, the pupils being lodged in small groups, each under its own head in its own house; the same system is in force at the well-known Rauhe Haus at Hamburg, which was started in 1833, as well as in the Reformatory Schools as first established in the United States. It is the rule at Hall in Sweden and Arnheim in Holland, both planned on the same lines as Mettray.

The preventive measures in force abroad for the care, correction, and reformation of youth will, however, be better understood by a more detailed account of the various systems which obtain, and I propose to give a brief account of them, taking the countries alphabetically.

## AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

In Austria-Hungary the law leaves children of less than ten years of age to domestic discipline, as also children above that age, if not exactly criminal, although the latter may be sent to correctional schools. There they are detained for varying periods, but never after twenty years of age, and they may be sent out on licence to situations or employment found for them. These schools also receive children between ten and fourteen guilty of crimes which are, however, by law deemed "contraventions" only; also the destitute between the same ages, and the incorrigible whose parents cannot manage them. In the Austrian schools vicious and guilty children are not separated from the merely neglected. The *régime* in the schools is for the most part that of the "family"; but the congregate or "institution" life is also seen. At Brunn, Neudorf, Neutitschein, the pupils are classed in small groups according to character and their comparative corruption; in the refuge of the town of Gorice the pupils are in squads of eight each, under a head boy chosen by his comrades. The labour enforced is either agricultural or industrial, or both combined. At many schools, such as those of Kostemblat, Neutitschein, Laibach, Messendorf, and Gratz, and at the school for destitute girls at Linz, the pupils have a share in their earnings, the amount being generally lodged in the Savings Bank, but at Laibach an eighth is given over at once, and another eighth on leaving the school, and at Messendorf, where the same plan obtains, the pupils may buy extra food. Some of these schools have been established by the State, some by provincial jurisdictions, but by far the largest number were founded and are supported by private benevolence.

The size of the Austrian schools varies greatly. The small ones, such as those of Klagenfurt and Cernovice, have barely a dozen inmates; in the school of Neudorf, under the congregation of the Bon Pasteur, there are 300, and in the provincial school of Eggenburg, 400. The discipline is humane; although power to flog exists in some schools, it is seldom used. Rewards rather than punishments are relied upon. At Brunn the best boys are appointed heads of rooms; in the girls' schools of Cernovice and Lobec the most industrious are made servants of the house with a wage of a florin per month. At

Gratz, Weinzierl, and Vienna the best behaved are decorated with stripes on the collar. The annual cost per head ranges between £9 at Gorice to £13 at Kostemblat. On discharge from school pupils are sent back to their homes or placed out, where they remain under surveillance of some benevolent organization.

In Hungary the penal code prescribes that children of less than twelve cannot be charged with offences; those between twelve and sixteen may be deemed to have acted without discretion and thus escape sentence, but are sent to a correctional school, where they may be detained till they are twenty years of age. Hungary has recently been active in its efforts to deal with juvenile delinquency, and now possesses two especially fine reformatories at Aszod and Kolosvar. The first was commenced in 1884 by convict labour,[1] the latter in 1885. Aszod holds 248 and Kolosvar 60. According to the last return, the bulk of those in Aszod belonged to the class of young thieves, a few were incendiaries, eight had inflicted wounds, five had shown an obstinate and perversely depraved nature. Almost every lapse could be traced to the neglect of parents and vicious surroundings. The *régime* at Aszod is that of the "family," and every inmate passes through various stages, during which his character and disposition are closely studied by the head of the family, who is both tutor and instructor. Field labour is a principal employment, comprising all forms of cultivation on farm, garden, or vineyard; but the lads also learn carpentering, cabinet-making, shoe-making, and basket-making, and during the winter months a number of sedentary trades, such as wood-carving, brush-making, turning, straw-plaiting, weaving, bookbinding, and so forth. The boys are regularly bound as apprentices, and receive valid certificates at the end of their indentures, which entitle them to work as journeymen. The results obtained are fairly good: 72 per cent. of the boys discharged to outside employment have done well, 18 per cent. badly, the remainder having died or been unaccounted for. An excellent system prevails in Hungary by which the supervision of those liberated is entrusted to a "protector," a philanthropic person in the district who visits and reports upon the conduct of the boys at large.

---

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 241.

The school at Kolosvar, the old capital of Transylvania, although smaller, is run on the same lines as that at Aszod. The site is beautiful, the soil fruitful, the climate superb. The establishment contains three "families," separate from each other, of twenty children each, most of whom have criminal antecedents as vagabonds, thieves, or badly-conducted boys. The education and instruction, as at Aszod, is very general, the trades taught, bookbinding, cabinet-making, and largely gardening and agriculture. The total annual cost of the inmates per head is about £32 at Kolosvar, and at Aszod about £40. No figures are forthcoming as yet giving the results obtained at Kolosvar.

## BELGIUM.

Belgium has long been satisfied that the proper treatment of neglected youth is the real starting-point and foundation-stone of all penal methods. The latest law on the subject (dated November 1891) places the whole mass of juveniles, those who are likely to give trouble and those who have already done so, at the disposal of the State. It is the business of the Bureau de Bienfaisance to deal with them individually as their cases seem to require. Previous to 1891, the little vagabonds and beggars who had broken no law were sent straight to the charity schools; childish offenders, acquitted on grounds of irresponsibility, were sent to reformatory schools. But it was seen that the two categories overlapped, that there were bad boys in the first and really good boys in the second; so a rule was made that the Bureau de Bienfaisance should dispose of them, and for this purpose both charity and reformatory schools were brought under this department. There remained a third and by far the largest category, that of children who had committed only venial offences, and were found to be perfectly conscious of their misconduct. These when proved guilty a judge was bound to send to prison. Some idea of the numbers of this class will be gained by the statement that there were 9000 children under 16 years of age sent to Belgian prisons in 1890, for short terms of between 1 and 7 days; of these 9000 no fewer than 2439 were less than 12 years old.

It is this last-named category that the law of 1891 especially affects, and by it judges are permitted, instead of sentencing any minor less than 16 years of age charged with a venial offence, to arrest proceedings and hand over the offender to the State till he or she is twenty-one. As a matter of fact, imprisonment for all such children has ceased in Belgium since 1891. For those guilty of graver offences, and there must be such cases in Belgium and elsewhere, for whom the prison is inevitable, the law still keeps its hold upon them; and it is now enacted, that any youth of less than eighteen who is sent to prison, remains after that sentence is completed at the disposal of the State until he is twenty-one. It is obvious that, under these new provisions, all question as to the age of discretion so often debated abroad, and so variously decided, disappears. A child in Belgium is either adjudged irresponsible, and thereupon acquitted, or it is held answerable for its acts, and handed over to the Bureau de Bienfaisance, or in other words to the State.

The law of 1891 goes further, and prescribes how the State shall deal with the children in its charge. It has the wisdom to make the system very elastic, realizing the infinite variety of childish natures. The purely paternal *régime* would be wasted upon the really vicious; a severe discipline would press too heavily on the well-disposed. Accordingly, all juveniles, male and female, are divided into six principal classes, with a corresponding treatment, it being strictly ruled that there is no intermingling of the classes; the very youngest, rescued early, are never to be associated with the older, who may be already vicious and degraded, and who could not fail to exercise a pernicious influence.

1. *Régime paternel* for all children of less than 13.

2 and 3. Either paternal or disciplinary *régime* for children between 13 and 16, according to their dispositions.

4. A *régime* of strict severity for all above 16, and—

5 and 6. Two sections to take all sturdy young beggars and vagabonds of between 18 and 21.

The *régime* of the first class is intended to be truly paternal, having none of the aspects of a correctional establishment. The school has no boundary wall, no bolts and bars, pupils are free to come and go, their relations are encouraged to visit them often, and with that end may obtain railway tickets at reduced rates.

One of the great merits of the Belgian system is, that the regulations may be relaxed, and children of whose amendment good hopes are entertained may be released provisionally, either to the care of parents and guardians, or to employers, artisans, or agriculturists who will teach them a trade. Within a year some 600 children had been provided for in the last-named way, both non-criminal and criminal children, the latter sentenced for serious offences, yet all had turned out well.

It will be seen, therefore, that school or "institution life" is that which is preferred in Belgium, but in combination with *placement* or assignment to private persons where the subject is likely to benefit by it.

Good types of the Belgian establishments for the non-criminal juvenile are those in the neighbourhood of Bruges, Ruysselede, and Wynghene for males, and that of Beernhem for females. The three schools first named are sufficiently near to have one common governing authority, yet far enough distant from each other to keep the categories apart. At Ruysselede the instruction alternates according to the season between field labour and industrial training; the school has none of the aspects of a prison, but is more like a model farm, with well-kept cattle-yards and beasts in prime condition; the gardening is of a high class, and includes the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, both in the open and for the rarer kinds under glass. At Wynghene the instruction includes navigation, and the business of sea-going; in an artificial basin floats a three-masted ship, on board which the children are exercised under pensioned men-of-war's men. The female school of Beernhem, which is under the direction of Sisters of Notre Dame, employs its pupils in sewing, embroidery, lace-making, laundry work, and the care of poultry on the farm. When the season permits, they work in the gardens and in cultivation according to their strength.

The purely correctional establishments are those of Ghent, Namur, and St. Hubert, which under the new system are appropriated for children requiring the stricter *régime.* There is "family" treatment at them all. The inmates are kept together during the day according to the occupations, but they have separate sleeping-places at night. At Ghent and Namur the employment is mainly industrial; at St. Hubert, which is in the wildest part of Luxemburg, *un pays de loups*, as it is called, a rough-and-ready system of agriculture is carried on. The annual cost per head at Ghent and Namur is about £16, at St. Hubert it is nearly £20.

## DENMARK.

Denmark has made great efforts to deal effectively with juveniles, the Government working hand in hand with private enterprise in their solicitude for neglected little ones. There are to-day 61 establishments of all classes for juveniles in Denmark, holding some 2000 inmates; and progress has been very rapid, seeing that in 1870 there were only 15 schools with some 650 children. The Royal Orphanages and the Royal School of Copenhagen go back as far as 1727 and 1753; but the first real reformatory was Bögildgaard, which began as a simple school on the model of Fellenberg in 1830, and which was presently turned into a correctional establishment for vicious youths. Holsteinminde, for both sexes, was founded in 1833, and was long admirably conducted by Anders Stephanson, who with his noble wife gave up everything to devote themselves to the good work. In 1836 the reformatory of Flakkebjerg was instituted and governed by Muller, who lived to a great old age in the same useful post. This school threw off in 1867 a branch at Landerupgaard in Jutland, which took from 100 to 160 pupils, and it is asserted that the percentage of failures from this school was only 6 per cent. All these schools were recruited among the neglected and depraved children, often through the good offices of a charitable society founded in Copenhagen for the purpose. More recently, in 1874, by the testament of Countess Danner, a large female refuge was founded at Castle Jagerspris, which to-day holds some 360 girls. Another of the same class is the Royal Vodrofsvei Bonnehjem at Copenhagen, founded in the same year by Mdlle. Schneider. The Internat of Copenhagen owes its institution to that city, and is meant for obstinate tenants and really depraved children. The Bethlehem of Copenhagen (1883) takes the children of vicious parents, and there are many other establishments of the kind.

The *régime* preferred in Denmark is that of the family or the very small school. The Jagerspris system is to divide the whole number of 360 into small parties of 20 each, under a nurse or official mother. At Godthaab, in the suburbs of Copenhagen, the increase of population has produced a family *régime*, and there each household numbers 20; at Kana the number is 30. At Flakkebjerg a combination of the two methods is in force; the labour is agricultural; children remain till they are 14 or 15, when they may pass on and enter the service of farmers, respectable neighbours. The age of admission varies from 6 or 8 to 14 or 15, and the period of detention averages 3 or 4 years. The age of criminal responsibility in Denmark is 10, but the directors of Flakkebjerg and Bogildgaard complain that they get many of their pupils too late, and part with them too soon. It is often the rule to discharge at 14, although surveillance continues without much power of interference until 18. Employment in Danish schools is mainly agricultural, field labour and gardening, with a certain amount of industrial training; and on discharge the inmates go to farms or to apprenticeship, while a few emigrate. A feature in Denmark is the paid pupil, who is placed in the school at a moderate fixed charge of £6 to £10 per head, the total cost per annum being on the average £14 to £24.

## FRANCE.

Many thoughtful Frenchmen are dissatisfied with the present methods of dealing with juveniles in France, which lack the completeness and in consequence miss the success of those in force in England or Belgium. Although a host of schools, refuges, asylums, establishments, and agricultural or correctional colonies have been created in France, some by the State, many more by large-minded, liberal benevolence, there is not enough systematic effort in the control and care for neglected youth. Nothing exists exactly similar to an Industrial School, which hits the border-land between crime and weakness; nor is there any strong Central Department to sift cases and differentiate between individuals as to their treatment. Charitable and philanthropic machinery is not backed up by French law, so that the many splendid institutions in France are not fully utilized and prevention is never sufficiently tried.

In France there is no fixed age at which the child is held responsible for its acts. All youths until the age of 16 are left to the judge, who decides whether or not they have acted with knowledge, whether their consciences are sufficiently developed to appreciate the real meaning of their criminal act. If this is decided in the negative all proceedings cease: the child is acquitted, and either handed over to its natural guardians or sent to a penitentiary colony. If "discretion" is proved the law must take its course; its penalties are softened, as, for instance, death or deportation are reduced to twenty years' imprisonment, but punishment in some shape or other overtakes all such juvenile offenders.

At present, under the law of 1850, which was humanely intended to shorten detention in gaol and substitute other than prison treatment for children, there are five methods of disposing of juvenile offenders in France.

1. The preliminary or preventive prison (*Maisons d'arrêt* and *de justice*) for those arrested and accused.
2. The ordinary prison, of which La Petite Roquette in Paris is a fair type, for all sentenced to less than six months, whose time of detention is too short to admit of their transfer to a provincial colony. It also receives children whom parents have found unmanageable, and who, rather weakly, abdicate their own functions in favour of prison discipline.
3. The public or private penitentiary colony, for the irresponsible children, acquitted as "without discretion," as well as for the guilty sentenced to more than six months and less than two years' detention.
4. The correctional colony, where the system is more severe, and which receives all sentenced for more than two years, and all who have misconducted themselves in the milder establishments.
5. Various penitentiary houses for young females, whatever their particular sentence.

The object sought by this classification is to minimize the evil effects of gaol life, and substitute, as far as possible, that of the open air with religious, moral, and industrial education. But it is to be feared that the gaol still exercises an evil influence over French youth. Imprisonment is still largely applied to them; La Petite Roquette in Paris is now never full, yet the mischief it does is great. Although the *régime* is cellular and separate, intercommunication between its inmates is easy and frequent, so that the most depraved soon give the general tone. Youths subjected to this imprisonment must deteriorate; it is the sure avenue to the worst crimes. Almost every great crime committed in Paris by youthful criminals had its origin in La Roquette. The culprits themselves blame it entirely. "My parents made a great mistake in sending me here," wrote one young murderer. "They thought to reform me; it has been altogether the reverse." Another of the same stamp said, "My first offence was stealing fruit, and I was sent to La Roquette. When one comes once, one returns often. The cell does not keep us apart, and we go out far worse than when we came in." Moreover, the cellular separation has been found to be very injurious to many children, and the most industrious and best behaved have been placed together since 1889 in large work-rooms, where they are set to make paper-boxes, artificial flowers, and after some months of this are passed through, they are either returned to their parents or sent to a correctional colony.

But no administrative measures will serve to protect the young from deterioration so long as the pernicious practice prevails of passing so many through the depôt of the Prefecture in Paris. This is a general sink or sewer, which infects all who enter it, and the unhappy child above all. Yet hundreds of juveniles picked up for the most venial offences[1] are recklessly subjected to its pernicious influences. Here they breathe a pestilential atmosphere, imbibe the very worst ideas and impressions, all of which take root to grow and fructify presently into crime. "The child who should not be kept one second in this den of inevitable perdition, remains there often for several days."[2] "Chance brings together all sorts: little children and big boys, the strong elbowing the weak; the well-cared-for by the side of the half-starved; the flaxen-haired innocent with the dark pale face; children laughing by children crying; the impudent-eyed street arab with the astonished country-bred; even the negro boy, whose unknown jargon excites general merriment; among children arrested for the first time, is one who has been taken up fourteen times, and another escaped from a juvenile colony."[3] On the walls of this general receptacle M. Guillot read in chalk, newly inscribed, the words,

---

[1] "This one was found sleeping on a bench, that 'took' an apple, a third had just come from Brussels with his father, who had gone to hospital; another had slept in a cart; another was accused of stealing a sausage." (Guillot.)

[2] Guillot, *Prisons de Paris*, p. 329.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 330.

"*Le Rossignol de France partant pour la Nouvelle;*" the apotheosis of the criminal, his career initiated in the depôt and ending in transportation.

It is not strange, therefore, that juvenile depravity in France reaches to serious proportions. "The French child," says M. Guillot, "organizes a murder as he would a pleasure-party;" one was so light-hearted on his way to commit a great crime that an accomplice rebuked him, declaring "that when one laughs too much the *coup* fails." Another youthful philosopher, who had been convicted of murder, remarked, "When one's pockets are empty it is easy to understand why there are criminals." Dr. Motet, an eminent French physician, with long experience among the youthful of the criminal classes as doctor of La Petite Roquette, has preserved several types of incorrigible youths. Those, for instance, who composed the famous band of "Green Cravats,"—French youths are given to organizing themselves into bands,—the leader of which was barely seventeen. They were adepts at street robberies, and used their knives with bloodthirsty readiness on their victims. Or the young communist of barely sixteen, who had carried arms, and been one of those who had fired at Monseigneur Surat; or the young incendiary of eleven, who, when corrected by the woman of the house in which he was boarded out, went up to the loft and set fire to the place; or another little incendiary of ten, whose mother was employed in a theatre to which she often took him. The child was once reprimanded by the prompter, and in revenge tried to burn down the theatre. When his mother locked him up in a cupboard at home, he set fire to some dresses hanging there, and nearly produced another conflagration.

The most enlightened Frenchmen are entirely opposed to the treatment of juveniles as prisoners. They should be called "pupils," says M. Guillot, and the institution which holds them should be an educational establishment, the true "moral hospital" having no connection with or similarity to the common gaol. This was the leading idea with the pioneers of the reformatory movement, foremost among whom stands the name of Demetz, the founder of the world-famous colony of Mettray. M. Demetz was a judge who, aghast at the evils inflicted upon children he was compelled by law to imprison, left the Bench and undertook to find some other outlet for them. At that time the French law, while it acquitted minors shown to have acted without discretion, still consigned them for safe keeping and inevitable contamination to the common gaols. M. Demetz conceived then the idea of an agricultural colony, and, as a first step, in 1839 organized a small *société paternelle*, as it was called, of which he became vice-president. Another philanthropist, the Vicomte de Bretignières de Courteilles, who was a landed proprietor in La Touraine, associated himself in the enterprise, and endowed the institution with land at Mettray near Tours. Progress was very rapid. In July 1839 a school of teachers began work, and in 1840 the first house was ready for the youthful colonists. Nine of these were carefully selected from the central prison at Frontrevault, and others were gradually brought in. By May 1841 six houses were completed, a chapel and other necessary buildings were well forward. Now the colony numbers nearly 600, and can point to half a century of useful and beneficent results.

The earliest labours at Mettray were in the development of the institution, but as this approached completion they were applied to farm work, agricultural employment being the chief feature of the place. The motto and device of Mettray was "the moralization of youth by the cultivation of the soil," a healthy life in the open air was to replace the enervating and demoralizing influences of the confined prisons, and this was effected in the usual farming operations, to which were added gardening, vine-dressing, the raising of stock, and the breeding of silk-worms. The labour was not light; on the contrary, the directors of the colony sought by constant employment to send their charges to bed tired, ready to sleep soundly, and not romp and chatter in their dormitories. The young colonists have always raised the fruit, vegetables, and cereals needed for their own maintenance, and the most teachable among them have been taught trades connected with farming, such as those of the wheelwright, carpenter, farrier, and blacksmith, while others have worked as sabot- and shoe-makers.

The internal organization of Mettray has always been that of the "family"; the colonists grouped, according to their character and disposition, in houses under a master with his assistants. Each family is distinct, and has no connection with the others except during work, recreation, and divine service. The houses are three-storied: on the ground-floor is the workshop, the first floor is a refectory and school-room during the day as well as a dormitory for half the whole number of inmates, the rest sleeping on the third floor. The master, or *père*, is always with his boys, and his sleeping-chamber close to theirs; he is directly responsible for their discipline. But one great feature in Mettray is the encouragement of boys to maintain order for themselves. This is assisted by permitting them to select two monitors or *frères ainés* monthly, who act under the masters in carrying on the duties of the place. The boys also choose from among their number those they believe most deserving of rewards, and cases of misconduct involving punishment and degradation are often left to them to decide. Although by this subdivision into houses the individual treatment is secured, the Mettray colony has also a congregate existence, and the whole number form a well-disciplined body, drilled and disciplined, and evincing a very military spirit. Good results are claimed for this organization, although any such militarism seems to be repugnant to many school patrons and managers in our country. Their arguments are not convincing, but Mr. Gorst, one of the hon. secretaries of the National Reformatory Association, has well summed them up in his paper on Reformatory Enterprise.[1]

"Our management," he writes, "ought not to be military. Our objects are not the same as those aimed at in the army. Military discipline is meant to train men to act together; we desire to prepare them for right individual action after detention has ceased. The one system is the type of force, which never created virtue yet, although it successfully inculcates many virtues, and especially the cardin virtues of obedience, but it powerfully tends t subdue individual character, which the other system is intended to strengthen." Militarism, as its opponents call it, may be carried too far, no doubt, but so much of it as trains youth into alertness, prompt obedience, and personal pride in appearance is surely a useful adjunct to education, and schools like the Newport Market Refuge, which are essentially military in their organization and spirit, are as good as any in this country.

The excellence of its aims, and the manifestly good results that were growing out of the system, soon made Mettray a model for imitation in France and beyond it.[2] One of the first to follow was that of Marseilles; then that of St. Louis near Bordeaux, that of Petit Quevilly near Rouen, of Val de Yèvre near Bourges, of Ostwald near Strasbourg, of Petit Bourg near Paris, of St. Foy in the Dordogne, of Oullins, Citeaux, and St. Ilan in the Côte-du-Nord. Between 1842-7 the Government established penitentiary colonies in connection with the central prisons of Fontrevault, Clairvaux, Loos, and Gaillon. Next after Mettray the colony of Val de Yèvre is perhaps the most interesting. It was established by one of the *doyens* of French philanthropy, M. Charles Lucas, who planned it to carry out the view inculcated in his "theory" of imprisonment, the "improvement of youth by the soil and the soil by youth." Val de Yèvre was a strictly private establishment for five-and-twenty years, and did not even publish reports; but in 1872 M. Lucas handed it over to the State, at a price of a little over half a million of francs. The colony then numbered some 400 inmates, lodged in suitable houses on the family system; it owned an extensive farm with spacious buildings, and was in every way an excellent specimen of the juvenile agricultural colony. Other establishments which may be mentioned are those of Douaires in Eure, of La Motte Beuvron, Saint Hilaire, Belle-Ile sur Mer, and Aniane. There are penitentiary schools for girls at Fouilleuse, near Rueil, and Auberioc. Most of these schools are agricultural, except that of Aniane, which is industrial, as are the two female establishments.

---

[1] *Report of the Fourth Conference*, April 1888, p. 53.

[2] Prince Krapotkine, in his *Russian and French Prisons*, declares that the Mettray system is most cruelly severe, and that the *régime* of the French reformatories generally is most demoralizing.

A very remarkable female school is that of

Darnetal in Rouen, which was founded in 1847 by the Abbé Podevin in conjunction with certain sisters. Two poor friendless girls who were leaving the Bicêtre prison were taken by the hand, lodged and fed and provided for, and from this small start an admirable institution has been formed. The most interesting feature in Darnetal is, that it is in part an agricultural school, and that its female pupils are trained in farm work and gardening, or in the labours of field and vineyard which in France women so often share with men. At Darnetal there is a fruitful kitchen garden, and the vegetables are sold well. At a little distance from Rouen is a thriving farm, with its hundred head of Brittany cows, which give excellent milk and butter, and twenty horses and carts which take the produce of farm, poultry-yard, and dairy into the city. The whole of the service of the school is done by the girl inmates; it is they who dig and plough and harrow, who sow and reap and harvest, using scythe and sickle, load the wagons, and lead them home by a road they have constructed themselves. These girls are trained also in the most useful housewifely knowledge; they learn to cook and bake and brew cider, mend and make clothes, and wind cotton, one of the largest cottage industries in the neighbourhood of Rouen. It is stated that the Darnetal girls always turn out well; that even in a city full of temptations, a garrison and a manufacturing town, they can be trusted anywhere, and often go messages alone between town and farm.

Darnetal receives and reforms the very worst; a large proportion of them are the children of criminals, others are sent straight from prisons, being provisionally set free. Their general conduct is, however, excellent at school, and a very large percentage do well in after life.

A vast number of other establishments for "child saving" exist in France, due to private benevolence. Charity of this praiseworthy kind is very active in France, and even to name the private schools and refuges, the societies for the assistance and patronage in Paris and the provinces, would fill many pages.

## GERMANY.

According to the existing laws of the German Empire, juvenile delinquents and neglected youths are treated in the same establishments. As a general rule no child of less than 12 years of age can be proceeded against in a court of law, although cases are known in some of the German states where vicious, destitute, or abandoned children are taken at ages as low as 6, 5, or even 3 years. Again, youths between 12 and 18 may be convicted, but their offences passed over if they are proved to have acted without discretion. No distinction is made between the two kinds of correctional institutions intended for the foregoing classes, but there are a number of schools not of a correctional character, orphanages and places of public help, which receive children not held responsible for their acts. Prussia owns four principal schools for criminal children, those of Konradshammer, Wabern, Boppard, and Steinfeld, to which are committed minors charged with criminal offences, who must be at least 12 years of age. Another State reformatory school is that of Ohlsdorf, and these State establishments are the largest in the country. But the private schools, although small, the largest taking barely a hundred, are very numerous, for private benevolence began early in Germany and has done much.

Among the names which will be honourably remembered in this field of usefulness is that of Count von der Recke, who in 1821 established a refuge for abandoned, vagrant, and deserted children in Dusselthal Abbey, between Dusseldorf and Elberstadt. Five years before he had started a similar institution on his own estate at Overdyck in Westphalia. His larger venture at Dusselthal covered a hundred and eighty acres, and he himself controlled and supported the place by his own exertions, and with his own money. Another admirable institution was that established by Pastor Fliedner in 1833 at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. He began with a single female penitent, who was lodged in a summer-house at the bottom of his garden; within a year he had nine such; then he added an infant school, then a penitentiary, and an orphan asylum. One great feature at Kaiserwerth is the training of deaconesses and nurses, who supply the hospitals in Germany, and indeed in all parts of the world. But the institution has always cared for juvenile delinquents of the female sex. Another name is that of Von Türk, who long presided over of Horn, near Hamburg, for destitute, vagrant, and vicious children, not yet convicted of crime in the courts. His home was a small thatched cottage shaded by a chestnut tree, and in the midst of two or three acres of partially cleared land through which ran a small stream. In this humble home he began with three boys of the worst description, whom he adopted as his children. He was assisted by a small donation, and gradually extended his home till he had twelve under his roof. These twelve boys assisted to erect a house for a second twelve, and by degrees the establishment grew and prospered. It had no Government support, but was so nobly assisted by voluntary gifts and legacies, that in 1856 it covered thirty-two acres, with gardens well laid out, and the farm land highly cultivated. There are now upwards of 200 acres, 25 houses, in which are lodged 180 pupils, with a staff of 60 professors and employés. Mr. Tallack, the devoted and indefatigable secretary of the Howard Association, who visited the Rauhe House a few years ago, describes it as really a town adorned with gardens and trees, lying in the midst of well-tilled fields. In the centre of the buildings rises the spire of a church, and near it is a beautiful stretch of ornamental water.

Three classes of juveniles now occupy the school. First the boys, 60 in number, street arabs who are being reclaimed and trained to better life; next the girls of the same category; thirdly, children taken as boarders, who have been found too difficult for paternal discipline. The last-named receive a superior education, which includes music, mathematics, languages, gymnastics; they do not mix with the other classes, the poorer children, whose training is mainly in the more humble but not less useful handicrafts. All kinds of trades are taught in the Rauhe House—carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, bookbinding, and printing, the last being a considerable business, as many books are published from Horn. The farming and gardening are on a large scale; tons of fruit and vegetables are raised and sold, the dairy is prosperous, and numbers of fine pigs are fattened and turned into good food. The inmates of the Rauhe House are not cut off from their friends, who are encouraged to visit them, while the best-behaved boys have leave to go home occasionally on short holidays. One of the best of the Rauhe House methods is the assistance given to pupils on release. For this the good offices of Hamburg citizens are secured, who are willing often to receive the boys, provide for them, or help them to situations, and watch over them with kindly advice and practical assistance.

The interior economy of the Rauhe House is described as excellent. Mr. Tallack saw gaiety and freedom on every face, a proof of the tenderly paternal discipline of the place. In every household there is a head boy, the "peace-boy," who watches over them at all times—in school, in the workshop, at the meal or recreation hour. But the general administration of the houses, and of the whole school, is in the hands of a "brotherhood," instituted by Dr. Wichern for that particular purpose, which has, however, taken a much wider development. This brotherhood does not appear to have attracted much attention, but it is perhaps the most original and characteristic feature of the Rauhe House. Dr. Wichern was soon convinced that the work of reforming vicious children could not well be entrusted to mercenary hands, and he invited the co-operation of young men with a religious vocation, willing to accept service in so good a work. The only qualifications were good health, sincerity, and an acquaintance with farming or some useful trade. The brothers in the Rauhe House reform school become the heads of the houses, and are constantly with the boys whom they closely supervise; "keep them in sight day and night, eat with them, sleep in their dormitory, direct their labour, accompany them to chapel, join in their recreations and their sports."[1] The brothers also visit their parents, to report upon the conduct and progress of their children, and they watch over the pupils when they have left school. Thus they are themselves perpetually learning the high and important functions with which they are to be entrusted. For now-a-days the brothers have a mission far beyond the Rauhe House, and hundreds are distributed over the world, from Hamburg to far Cathay, engaged in the most practically useful work as missionaries, prison officers, school-masters, hospital attendants, Bible readers, heads of schools and reformatories. These lay brothers take no vows; they are not ordained priests, many are husbands and fathers, but all alike, it is said to their infinite honour, are actuated with the highest motives, and remain faithful to their vocation to the last.

---

[1] Ducpetiaux, Inspector of Prisons, etc. in Belgium.

It may be interesting to add, that the great administrative talents and earnest, self-sacrificing spirit of Dr. Wichern were utilized in a wide sphere beyond that of his own school. Having created the "inner mission" of Germany, a great movement for the reclamation of the destitute and vicious, he was appointed by the Prussian Government a special inspector of the prisons of the kingdom. The reader will remember that he was actively concerned in the planning and building of the cellular prison of the Moabit, Berlin.[1]

## HOLLAND.

In the Low Countries refuges, called "Godshuis," were founded as early as the fourteenth century, intended for the care and shelter of neglected youth and indigent old age. In the seventeenth century people came from all parts of Europe to learn from the Dutch how orphans and unfortunate children could best be cared for. The Godshuis of Amsterdam was a vast establishment, into which were crowded about that period as many as 4000 juveniles, with such disastrous effects, that its name was changed to that of *pesthuis*, and the Government, in the beginning of the present century, ordered it to be emptied and closed. In 1818, a colony was founded at Veenhuizen by General Van den Bosch, which took in many of the inmates of the Amsterdam Godshuis, and eventually the number of children in this refuge rose to 3000. The colony was not altogether successful, although it began well. The collection of so many in one establishment was not very desirable, but the chief error at Veenhuizen was that the pupils were discharged without subsequent surveillance, and many went astray. The colony was abolished in 1809, and its inmates mostly "boarded out," a system which is in growing favour in Holland; although this country for its size has still a large number of reformatory institutions. Some of the chief of these are the following:—

---

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 254.

The Netherlands Mettray, of which more directly; the reform school of Zetten, near the Arnheim railway station, for Protestant girls; and that of Alkmaar for boys; the reformatory school of St. Vincent de Paul at Amsterdam for both sexes; the Amsterdam reformatory for young vagabonds, male and female; the reform school of Smallepod at Amsterdam. All the foregoing are private institutions, and mainly on the congregate system. There is one State agricultural and industrial colony at Dœtichem, near Dieren, for youths convicted of crimes committed with or without discretion. A vast number of orphanages also exist for various denominations, at Gouda, the Hague, Leyden, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Groningen, and several in Amsterdam.

The Netherlands Mettray, which is about five hours' journey from Amsterdam, on a farm called Rissjelt, near Zutphen, is planned on the French Mettray, and was founded about 1855 by M. Suringar, a veteran Dutch philanthropist, long Vice-President of the Directors of Prisons in Amsterdam, who was always certain it was better to educate the young than chastise the old. It is a close imitation of the French model, except that the family is much smaller, numbering only fifteen boys. The head of each house is, however, an inmate, selected from among the older boys; he is called a monitor, and acts as under-officer by day and night. The system has been adopted on economical grounds, and on account of the difficulty of finding suitable persons for the post of "house-father." It seems open to objection, because it entrusts too much power to lads once at least of the criminal class. The school, however, thrives. It is a pretty place, marvellously kept and tended; the labour is productive, and consists mainly of farming and gardening. The latter is carried far, and the culture of flowers for sale in bouquets and pots brings in excellent returns. Fruit too is much grown, and sells well. Handicrafts are also taught, a boy being permitted to make his own selection; and the trades include shoemaking, tailoring, cabinet-making, painting, varnishing, smith's work, and carpentering. The school-houses have living-rooms and lavatory on the ground-floor, with dormitories above. They are described as plain but commodious, "but they were not too remarkable for cleanliness,[1] and the establishment seemed to me to suffer sensibly from the lack of female care and influence." A strange method of discipline at Zutphen is the use of epigram. When a boy misconducts himself he is publicly branded, by being compelled to read aloud some condemnatory sentence several times. Thus, for using bad language, a boy was ordered to recite to the whole school for eight days the following proverb, "It is better to be dumb, than use the tongue for filthy talk." Again, if a boy loses one of his parents a consoling sentence is hung above his bed. Dutch proverbs are also largely employed fixed on the walls as constant lessons. Some are quaint enough. "He is a fool who lives poor to die rich." "Care for the moments, and they will care for the years."

The results at Zutphen are said to be so good that barely two per cent. of the pupils relapse, or pass into the criminal class.

## ITALY.

In Italy there is no distinction between the treatment of the offending and the neglected or deserted in youth. There are seventeen or more correctional establishments, eight of which are State institutions, and the rest have been founded by private benevolence or by charitable associations, or local communities. None of these are exclusively agricultural; ten are industrial, seven industrial and agricultural combined. In Italy the age of responsibility is nine, below which no child can be charged with an offence; after nine all children who have committed an offence punishable with the *ergastolo*, or a lengthened period of seclusion, and all children between nine and fourteen proved to have acted without discretion, may be sent to a correctional establishment, where they may be detained till they are twenty-one. On proof of "discretion," children between nine and fourteen are also deprived of liberty, and punished in a correctional establishment, as may be those between fourteen and eighteen on the express order of the judge. The schools, however, take children as early as seven. The period of detention varies from nine months to eight years, and in many schools only ends with the age of majority. In some cases pupils are watched over after discharge; but not in all. It is especially done for those leaving the Marchiondi Spagliardi school at Milan, where the managers secure employment for its boys in the factories and trading-places of Milan, while special visitors report upon their conduct to the school—a great number of pupils are not restored to their relatives, but sent straight into the army or navy.

---

[1] Wines, *State of Prisons*, p. 401.

The Italian schools are mostly planned on a large scale. That of Marchiondi Spagliardi above-mentioned accommodates 550, divided among three houses under one supreme head. The Turazza institution at Treviso holds 380, and there are eight others with from 200 to 300 inmates. The *régime* is very various; the larger number of schools are on the congregate system, with daily labour in association and isolation by night. The "family" method is also practised with small groups, divisions, or companies into which the children are formed according to age or conduct. Corporal punishment does not exist in the Italian schools. The annual cost per head is between £14 and £15; the contribution made by parents and relations varies from fifty centimes to one franc and a half per diem. The family system has been introduced into the agricultural colony of Scansano. The reformatory of Genoa has a section for cabin-boys and inmates who have spent a year in the naval school of the reformatory, after which they may be admitted into the Royal Navy. A new organization has been given to the juvenile prisons, and the classes are separated, the old from the younger; those committed by the courts being kept away from those sent by parents for correction.

### NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

The first educational establishment for neglected or perverted youths in Norway, was the gift of a rich merchant, M. Andreas Tofte, to the town of Christiania in 1847. It was called the Toftes Gave, or the gift of Tofte, after its charitable founder, and was first installed as a farm, called Risebro, whence in 1887 it was transferred to the island of Helgœn on Lake Mjœsen. This school accommodates 120, of whom forty are sent by the courts, who can substitute the school for imprisonment or flogging; the remainder are deserted children, or those known to be in vicious surroundings. The maximum age for retention is eighteen, but the pupils are sent out earlier if likely to do well. In 1882, a second similar school was established near Beyen, and a third in 1888 near Stavanger. All three owe their origin to private benevolence, but for some years past the State has made a grant in subvention to the Toftes gaol. A very comprehensive law has been framed in Norway to deal with the whole subject of juvenile delinquency. Under this law all children below the age of sixteen may be sent to a correctional establishment, or boarded out in respectable families, if—

1. They have committed acts punishable by law which indicate moral perversity, and it is deemed advisable to correct them.

2. They are neglected, ill-used, or if their moral deterioration is feared from the vicious life and character of parents or friends.

3. Their conduct at school or at home is such that a more severe correctional treatment is necessary for their rescue.

Under this law the State is also to provide special schools to take all above ten who have shown peculiar depravity; all who have reached eighteen, and who are not yet thought fit for freedom; all who have relapsed after provisional release.

Sweden owes to Oscar I. a national system of education, and many industrial schools are attached to the primary schools all over the country. Sweden is also rich in institutions devoted to the care of destitute and deserted children, all due to the efforts of the charitable. There are two reform schools in Stockholm, one for boys, one for girls; correctional establishments at Gothenburg, on the island of Hissingen, at Folasa for the department of Lingkoping, at Raoby in Malmö, at Froberg, Litta Ersta, Galön, and Ostad. But the largest undertaking of all was that founded at Hall, near the town of Sodertelge, on the shores of the Baltic. This admirable agricultural colony, modelled on that of Mettray, owes its existence to the "Oscar-Josephine Society," to which Queen Josephine, widow of Oscar I., made a large donation in memory of her husband, and which was also largely aided by private benevolence. Hall is a reformatory school, the only one indeed in Sweden competent to receive children sentenced to correctional education. Its inmates are those between ten and fifteen, the latter being the age of responsibility, who are deemed criminal, and they may be detained till they are twenty. "The actual population of Hall"[1]—I quote the words of its director, M. Fant—"is 151. The colony owns a territory of 800 hectares, of which 200 are in cultivation. The whole of the field-work is executed by the pupils, under the supervision of quartermasters. They are also employed in raising stock, in gardening, the manufacturing of farm utensils, in smiths' work, in carpentering, and other trades. Being thus trained in useful handicrafts, pupils easily find employment on discharge through the good offices of the administration. One hundred and forty thus found capable of earning a livelihood have been sent out, and of these only thirteen fell into bad ways." Speaking of the discipline of the school, M. Fant says, that "necessarily an institution based on benevolence and trust must not recall the prison. Our educational methods are comprised under the following heads: healthy and improving religious influences; instruction limited to that of the primary schools; discipline which, though severe, is kindly and paternal; steady agricultural employment, alternating with industrial in the several workshops."

---

[1] St. Petersburg Prison Congress. *Proceedings*, vol. v. p. 745.

## RUSSIA.

The State owns only two correctional schools or asylums, those of Saratow and Simbirsk; the first was founded in 1873 by M. Galkine Wraskoy, at present the chief of the Russian Prison Department, and called after him the Galkine school; the second, founded by the Agricultural Colonial Society in 1880, but handed over to the State in 1889. A number of private institutions exist for the care of neglected or convicted juveniles; that of Moscow, called the

Ronkawichnikow, after its first director, and now managed by the Moscow municipality; the agricultural colony of Studzieniec, on the plan of Mettray; that of Simbirsk; and the Wolvyda Asylum, all of which take exclusively children convicted of or charged with criminal offences. The others also receive deserted, vagrant, or vicious children. The Russian laws of 1864 and 1866 authorized local authorities, private persons, or associations, religious or other, to found reformatory establishments, and the above-mentioned schools are the result. The age of responsibility is ten; but the tribunals may send children to reformatories up to seventeen, who have been shown to have acted without "complete discretion." The stay at school cannot be prolonged beyond the eighteenth year.

Most of the Russian schools are agricultural in character; but the Ronkawichnikow asylum being within the city of Moscow is industrial. The *régime* is that of the family, a single house where the number of pupils is small, and division among houses of 15 to 20 where the population is large. The pupils are granted a portion of their earnings, which accumulates and is given to them on discharge. Conditional release is the rule in most of the schools, and situations are found by the managers, who generally exercise surveillance over their *protégés*. I can find no figures giving the percentages of those who relapse or do well. As regards cost the administration varies greatly; the charge is about £42 per pupil per annum at Ronkawichnikow, and only £12 at Simbirsk. In the St. Petersburg school it is £30, and at Studzieniec £19.

Finland has a reformatory school at Kaurä, in the Brunkkala parish of the Abo Government, which was founded by private charity in 1877. It is on an agricultural and industrial basis combined, and receives neglected and vicious children between nine and fourteen.

## SWITZERLAND.

Private benevolence has done much in recent years for neglected children in Switzerland. The canton of Neuchâtel has benefited by the bequest of a million francs, which was left by a M. Boul to be applied as the canton pleased, and which has been spent in the creation of a large reformatory school for boys. Later, another charitable native of Neuchâtel bequeathed a nearly equal amount to found a similar establishment for girls. Switzerland possesses a large number of institutions for the care of neglected and criminal youth. Most of these have been founded and supported by private subscriptions, donations, bequests, as well as by funds voted by the cantonal Governments or charitable associations. Agriculture is the chief employment, but various trades are also taught, and one or two have an exclusively industrial character. The family system is in force almost universally, and in houses holding from twelve to thirty inmates each, each house with its own head, and keeping apart as regards labour and interior economy. There appears to be no special schools for the convicted. Criminal children are received in the same establishments with the destitute, the vagrants, and the abandoned.

### UNITED STATES.

When reviewing American prisons in my first volume,[1] I was unable to speak of them, generally, in very complimentary terms. It is happily quite otherwise with reformatory institutions, although these cannot yet be said to have exercised any appreciable results—usually visible elsewhere—in the diminution of crime. In the words of a report made in 1878 by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Secretary of the American Social Science Society, "America has no reason to be proud of her prisons, as they were twenty years ago (and the impeachment still holds), but she can justly plume herself upon the work accomplished by her juvenile reformatories since their inauguration down to the present time."

The first in point of date, and still the most considerable of the reformatories in the United States, was that founded in 1825, thanks to the unwearied efforts of the great American publicist and philanthropist, Mr. Edward Livingston, which now has its home on Randall's Island, near New York City. In the following year a reformatory of the same class was founded in Boston, and another the year after in

---

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. chap. xiv.

Philadelphia. All were intended to receive criminal youth. Although not founded by the State, they have been assisted by State funds, and have in due course come largely under State control. Massachusetts took the first step in adopting the Reformatory as a State institution by founding that of Westborough in 1847. There are State reformatories now in almost all the States of the Union; a few for adults, such as that of Elmira,[1] or that of Huntington in Pennsylvania. This State, which, as I have said, established a reformatory for children in 1827, has recently moved it from the heart of the city of Philadelphia into the pure country. The school is now at Glen Mills, twenty miles from the city, on a farm of 385 acres, bought by the princely donations of wealthy citizens, and already extensive buildings have been erected on the site. Great results are looked for in this great Glen Mills Reformatory, planned as it is on so large a scale, and commanding such magnificent resources. There is a fine school also at Merriden in Connecticut; Illinois has one at Pontiac; California is founding one at Whittier. Even the territory of Utah has a reform school at Ogden.

Great diversity of employment is a striking feature of the American reformatories. Over and above work in the service of the school, which includes the cooking, washing, tailoring, shoemaking, gardening, the production of gas and steam, the inmates are taught to forge, to turn wood and mould iron; they make chairs, construct electrical and other machinery; they learn printing, telegraphy, shorthand writing; they labour in the fields, raise stock, grow fruits, figs, oranges, grapes. The girls wash, sew, crochet, weave, embroider, make dresses, brushes, chairs, straw-plaiting, and the rest. The industrial training of the reformatory pupils is actively carried on in the schools, but there seems to be some difficulty in providing for the discharged. The system of apprenticeship has been so much modified by trades' unions and labour leagues that the law is a dead letter, and, as one reformatory manager forcibly puts it, "alien artizans who enter the United States are at once accepted by the unions, American youths leaving reformatories cannot enter these societies." But work is generally found for these youths, and it is estimated that some 60 per cent. become reputable members of society. The percentage is not so high as with us, probably because less authentic statistics are forthcoming in the United States.

---

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 12 and *sqq*.

The older schools in New York and Pennsylvania were on the congregated system. Miss Mary Carpenter, who has written regarding them from personal observation, does not use words of high praise. Admitting that the school on Randall's Island was a splendid institution, she still found much evil association, the elder and more vicious youths mixed with quite young boys. She was equally dissatisfied with what she saw in Philadelphia, where the crowding together of all ages did much mischief, and condemns the system of institution life. Now that of the "family" is more generally accepted. In Massachusetts the juvenile passes up from the prison or the penal school to the boarding out with some respectable family, where he is under the close surveillance of an agent of the charity bureau. In Pennsylvania great efforts are now made to ascertain the best treatment for each individual child. There, too, the parents are held responsible for their children's offences if they are under ten years of age. Some of the best work done in child rescue has been effected by that now extensive organization, the Children's Aid Society of New York. This was founded in 1853, and was intended to provide for the homeless, destitute, and neglected children, mainly the offspring of foreign immigrants who thronged the great city. Not only has this society opened and conducted a great number of industrial schools and other useful institutions, but it has done great service in placing out street arabs and destitute children in country homes. In 1871 it had so provided for 22,000, and these numbers have no doubt been maintained, although I have no figures forthcoming to show this. The society has always maintained agents, and a special machinery for the disposal of children. A resident Western agent travels through the Western States, finds where children are wanted to work, then communicates with the New York agency, which forwards the number required for distribution in the various country villages.

# PART VII.—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

## CHAPTER I.

### BRITISH PRISONS OF TO-DAY.

The prison system of this country—Its chief merit the growth of experience—Various steps taken since John Howard—The last of the "old" prisons—The Act of 1865—Uniformity sought—The Act of 1877, the latest and most comprehensive scheme—Imprisonment as administered now-a-days in Great Britain and Ireland—Measures taken to ensure uniformity—Savings effected—Great reduction in numbers—Fair inference that crime has decreased—Decrease in number of convicts—What penal servitude means—The Irish or "Crofton" system—The remarkable results that followed—Unfair comparison with English system as then practised—No real difference, and the English system had undoubted priority.

I HAVE reserved for my final chapter any detailed account of the prison system of this country, for a due consideration of which my earlier pages will possibly have served. The brief but I trust sufficient descriptions given of older methods at home and abroad, of the prison systems now in force in most foreign countries, will enable the reader to draw some comparison with our processes for dealing with crime. My examination of the efforts now in progress to deal with neglected youth will perhaps have proved the axiom which is not yet fully accepted, but which most people would willingly believe, that prevention is now-a-days more successful than punishment ever was in the past; that the rescue of the possible wrong-doer has done more to keep our gaols empty than any reformatory or deterrent action upon the formed and, so to speak, crystallized criminal. But repression has not on that account ceased its salutary chastening influences. Prisons may be less and less used; their population may have diminished continually and remarkably in recent years, but they still exist, and they are so organized and administered that it would be more than unjust to deny our present system of prison discipline some credit in contributing to the most satisfactory and much-wished-for result.

The chief merit of our British system is, that it is the growth of time, the product of experience. In the many changes introduced this century, the great aim and object has been progressive improvement. The movement has all been forward. There has been no slackness in correcting errors and remedying abuses since John Howard struck the key-note of indignant protest. Reform may not have always gone hand-in-hand with suggestion, but that has been because of the quasi-independence of the prison jurisdictions. Prisons were largely controlled by local authorities upon no very uniform or effective principle, although Act after Act of Parliament was passed for the purpose. Two in 1823-4 first laid down the principle that health, moral improvement, and regular labour were as important objects as safe custody. At the same time some attempt at classification was made, and it was ordered, for the first time, that female prisoners should be controlled only by female officers. In 1835, a fresh Act insisted that all prison rules should be subjected to the approval of the Secretary of State; a proper dietary was made essential, without the "stimulating luxury" of tobacco. Classification too was again tried, but without good results, and the rule of separation at all times except during Divine Service, labour, or instruction, was gradually adopted in principle. Inspectors of prisons were appointed to exact obedience to the new laws. In 1839, an Act permitted, but did not actually order, the confinement of each prisoner in a separate cell. The dimensions of these cells were laid down, and it was insisted that they should be certified as fit for occupation. A Surveyor-General of Prisons was also appointed to assist and advise the Secretary of State as to prison construction.

The first substantial move ahead was made in the building of Pentonville, a prison which was to serve as a model to all prisons, as has literally been the case. Although copied in a measure from the old Roman monastery prison of San Michele, and following in design the famous Cherry Hill penitentiary of Philadelphia, Pentonville was really a type of itself, and embraced so many excellences that it has never yet been greatly improved upon. In the six years following, fifty-four new prisons were built in England, providing cells for 11,000 prisoners; but in 1850 a Select Committee of the House of Commons reported that "several prisons were still in a very unsatisfactory condition, and that proper punishment, separation, or reformation in them is impossible." Parliament even then was strongly urged to entrust the supreme control of all prisons to one central authority, wholesome advice which was not accepted for nearly thirty years. But although convicts sentenced to longer terms, which were usually carried out beyond the seas, obtained much attention, the successive recommendations to improve the small outlying gaols, for short terms, were very imperfectly adopted.

The next great step was the Prison Act of 1865, which grew out of the report from a Committee of the House of Lords, and which strongly condemned the variety of the prison buildings, and of the punishment inflicted. Some of the practices which still prevailed even at that late date were really a disgrace to our civilization. In some prisons the prisoners lay two in a bed in dormitories without light, ventilation, or control. Warders were afraid to enter them after dark. There was no uniformity in labour, or in the hours in which it was performed. In one prison the inmates lay in bed for fifteen hours daily. One of these gaols, which existed down to the passing of the 1865 Act, and was situated in the heart of a densely populated seaport town, has been described to me by its last governor. It was an ancient edifice, consisting of four parallel two-storied blocks; the bottom storey opened on to a corridor, the windows of which were unglazed, and in communication with the outer air; above each cell-door was a barred opening without glass, which served as a ventilator. In wet weather the rain poured into the passage; in a snowstorm the snowflakes drifted through the cell-ventilators upon the bed which was just beneath, and which often lay of a morning an inch or two deep in snow. There was no heating apparatus, and the place was desperately cold in winter. Upon the first floor there were a number of larger cells in which as many as seven prisoners were associated together day and night, and so crowded that the beds were bestowed upon the floor, while hammocks were also stretched across them above. Sunday was the worst day of the week in this horrible old prison. After morning service the prisoners took their dinners with them to their cells, and were then and there locked up till the following morning. No one could get out, if he had been dying; there was no communication with officers or others outside. Here, in an atmosphere laden with fœtid exhalations, amidst foul filth of all kinds, the wretched prisoners were imprisoned for eighteen consecutive hours. These modern black holes were so far worse than that of Calcutta that their unfortunate inmates had daylight in which to observe with loathing and disgust the reeking bed-place, the filthy, ragged bed-clothes, and all the nameless shameful indecencies and nastiness around. Nor was it only in the accommodation provided that these poor creatures suffered. They were also continually ill-used by their warders, who harassed and harried them at every turn; every officer had one to wait upon him as a personal attendant, called his "lackey," who was always at his heels serving him hand and foot, performing every menial office, except that of carrying his keys. The outgoing governor who escorted his successor (my informant) around the gaol was imbued with the same brutal reckless spirit, which he displayed by rushing into a cell, seizing a youthful prisoner by the shoulders, shaking him violently, after which he threw him roughly upon the ground with the brief explanation, "You've got to show them you're master sometimes." The boy had not been guilty of any misconduct whatever.

In this gaol all kinds of work was performed for the private benefit of the officers, a practice very generally prevalent in the gaols to a much later date. It was one of the governor's perquisites to employ prisoners for his own behoof. There was jubilation in his family when a clever tailor or sempstress "came in"; new suits of clothes were at once cut out and made for the governor, his wife or children. His house was fitted and half furnished by prisoners; they made arm-chairs, picture-frames, boot-racks. In one prison I heard of an excellent carriage constructed by a clever coach-builder who had got into trouble, and whose forfeited hours were thus utilized for the governor and not for the ratepayers. In another gaol some unexpected inspection revealed the entrance of a mysterious pipe leading from the kitchen somewhere, which when followed to its outlet was found to convey the grease and scourings straight to a flower-bed in the governor's garden.

The Act of 1865 was a comprehensive measure intended to enforce uniformity, and with this end in view a schedule of rules was added to the Act. Local authorities were required to accept the principles and adopt its rules under pain of losing the Treasury grant or subvention in aid of the running expenditure. For the first time the rule of separation became imperative, and every prison authority was required to provide separate cells for all its prisoners, with separate divisions for females, debtors, and misdemeanants of the first-class. The regular employment of prisoners was also provided for by the Act, which defined two kinds of hard labour, first-class and second-class, and it was enacted that every able-bodied prisoner should be kept constantly at the first-named for at least three months. This first-class hard labour might be at the tread-wheel, crank, shot-drill, capstan, stone-breaking, "and such other like description of hard bodily labour." All other approved kinds of labour was called second-class, which term included a wide variety of trades and employments. The very variety of both first and second-class, and the latitude allowed in choosing its character, was not calculated to produce the uniformity which was the chief *raison d'être* of the 1865 Act. The scale of dietaries might be fixed by the Justices, but subject to the approval of the Secretary of State, another opening for divergence which in due course showed plentifully; the duties of governor, chaplain, and medical officer were exactly laid down; all necessary measures for cleanliness, health, and security were also insisted upon; rules for letters, and visits, were framed; others prohibiting the employment of prisoners in the service of any of its officers or in its discipline; while the powers of punishment, strictly limited to the Justices and the gaoler, were also defined. Very precise instructions were contained in the schedule already mentioned as regards administration and discipline.

Twelve years later the uniformity sought by the 1865 Act had not been secured. Justices had not in every case realized their duties and responsibilities. Many prisons remained defective; all pretty well differed in their treatment of prisoners, and the criminal classes were themselves aware of it. Thus the tread-wheel labour in one prison amounted to a daily ascent of 7200 feet; in another it was 12,852 feet, the number of hours' work varying in different prisons from six to ten hours. Again, the dietaries in use varied in almost all the prisons. Although the Home Office had recommended a scale in 1843, only 63 out of 140 local prisons had adopted it; while a later scale, framed in 1864, was still more ignored, many still preferring the old, and only 26 out of 114 adopting the new. These inequalities were well known to those whose business is crime, and it was a common practice for intending offenders to avoid a locality where the gaol system was severe. To secure uniformity in punishment was all the more important, since criminals had learnt to avail themselves of the many facilities for travelling from place to place, and crime was no longer localized. The same reason added another argument in favour of making the support of prisons an imperial rather than a local charge. It was a little unfair too that a district which had already suffered by the depredations of an evil-doer should bear the heaviest part of the expense of his correction. With these, there was a further still stronger reason for concentration. Some relief of local taxation was earnestly desired, and the assumption by the Exchequer of prison expenditure seemed to promise this in an easy and substantial way, more particularly as the transfer of control would be accompanied by a revision of the means, and followed by a diminution in the number of prisons required. Such arguments fully justified Mr. (now Viscount) Cross in introducing the measure known as the Prison Act of 1877, which was passed that year, and contemplated great changes in the system as it then was; the first and chief being the transfer and control of all local prisons to a Board of Commissioners acting for the State.

All these have now taken effect, and after a test of sixteen years may fairly be judged by the results achieved. Certainly the uniformity desired has at last been attained. Every prisoner now finds exactly the same treatment, according to his category, from Land's End to the Orkney Isles. Whether only an accused person, a debtor, misdemeanant, or condemned felon, he will be kept strictly apart, occupying a cell to himself, the dimensions of which assure him a minimum air-content of 800 cubic feet, and which has been duly certified by one of her Majesty's Prison Inspectors as fit for his occupation, being lighted, heated, ventilated, and provided with bell (in some new prisons of electric) communications. From the moment he passes into the prison till he again finds himself on the right side of the gate, he is under exactly the same discipline, whether he is in the gaol of Bodmin or of Newcastle, of Norwich, Liverpool, or Carlisle. Everywhere his bath awaits him; his clothing, if he is convicted, or his own is too filthy for health; his first and every succeeding meal based upon a dietary framed by medical experts after the most mature deliberation. His day's task is fixed; if he is able-bodied he must do six hours on the tread-wheel, half in the forenoon, half in the afternoon, with five minutes' rest after fifteen minutes' spell; and executing everywhere the same total ascent of 8640 feet, at 32 feet per second. This, the most severe phase of his prison life, continues for one month, or more exactly, until he has earned 224 marks in the first of a series of "progressive stages," which have been ingeniously devised to secure industry and good conduct. Every prisoner holds in his own hands the ability to modify the penal character of his imprisonment, and by the exercise of these two qualities may gradually earn privileges and improve his position. Or, in the words of the admirable administrator to whose consistent efforts the present system mainly owes its present high standard of efficiency: "Commencing with severe penal labour—hard fare and a hard bed—he can gradually advance to more interesting employment, somewhat more material comfort, full use of library books, privilege of communication by letter and word with friends; finally the advantage of a moderate sum of money to start again on discharge, so that he may not have the temptations or the excuse that want of means might afford for falling again into crime. His daily progress towards these objects is recorded by the award of marks, and any failure of industry or conduct is in the same way visited on him by the forfeiture of marks, and consequent postponement or diminution of the prescribed privileges."[1] The infliction of these lesser penalties has lessened very appreciably the severer forms of punishment necessary to maintain discipline. This is conclusively shown by the following figures:—In 1868 there were 61,000 punishments, 43,000 of which were reduction of diet, enforced in 17,109 cases in punishment-cells. The ratio that year was 8·9 per thousand of the whole prison population. In 1892 the total punishments were 28,174, of which 17,847 were dietary enforced in 676 in punishment-cells, and the ratio per thousand was 5·8. There were 111 cases of corporal punishment, 168 of the employment of handcuffs or irons as a means of restraint (68 of which were on females); but these were only inflicted by magistrates, or with their approval. As a further evidence that punishment of any kind is not largely necessary,[1] it may be added that although 20,854 persons, male and female, were punished during the year, there were 162,356 of the total who passed through the prisons who received no punishment whatever.

---

[1] Sir E. Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 77.

A certain jealousy of Government as contrasted with private control was shown when the Act of 1877 was under discussion, and this has been embodied in one of its provisions. The local authorities were still utilized both as a safeguard against abuses, and to afford a ready court of appeal in cases of serious misconduct; functions which, being on the spot, they were likely to perform with good results. But it was also enacted that the visiting committee of magistrates, as the local supervisors were styled, should hear any prisoner's complaint "in private," if so desired—"a proviso inserted no doubt on the supposition that prisoners are afraid to complain of ill-treatment."[2] I do not imagine that this privilege has often been claimed since the transfer of the prisons.

---

[1] As any one prisoner may receive one or more *kinds* of punishment for an offence, dietary reduction for example, and loss of privileges too, it is obvious that the number of persons punished cannot agree with the number of punishments awarded.

[2] Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 72.

Nor was there the slightest necessity for the insertion of the clause. Prisoners are always free to complain. Every facility is given them. They do so frequently, and complaint is indeed solicited by the visiting inspector, whose first duty is to act as the prisoner's friend. I have myself seen, spoken to, and invited complaint from some 5000 prisoners per month during the last fifteen years, and although I have received, as might be expected, numberless applications, I cannot call to mind a single case of well-founded complaint of ill-usage at the hands of any of the gaol officials. There is moreover the right of appeal to the highest authority, the Secretary of State himself, to whom every prisoner is entitled to address a written petition, which must reach him, and is certain to be attentively considered. It may be contended that some prisoners cannot write, but in such cases assistance is given him by school-master or chaplain, officials unconnected with discipline, and so above suspicion. But any case of interference with, or of the suppression of, a prisoner's complaint would be very seriously dealt with. In no country are the rights of prisoners so fully respected as in this.

The first administrative act[1] of the Prison Commissioners was to re-appropriate prisons by closing all that were practically unnecessary. Many counties owned several prisons (Lincolnshire had five), where one would have served; a prison was often kept up although all but empty, while close by was another with spare accommodation sufficient to take in prisoners from a much larger area. Only a centralized authority dealing comprehensively with the whole of the different establishments could so rearrange them as to end these anomalies. Prompt steps were taken in this direction, and within a month or so of the coming into operation of the Act, 38 of a total of 113 prisons were closed. After that the process of concentration was continued, as occasion offered and arrangements could be made, so that today the total number of local prisons is only 57. Eighteen years previously, in 1862, there had been as many as 193 prisons in England and Wales, of which 63 held an average of only 25 prisoners; 27 had less than six, and some.as a rule had no inmates at all.

---

[1] An important part of the new measure was the settlement of accounts with the local authorities, whose prisons were taken over by the State. The intricate financial negotiations extended over some years, but were eventually completed satisfactorily. This was not a matter which affected the prison system, so I have made no further reference to it.

The general uniformity of punishment, already adverted to at some length, would in itself have been a sufficient justification of the new *régime.* But other undoubted advantages have also followed the change. A first and almost immediate effect of this abolition of unnecessary if not absolutely useless prisons, has been a marked saving in expenditure. It is calculated by the Prison Commissioners that economies to the extent of half a million of money have been made since 1878. For the seven years preceding the change, the local prisons cost £3,330,577, and for the seven years immediately following, £2,842,455.[1] In addition to which many valuable sites in the heart of populous towns, which were occupied by unnecessary prisons, have been utilized for more useful erections. The heads of service on which savings have been effected cover nearly all the items of expenditure. One great economy has been in the salaries of superior officials. In 1878 there were 111 governors, to-day there are only 57; the chaplains have been reduced in the same proportion—yet other branches of the staff have been increased; by the addition of clergymen of other persuasions than the Church of England, school-masters, clerks (so as to end the practice of employing prisoners in the offices), resident engineers or artisans. There have been many housewifely savings, such as a reduction in the consumption of gas and water, with a more economical service of steam-boilers and cooking-stoves; savings on the conveyance of prisoners sent to penal servitude, by their being collected and forwarded in bodies, without obliging escort officers to be constantly on the road. Above all, a very large saving has accrued upon the cost of maintenance, of victualling, clothing, and so forth, partly due to a closer supervision of prices, the manufacture of many articles in various prisons, and still more the result of the continuous decrease of the numbers to be provided.

Whatever the cause,—and it is easier to state the effect than apportion it among the causes that produce it,—the population of prisons of England and Wales[1] is not much more than half what it was when the new system came into force. It was at its highest in June 1878, just after the Government assumed control, when the total rose to 21,030; and at its lowest in January 1891, when it fell to 11,709. Nor is this a sudden drop, accompanied by marked fluctuations, and occasional noticeable increases. The movement has been steadily downward. In 1880 the daily average total was 19,800; it fell then continuously, and in 1882 it was 17,800; again with a pause in 1883, and an almost imperceptible rise, it dropped year after year, till in 1888 it was 14,500; again in the following year there was a slight rise of a couple of hundred, and after that a fresh fall till it reached 12,800.[2] Various explanations have been offered of these phenomena. To some I have already referred. Another is said to be a general shortening of the sentences inflicted, a fact that might perhaps bear examination, except that there is no evidence to prove that all courts have combined to be lenient. Nor would this, which might explain the drop in one or more years, account for the continuous drop for so many consecutive years. Some decrease may be due to the substitution of fines for imprisonment, and the tenderness shown to first offenders. But "it certainly seems justifiable to infer from these figures that our penal reformatory system has been made effective; and the remarkably steady and sustained decrease . . . must be considered to show that recent legislation, with which it so remarkably coincides in point of time, has in principle and execution not only completely succeeded in promoting uniformity, economy, and improved administration, but also in that which is the main purpose of all—the repression of crime."[1]

---

[1] Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 104.

---

[1] My remarks refer mainly to England and Wales. But the same results are observable in Scotland and Ireland.

[2] It must be borne in mind that the figures quoted give the daily average total in the year. During the year these figures have varied, for it is a strange but incontestable fact that prisons are always most full in summer and autumn, and that the numbers go down in winter and spring.

The decrease is even more remarkable in the convict prisons, those which receive the more serious offenders, sentenced to penal servitude. A few figures will show this. The total number of convicts in custody under sentence of penal servitude, including those in Great Britain, Gibraltar, and Western Australia, has been as follows since 1869—

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1869 | (on 31st | Dec.) | 11,660 | 1879 | (on 31st | March) | 10,884 |
| 1870 | " | " | 11,890 | 1880 | " | " | 10,839 |
| 1871 | " | " | 11,712 | 1881 | " | " | 10,676 |
| 1872 | " | " | 11,488 | 1882 | " | " | 10,587 |
| 1873 | " | " | 11,061 | 1883 | " | " | 10,529 |
| 1874 | " | " | 10,867 | 1884 | " | " | 9938 |
| 1875 | " | " | 10,765 | 1885 | " | " | 9154 |
| 1876 | " | " | 10,725 | 1886 | " | " | 8379 |
| 1877 | " | " | 10,763 | 1887 | " | " | 7835 |
| 1878 | " | " | 10,671 | 1888 | " | " | 7257 |
| | | | | 1889 | " | " | 6572 |
| | | | | 1890 | " | " | 6129 |
| | | | | 1891 | " | " | 5521 |
| | | | | 1892 | " | " | 5247 |

and in July 1892, 5068.

---

[1] Du Cane, *Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 109.

It appears therefore that in 1870 there was a slight increase, but that after that (except to a very small extent in two years, 1879-80) a steady decline in numbers set in, until now in 1892 the convict population is just half what it was some five-and-twenty years ago. Going back further still to 1828, when the population of this county was barely fifteen millions, there were in all, between the penal colonies at the Antipodes, at Gibraltar and Bermuda, the hulks at home, and the Millbank Penitentiary, just 50,000 convicts, or ten times what the total is to-day with a population of nearly thirty millions. Carrying the comparison a little further, there were 3611 sentenced to transportation in 1836; in 1846, 3157; in 1856, 2715; in 1866, 2016 (combined with penal servitude); in 1876, 1753 to penal servitude alone; in 1886, 910; and in 1891, the last year for which returns are available, only 751. This progressive decrease is doubtless largely due to the growth of that more humane spirit which has mitigated the severity of punishment in recent years, and which prompts judges to avoid the heaviest penalties, as is shown, for instance, by the fact that the life sentences in 1836 were 740, and that in 1891 there were only four. It may be attributed also to the admitted efficacy of the punishment of penal servitude, and that it is sufficient to visit even serious offences with shorter terms, a practice much facilitated by the recent reduction of the minimum period from five to three years.

It will be well to consider at this point, what a sentence of penal servitude, the heaviest penalty known to the law short of death, actually means, and how it is inflicted. The subject is more interesting, as our English system is being very widely copied abroad; a statement which may surprise some of my foreign readers. But the so-called Irish or progressive system, of which so many are enamoured, and which Sir Walter Crofton is supposed to have invented, was, as a matter of fact, copied by him, in its main outlines, from what was already in force in England. The methods adopted in Ireland were no doubt an extension, often an improvement, upon the original. But it is enough to read the early reports of the Irish Directors of Convict Prisons, to see that they earnestly desired to imitate and reproduce the English model. Indeed, one of Sir Walter Crofton's most trusted and energetic colleagues was Captain Knight, who had been trained under Sir Joshua Jebb in an English convict prison. The principle of "progress," which was the key-note of the so-called Irish system, and its most attractive feature to logical minds, had existed in the English or parent system since 1847, or seven years before Sir Walter, then Captain, Crofton, adopted it in Ireland. It was Sir George Grey who, in 1847, first accepted the principle. The chastening effect of a period of separate confinement, as carried out in the new model prison at Pentonville, had been clearly seen in the exemplary behaviour of convicts sent abroad, and it was thereupon decided that all convicts should pass the first period of their sentence under this severe *régime* at home. After that they were transferred to an open prison at home or in the colonies, to be there employed on some works of public utility, and that finally they should be sent out of the country with a conditional pardon, and free to complete their own regeneration, subject only to supervision in the distant colony which became their new home.

This "probation system," as it is called, was exactly copied in Ireland. The Directors themselves, in their first official report, dated April 1855, used these words, "We have endeavoured to assimilate our prisons with the English system." Accordingly they appointed the Mountjoy Prison to take the place of Pentonville in their scheme, and enforced a first period of nine months' separate cellular confinement. This was followed by employment of the able-bodied on public works at the newly-created prison on Spike Island, near Cork, and another for invalids at Phillipstown. Finally, for the third stage, that of conditional release, as the Irish authorities could not utilize the penal colonies, they invented a form of semi-freedom, which has since been greatly applauded—the now famous, but long since abandoned "intermediate" or "farm" prisons of Smithfield and Lusk. The first of these was in Dublin, the second some fifteen miles distant from the city. To these prisons —"intermediate" between restraint and liberty—about seventy-five per cent. of the entire number of convicts were sent, when they had completed about four-sevenths of their sentences. The prisons were three iron huts or sheds, each holding fifty beds; and one end of each barrack-room was partitioned off as a sleeping-place for the official or warder in charge. Beyond a cook-house and a few cottages for warders, there were no other buildings, except those required for the farming operations, in which the somewhat amphibious prisoners, at once captive and free, were employed. Very great hopes were centred upon this intermediate stage of existence, which had no doubt much to commend it in theory. In practice it was found that the congregation of these half-cured criminals undid all the good of their previous incarceration.

A concurrence of accidents soon brought the English and Irish systems into strong contrast, and comparisons were instituted by no means favourable to the first-named. It so happened, from the cessation of transportation, great numbers of English convicts had accumulated at home, and were ripe for discharge at about the same time. A new and regular system of granting tickets-of-leave had replaced the old irregular method of pardoning all convicts at the hulks who had completed from half to three-fourths of their time. There was nothing new in this premature release; but from the reasons first given the boon was granted at the same time to an unusually large number in 1862. When therefore crimes with violence largely increased that winter, especially the newly-invented method of "garroting," the English system was visited with all the blame. A loud and really unjustifiable outcry was raised against the English methods; and the Irish, which in a measure had escaped the same evils, were loudly applauded.

It was now discovered that since 1854, about two-thirds of the Irish convicts had disappeared. In that year there were 3933[1] males and females in custody; in 1862, the total was only 1314. Clearly a system which had produced such remarkable results in so short a time must be worthy of all praise, just as that which had flooded the country with dangerous crowds of unreclaimed desperadoes must merit contempt. The only error was in giving the whole credit to the "system," and taking no account of other causes. We now know, that at the first date, following close on the devastating Irish famine, the prisons (like the workhouses) were abnormally full. The level at the point of departure in 1854 was therefore exceptionally high; but unfortunately, no figures are available to show what the convict population was in Ireland in earlier years. Again, the decrease in crime was concurrent with an extraordinary exodus of the general population, of those classes in particular which fall most into crime. The total number who emigrated in 1854 was 140,555. The emigration continued at the rate of close upon

---

[1] The total was yet larger, for there were 345 in the country prisons, and several hundreds in Gibraltar and Bermuda.

100,000 for the three following years. In all, up to 1862, the date of the first comparison of results, a total number of 782,287 had left the country. Another point overlooked by the panegyrists of the Irish system, was that the disappearance of the Irish convict from his own country might coincide with his appearance in happier hunting-grounds quite close at hand. The criminal, for obvious reasons, always prefers rich to poor countries, and Irishmen, criminal and non-criminal, are ready enough to cross the Irish Channel. Some interesting figures are given in recent prison reports, showing how large is the proportion of Irish in English prisons, and which has been shown to be per 10,000, 347 males and 214 females. The same proportion of other nationalities are :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| English ... ... | 91 males ... | 25 females |
| Scotch ... ... | 160 „ ... | 80 „ |
| Colonial and Foreign | 178 „ ... | 56 „ |

It is more than likely that many of the Irish criminals left home to improve their business, rather than because home had been made too hot for them.

It is very far from my wish to depreciate the consistent efforts made by the Irish Directors, or minimize the valuable results they achieved ; these results are incontestable. Although in the years that crime rose in England, 1863-5, it also increased in Ireland, it never reached the dimensions there of earlier years. After 1865 it again began to fall, and with increasing rapidity; as regards males, that is to say, for the number of female convicts in Ireland did not at first proportionally diminish. The male convict population, however, had fallen from 1158 in 1866 to 857 in 1876, to 700 in 1886, and to 446 in 1889. The females, on the other hand, were 479 in 1866; in 1870, 352; in 1876, 281; in 1880, 177; and at last, falling quite rapidly, they were only 46 in 1889. The general decrease in crime in Ireland was not, however, limited to its most serious forms, such as entailed penal servitude. It was apparent also in the lighter forms, for the population of the Irish county and borough (now, local) gaols have decreased *pari passu* with that of the convict prisons. In January 1851, for instance, the total number in the former was 10,084; in January 1882 it was only 3025, and in 1892 it was 2506. But these local gaols are not governed on the Irish convict system; the inference is therefore fair, that that system may not have produced all the decrease, which may well be attributed to other causes, such as emigration, especially to England, "improvement in the general condition of the people, and the demand for labour which is easily obtained by any person industriously inclined." [1]

I think, however, I have now fully shown, and my statements are based upon absolute fact, that the so-called Irish system was not original, and that in its main features it had already existed some six or seven years in England. But the Irish system was undoubtedly well organized. Advantage was always taken of the best parts of the English system, which in adapting them to Ireland were often developed and improved. Thus the "mark system," which contributed the machinery by which progress could be noted, was an amplification of what the English prisons already employed by means of the letters V. G., G., and so forth. In Ireland too remission of sentence was granted as in England, but only when earned day by day through continuous industry and good conduct. In England remission was promised *en bloc*, but might be forfeited for misconduct or idleness. In Ireland again an excellent plan of supervising the conditionally released was introduced long before it was adopted in this country. This was made possible by the Irish constabulary, a widely distributed engine, which had all ex-prisoners under its observation and control. Strange to say, the supervision of even the discharged criminal whose sentence had not completely expired, was long abhorrent to English feeling, and it was not until the passing of the Prevention of Crimes Act, in 1871, that a practice now admitted to be most useful was permitted by the Legislature. More than all, the Irish Directors were fortunate enough to command the services of a most indefatigable agent, Mr. Organ, whose name will long be remembered for his long and self-sacrificing labours in watching over and assisting the released Irish convicts. Mr. Organ, who was

---

[1] Honble. F. C. Bourke, now chairman of Irish Prison Board.

"lecturer" at the Intermediate Prisons, undertook the supervision of the licence-holders very much as do the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies now-a-days, the intention being the same, namely, to spare the ex-prisoner from being perpetually hunted up by, and at the mercy of, the police.

# CHAPTER II.

## BRITISH PRISONS OF TO-DAY (*continued*).

The English system essentially progressive—Separate confinement—The public works—Remission and ticket-of-leave—The black book and re-convictions—Results of the English convict system—A Royal Commission's opinion on public works executed—These results have been derided, but are now patent to every eye—Portland—St. Mary's Island, Chatham—Portsmouth, Dartmoor.

WHATEVER merit the so-called Irish system possessed can also be claimed for that which undoubtedly preceded it, and which has now survived it. If it be urged that the decrease of numbers undergoing it is a proof of its effective character, then the English system has in late years achieved as much as the Irish, and more. If the principle of progress, the gradual improvement from severe restraint to greater freedom, is a good system of penal treatment, then our present English system does all that the Irish did, and more. Von Holtzendorff says that this progressive system, over and above its superiority in rationally preparing for liberty, and being more in accord with the objects of modern penality, possesses one inherent virtue: it provides the prisoner with a social stepping-ladder, which cellular imprisonment can never give. The prisoner is subjected to processes which improve him, and at the same time invite his own co-operation, so that his fate is really in his own hands. He is first chastened, then strengthened; last of all, he is encouraged to run alone. These three expressions briefly describe the stages through which the English convict now passes, and which correspond to the three great changes in his condition from first reception until the law has done with him altogether.

The first stage is one of severe penal discipline: dull monotony, hard work, a diet spare, and no more than sufficient, all in sharp contrast to the excitement and vicious excess which is too often his life when free, and sharply reminding him that the way of transgressors is hard. This period of privation has been wisely limited to nine months, although more recent investigations point to the possibility of extending the time of strict separation to double that period, or even to two years. The second stage is to one or other of the public works prisons, to a laborious but healthy life passed in the open air. The employment is much the same as that of free workmen, comprising every variety of outdoor industry, with a great deal of ordinary digging and delving, of bricklaying, stone-dressing, pile-driving, plate-laying, and generally of all the work carried on in large constructive operations, and all of which contribute to the metamorphosis of the convict by converting him into a wage-earning citizen against his discharge. The change is great from the unbroken seclusion of the separate cell to this labour in common with many hundreds of fellow-convicts; and after the first hardships, when muscles are still flabby, is often very punishing. But the regular work, combined with a wholesome yet not too full dietary, and the absence of all vexations, are generally beneficial. Most convicts improve physically upon "the Works." Much adverse criticism has been vented upon the "degrading association," as it has been styled, the free intercourse of the convict workmen at their daily tasks, but the term is surely exaggerated. Even if the conditions of labour were not identical with those of ordinary outside life, and the convicts at the public works were no more associated than they would be if free, the rule is strict that all hands working in the open are kept under close observation; idle gossip is not permitted; nor is it very easy when time is fully employed. Not only is talking prohibited, but the idleness which accompanies it causes penalties with it which few convicts are disposed to despise. Want of industry means a loss of marks, and to lose marks is to forfeit part of that precious "remission of time" which is the sheet-anchor of our English progressive system.

This remission, which may amount, if fully earned, to a fourth of the whole sentence,[1] is the only avenue to the third stage—that of conditional release, the well-known "licence," or "ticket-of-leave," as it is commonly called. Every convict may return to society when his remission is earned, but only on sufferance, and subject to certain obligations, to strict rules of surveillance and conduct, any breach of which speedily entails the forfeiture of liberty and his re-committal to gaol. The already mentioned Prevention of Crimes Act of 1871 is a powerful engine, which is worked with precision, and never lets go of those within its grip. The ticket-holder is only indeed in a state of semi-freedom, just what the old intermediate prisons of Ireland wished to compass, but under less artificial conditions. It is obvious that convicts held together in a company, living always together like soldiers, are exposed to many dangers; that this moral "convalescent hospital," as it was called, might and did degenerate into a hot-bed of infectious disease. The released prisoner who returns to society is absorbed into the general population, and lives the natural life of the ordinary citizen, with his home, his family ties, while still subject to the law, and still a prisoner, although at large. The ticket-of-leave system, and its important functions as now worked, are not perhaps sufficiently known and appreciated. But it is undoubtedly one among other causes of the steady decrease in crime through the hold it has on the probationer, and the promptitude with which those who relapse are retained to work out the remission they have weakly surrendered. The number of these re-committals, taken with the fact that so many of the dangerous classes offend and are re-convicted again and again, have been quoted against our present system in proof of its inefficacy as a deterrent. This point I have already discussed,[1] and I will only add here that re-conviction is rather a tribute to the vigilant activity of the police than an argument against the deterrence of imprisonment.

---

[1] Until 1892 remission was only allowed to count against the time spent on public works. It is now granted also for the period of separate confinement.

It is probable that all these preventive measures would have been far less effective and far-reaching but for the excellent registration of habitual criminals, which has been carefully kept up now for some twenty years. The "Black Book," or, as it might well be called, the Official Red Book of Crime, is a monument of labour and a mine of wealth to the police. It appears annually, each year adding to the information of the previous, the whole forming a small library of books of reference on the criminal classes. The Criminal Register, as published for eighteen years, now contains, in the aggregate, the names of 96,497 persons, against whom convictions have been recorded. These volumes, with the Distinctive Marks Register, for "the habitual criminal carries on his person marks which afford a certain clue to his identity,"[2] are invaluable to police authorities. Often just the hint wanted against a suspected person is found in them, enough perhaps to establish a *primâ facie* case against him; and corroborative evidence can be got by circulating inquiries in the localities to which the individual belongs or has favoured with his presence. With such a careful catalogue of the criminal classes, so many members of which are thus ticketed and indexed, their nefarious operations are largely checked and controlled, and by means that do not interfere with the liberty of the subject. The "distinctive marks" are such as are easily recognizable, personal traits and features, original and acquired, which can be seen at a glance. It would not be possible with us to subject an accused, and in the eyes of the law still innocent, person, to the long minute physical measurements of the Bertillon method of identification; and this has prevented our adoption of the no doubt useful "anthropometric" system now largely used abroad. But on the Continent justice usually proceeds from a different starting-point, and holds an arrested person guilty until he can prove his innocence.

---

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 7, *sqq*.

[2] Du Cane, *P. and P. of Crime*, p. 195. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 28.

So much for the methods of coercion and repression, the salutary processes through which the convict, himself assisting, is passed. There remains the pleasanter side of the picture, when benevolence comes forward to assist all those whose penalty is ended, and who are really desirous of avoiding further crime, and anxious to climb back into honest industry. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is one of the most useful of modern charitable institutions. Its funds, made up of Government grants, the prisoners' own gratuities or prison earnings, and especially of monies privately subscribed, are judiciously expended in the rehabilitation of the discharged prisoner.

Work is found for those willing to work, and the necessary tools provided for carrying on a trade, often prison taught; youths are sent to sea or to new neighbourhoods remote from former evil associations. Since 1802, when these societies were first invented, their growth has been continuous, and of late years very rapid. In addition to the Royal Society located at Charing Cross, and especially devoted to the care of convicts leaving penal servitude, there is a host of small provincial societies, one indeed for every prison centre. Some idea of the extended usefulness of these societies will be seen in the fact that during 1891-2 a sum of £5243 was distributed among prisoners released from local prisons, and a further sum of £4383 was given to convicts returning from penal servitude.

As a good tree may be known by its fruit, so the English convict system can point with pardonable pride to the substantial results it has achieved. These have been handsomely acknowledged by the most competent critics. The highest encomium passed was contained in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Penal Servitude Acts in 1879, which said—

"We are convinced also that severe labour on public works is most beneficial in teaching criminals habits of industry, and training them to such employments as digging, road-making, quarrying, stone-dressing, building, and brick-making—work of a kind which cannot be carried on in separate confinement. It is found that employment of this nature is most easily obtained by convicts on their release, since men are taken on for rough work without the strict inquiries as to previous character which are made in other cases.

"By far the most important work done by the convicts is that performed at the public works prisons. The magnificent breakwater and the fortifications at Portland, the great basins at Chatham, and other similar works, which have been mainly executed by convict labour, testify to the skill with which the system of associated labour has been directed, and are substantial proofs that convicts can be made to repay to the public a considerable part of the cost of their maintenance. No doubt, even if it were not advantageous in a pecuniary point of view to employ convicts on public works of this nature, it would be still most desirable that such employment should be found for them as an essential part of penal discipline, but it is far more satisfactory that their labour should if possible be profitably employed."

The Commission made it its business to ascertain how far the recorded earnings as shown in the annual official reports could be relied upon, and it was satisfied that they gave a fair account of the value to the country of the work done.

It has been the fashion to deride these figures, to call them mere paper statements, to deny that convict labour can ever be made to pay. All such scepticism must be silenced in the presence of the many national monuments completed or well towards completion which are the work of convict hands. These are now on view; facts plain and patent even to the most casual observer. Substantial and imposing buildings, solid masonry, grim fortifications, carried out from start to finish, from the preliminary labours, through all the constructive processes, to the complete and perfected whole; smiling fields reclaimed from savage moors, and well repaying cultivation. At Portland, which was opened as a convict establishment in 1848, the convicts have quarried between that date and 1871 no fewer than 5,803,623 tons of stone, all of which were loaded up and sent on to the now famous breakwater, "a stone dam in the sea nearly two miles in length, and running into water fifty or sixty feet deep." The now presumably impregnable defences of the island, the great works on the Verne, the barracks, batteries, casemates, were executed by convicts, who, as these works progressed, performed all the subsidiary services of carpentering, plate-laying, forging, and casting iron-work. The enlargement of Chatham dockyard, a great feat of engineering skill, begun in 1856, has been accomplished by convict labour. The site of St. Mary's Island, a waste of treacherous shore so nearly submerged by the tide daily that the few sheep that inhabited it were to be seen standing huddled together at the topmost point at high water, is now occupied by three magnificent basins capable of floating almost the whole British fleet. In fourteen years the convicts made 102,000,000 bricks for the retaining walls of these basins, and excavated the whole of their muddy contents. The first, or repairing basin, has a surface of twenty-one acres; the second, or factory basin, of twenty acres; the third, or fitting-out basin, of twenty-eight acres. These basins were skilfully contrived to utilize the old water-courses which intersected the island; the bottom of the basins is twelve feet below the old river-bed, and thirty-two feet below St. Mary's Island. The latter . . . has been raised about eight feet by tipping and spreading on it the earth excavated out of the basins, &c. The whole island has been drained, and surrounded by a sea-wall and embankment 9200 feet, or nearly two miles in length, principally executed by convict labour.[1] Work of a very similar nature and extent

Old Cottage near Dartmoor Prison.

---

[1] Du Cane, p. 179.

has been carried out at Portsmouth, and the enlarged dockyard there is to be given over to the Admiralty this year. In the course of the Portsmouth operations the convicts made 200,000,000 of bricks in sixteen years.

In 1848 the old War Prison on Dartmoor, to which many references have already been made in these pages, was converted into a convict prison to meet the demands for accommodation following the cessation of transportation. Many of the prisoners received were of the invalid class, who had hitherto spent their time "in shapeless industry upon a hulk"[1]; but the bulk of the inmates, as the prison grew, were able-bodied, and they began very soon to do useful work. Dartmoor was an ideal penal settlement; a wild almost barbarous place, where the labour of the convicts was applied to its development—to fencing, draining, making roads and parade-grounds, and in converting the old buildings into suitable receptacles for convicts. But the eventual employment was to be agricultural, the farming of surrounding moorland as soon as it was reclaimed; and this has in effect occupied the Dartmoor convicts for upwards of forty years. What they have accomplished is best told by experts, and the following is extracted from a report in a recent number of the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal:—

"The management of the Prison Farm, Princetown, has converted a large tract of poor waste land into some of the most productive enclosures in the kingdom. The farm, which lies in the wilds of Dartmoor, at an elevation of some 1400 to 1600 feet above the sea . . . comprises in all 2000 acres, the whole of which was mere common or unenclosed waste land prior to 1850. . . . The land is divided into square fields of from fifteen to twenty acres by high stone walls, built of granite boulders raised in the prison quarries or from the land as the work of reclamation proceeds. An excellent system of reclamation, with scientific rotation of crops, has been devised. If the herbage fails, or becomes unsatisfactory, the land is again dug up . . . but so good has been the management . . . that the greater portion of the pastures laid within the last fifteen or twenty years are now in far too good a condition to require re-breaking. One field which twenty years ago was mostly rushes is now able to carry a bullock per acre through the summer. No purer or cleaner pastures are to be found anywhere. . . . Sixty-seven acres of meadow-land have been laid out for irrigation and utilization of the sewage from the prison establishment, which at times numbers upwards of 1000 persons. A dairy herd of forty-five cows is kept, and all the cows are reared. . . . A flock of 400 sheep, 'Improved Dartmoors,' is kept, and has frequently been successful in the local show-yards. The wool, for so high a district, is remarkably good and of long staple. Pony mares and their produce are run on the fields. One of the ponies bred on Dartmoor won first prize in its class at the Royal Show at Plymouth. Thirty acres of garden are devoted to the growth of garden vegetables, of which all kinds are grown, and much success has been obtained with celery and cucumbers. The whole of the work is done by convicts, without the aid of horses except for carting."

---

[1] Jebb, *Convict Report*, 1851.

# CHAPTER III.

## LATEST EXPERIMENTS.

Alleged objections to English convict system examined and answered—Recent great extension of convict labour—Works at Chattenden of a novel kind—Preceded by those at Borstal Remarkable experiment—Construction of forts at a distance from the prison—Convict railway train—Method of guarding—Few escapes—Method of signalling—New prison built at Wormwood Scrubs by convict labour—Strange experience—The nine pioneers—Gradual extension and increase of numbers—Good progress made—Occupying prison blocks before roof was put on—Demeanour of prisoners—Some views on the employment of convicts—The personal ascendency of the governor of a prison—Orderly behaviour—Often meet with old hands—Probable future of English convict prisons—Value of convict labour fully proved—English system generally can challenge comparison with any in the world—A model for universal imitation—British colonies and India—Austria, France—Uses of prisons—Inequality of sentences—General tendency to leniency—Greater discrimination required in inflicting imprisonment—Last stage of prison reform.

In spite of its very varied and surely excellent record, the English convict system does not always meet with ungrudging approval. One class of objections are based upon imperfect acquaintance with the methods pursued, and reiterated protests are heard against the terrible evils of the "gang system," as it is called, and the demoralization that follows from the indiscriminate intercourse of the convicts on the public works prison. No such charge can be seriously made where the prisoners are kept under close supervision; the association is no more than the same men or a great proportion of them would find when similarly engaged outside, and is certainly less injurious than

"CIVIL GUARD" SENTINEL ON THE WORKS.

that of the intermediate prisons, which, nevertheless, many who condemn the gang system still recommend, most illogically, for adoption. Another class of objections grows out of the supposed limitation of the works upon which convicts may be engaged. It is often thought that convict labour can only be employed after extensive and elaborate preparation.

Some important public undertaking must first be planned on a scale sufficiently grand to give work to large numbers, for whose accommodation a suitable prison must be erected before a spade can be used. These are fallacies, errors now fully refuted by experience.

A great extension of convict labour has been practised in recent years. It has been employed in novel ways which would have been impossible but for the excellence of the present prison organization, and of the discipline now enforced. In 1876 a small prison for just 100 was erected at Chattenden, near Upnor, on the north bank of the Medway; intended to house convicts to be engaged in constructing new magazines at Chattenden for the War Department. The prison was built by a detachment of prisoners sent across the river from Chatham convict prison, and then by tramway to the site of the proposed work. The tramway passed through dense woods, and the site of the prison was surrounded by thick undergrowth. These seemingly hazardous operations were carried out without a casualty of any kind; no gang chains were used; no escapes, successful or frustrated, were recorded. The work was continued for nearly ten years, when the magazines were finished, and the prison, which throughout had been treated as a branch of the great head-quarters prison at Chatham, was closed. During these ten years, besides the prison buildings, this small party had put up five large bomb-proof magazines, with the formation and drainage of the roads, traverses, and slopes adjoining. The experiment at Chattenden afforded an example, in the words of the Directors of Convict Prisons[1] "of the use to which convict labour can be put, and of the circumstances under which comparatively small works can be undertaken by a small body of convicts in a separate prison erected for the purpose; a great part of the buildings, being easily removable, have been taken down to be otherwise made use of."[2]

The work at Chattenden had, however, been preceded by other similar and still more extensive undertakings. The first was the preparation of a new and very simple prison edifice at Borstal, near Rochester; the second, the erection of the great separate prison at Wormwood Scrubs, with which I was myself closely identified from the beginning. The prison at Borstal was to house convicts who were to be employed under the War Department in building fortifications for the defence of Chatham arsenal, and indirectly of London. As a preliminary measure, a boundary fence was erected at Borstal around the site of the new prison, and this work—but this alone—was performed by free labour, the very timber for the fence having been prepared in the adjoining convict prison. This was Chatham, four miles distant, which served as general centre and head-quarters for the Borstal as well as the Chattenden prison. Parties of selected convicts were despatched daily to Borstal, under escort of course, but without chains, and travelling backwards and forwards in open vans. Temporary huts were put up for cooking, storage, and the accommodation of the guard, and within sixteen weeks the prison buildings were so far advanced that forty cells were ready for occupation by prisoners, and the establishment was then regularly opened as a prison. During this sixteen weeks there had not been a single contretemps; no accidents, no escapes, no misconduct. The convicts employed in this really "intermediate stage," and with a larger amount of licence and liberty than Sir Walter Crofton had ever dreamt of, had behaved in the most exemplary manner. Within a year afterwards, with the force of convicts now housed on the spot, and gradually increased to 215, all necessary buildings had been put up, stores, hospital, infirmary, to accommodate a total population of 500 prisoners.

---

[1] Annual Report, 1886-7.

[2] It is only fair to observe here that the same experiment had been tried by the Austro-Hungarian Government, by M. Tauffer. This now eminent prison official had recommended the adoption of the "progressive system" as far back as 1866, and had carried it out under his own direction at Leopoldstadt and Lepoglava, where his prisoners were employed on outside labour, at the rate of thirty or even forty to each overseer, yet no escapes occurred. These prisoners built another prison at a distance from Lepoglava, and were lodged for the purpose in sheds and outhouses beyond the prison walls. The doors were not even locked at night; there were no bolts or bars; the only barrier to escape being the rule that no one should leave the building after the hour for retiring at night.

The completion of the prison left the convicts free to carry out the works for which they had been brought to Borstal. But the very nature of these works was such as to startle prison administrators of the old school, and to forbid, at first sight, the employment of convicts upon them. The site of the proposed forts was quite in the open country, and the first of them, Luton, at least a couple of miles from Borstal prison. How were the convicts to be conveyed to and fro, without loss of time, without unnecessary fatigue, and above all, without risk of losing half the number by the way? A novel plan[1] was boldly but happily conceived, and its absolutely successful adoption constitutes an epoch in prison history. It was decided to lay down a narrow gauge railway, along the whole line of front the forts were intended to cover, and send the prisoners to their work by train. Part of this plan was the invention of a special kind of railway-carriage, constructed with a view to safe custody, and this very unique and ingenious contrivance has now been constantly employed for the last eight years. These carriages are small, open, third-class carriages, with a sliding-gate of iron bars; when the train is made up, a chain passes along the exterior of these gates, and it is padlocked at each end. The warders on duty with parties occupy raised seats also at each end of the train, and have the convicts under supervision continually. The compartments hold from eight to ten apiece, and a train-load is made up from eighty to a hundred convicts. The engines used are the once famous little locomotives that were sent out to the Soudan for service on the Suakim-Berber railway. Extreme simplicity characterizes all these arrangements, yet they are perfectly suitable and quite sufficient. The reader will be able to realize the whole of the travelling system best from the figured representation of it in the frontispiece of Volume I.

---

[1] The same device has been tried with success at Portsmouth convict prison, for the conveyance of convicts to Whale Island, distant a mile or more from the prison.

The effectual guarding of the convicts when at work was, however, a matter of equal importance. This, with the experience of many years gained in all varieties of outdoor employment, has been reduced almost to a science at Borstal. "The site of the works is enclosed by a palisading ten feet high, with a ditch on the inner side, and wire entanglements on the inner side of the ditch."[1] The convict-laden train runs within the palisading, disgorges its passengers, who are marched to the various points on which they are employed. Some of these are quite in the open beyond the palisading; but outside all, on a wide outer circumference, are sentries of the civil guard, on high platforms at regular intervals, and commanding the ground in between them. No fugitive from the works could pass them unobserved, and they are on such a radius that they must have him a long time under their eyes while approaching. In addition to this, an elaborate system of signalling has been devised by means of semaphores in the highest points. These are worked by good service convicts, men in the last year of their sentence, who can be trusted to use field-glasses, and to communicate promptly any news that has to be sent on. In this way escapes are signalled;[1] or a call for help if help was required in the rare and so far unprecedented event of disturbance among the parties at work.

---

[1] Directors' Report, 1885-6.

It is only by actual inspection that the excellence of the Borstal system can be properly realized. The severely plain and quite unpretending prison, a series of radiating blocks of cells, all on the ground-floor, built of brick "noggin," and lined with corrugated

A CONVICT SIGNALMAN.

---

[1] Escapes have no doubt occurred at Borstal, but they have been few and far between, always resulting, except in one or two instances, in recapture.

iron and match-boarding; the perfect precision of all the movements and manœuvres, from the prison to the parade-ground, from the parade to the train, from the train to the works; the orderly demeanour of the convicts, their alacrity at work, their cheerfulness of aspect, and the undoubted indications they carry of the healthiness of their life, with its steady but not too severe employment, supported by a wholesome,

The Signal Station at Borstal.

nourishing, but not too lavish diet—all these must impress the visitor to Borstal. Even pedantic theorists, so generally wedded to their own methods that they can see no merit in any others, would be compelled to admit that the progressive system is seen at its best at Borstal. Again, all who would decry the more positive results obtained by convict labour, must surely admit that the evidence of the great works it has raised around Rochester is a substantial, self-evident proof of its value. One fort is now completed, a second and a third are well forward, and all the varied operations of excavation and bricklaying, the levelling of long glacis, the building of casemates, batteries, embrasures, have been admirably carried out by convict labour.

The other great monument to convict industry which has been carried out, contemporaneously with Borstal, and second to it perhaps in national importance, is the new prison on Wormwood Scrubs. But a detailed account of the circumstances attending the erection of this imposing edifice, which is so much *en évidence* to all who travel by the Great Western Railway, and indeed, to most Londoners, ought to be interesting. Like Chattenden, Borstal, like the extensions of Dartmoor, Portsmouth, and Chatham, it is the handiwork of the convicts themselves. The prisoners have done everything except the early preparations. As it was not deemed advisable to send prisoners daily to and fro through London, the Borstal plan was not attempted; but free labour was employed to erect the hoarding that enclosed the site, and to put up the shell of the first prison building, a very slight and temporary structure, walls a single brick thick, and the interior linings and cell-partitions of corrugated iron. But only nine of these cells were completed and fit for occupation when I took up the first "blue dress" or "special class" convicts, to commence operations in December 1874. At that time, although on the confines of a great city, within sight and sound of London itself, the place was like a howling wilderness. The parish had not yet "taken to" the neighbouring roads; they were unmacadamized, mere quagmires over which our first vehicles, the prison van, and the cartload of necessaries, pots and pans, beds and blankets, travelled with great difficulty. Inside the enclosure was like the backwoods; we might have been the pioneers of a new settlement. In the centre stood a couple of sheds; one was the prison, the other the cook-house and officers' quarters. The ground around was covered with rough *débris;* old timbers, deals, scraps of iron carted here from Millbank, and shot down anyhow to be utilized as occasion might offer; here the remains of a cabbage-field; there the deep holes dug in "prospecting," not for ore, but for brick clay. Order was soon established, and the value of a good system was at once apparent. The prisoners went to their cells, duties were organized, a guard appointed, the evening meal prepared. Next morning there was the call to labour at the usual hour, and work commenced in real earnest, every effort being concentrated upon the completion of the prison building. The nine "pioneers" were all prison "tradesmen," carpenters or fitters, and they made such progress that by the first of February, within six weeks, our numbers were increased to seventy-nine. As cells became available, fresh drafts were sent in; but the rule of separation by night and when not at labour was so strictly observed, that not a single man was taken till his separate cell was ready to receive him. On the 1st of May the population was ninety-seven; by the end of that the second half of the prison building, which had been begun in January, was ready for occupation, so that our numbers were at once doubled. Henceforward, until Christmas, the average total was 177.

The strength available was soon sufficient to take other work than the buildings in hand. First in importance was the improvement of communications, and a good hard track or roadway was made from the prison to the nearest highway; it was built of brick ballast clay, dug on the spot, and burnt for the purpose; 1863 cubic yards of this ballast were used; the road was 20 feet wide, 920 yards long, and it was margined by a post-and-rail fence through all its length. Other useful works were the erection of a brick lodge for the gatekeeper, a range of workshops for smiths, carpenters, and plumbers; sheds for stonemasons, sawyers, stone-sawyers, saw-mills, engine, mortar-mill, and lime-shed, and a row of twelve quarters for officers. The chief, and not the least laborious of all employments, was the brick-making; for the whole prison, with all its succursals and dependencies, was to be constructed of bricks, made by the prisoners on the spot. This work was undertaken as soon as the water supply was laid on, and so extensively was it carried out, that in the first year 4000 yards of clay were excavated and wheeled for "kerf"; chalk was wheeled to, and washed on, a mound raised twelve feet high, whence it was run in shoots to the kerf ground; 36 brick "hacks" for drying the green bricks were formed, each 300 feet in length; and three brick-machines were erected, which turned out 921,500 bricks, dried, "skintled,"[1] and run to the "clamp," or brick heap where they were burnt hard. It may be mentioned here that as the building operations developed, new ground was taken up for brick-making, and that eventually the total number manufactured was thirty-five millions.

The first block of the permanent prison was commenced in August 1875, within eight months of the first appearance of convicts on the ground. There are now four of these blocks parallel to each other; the usual plan of construction, in which the blocks radiate from a centre like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, having been abandoned at Wormwood Scrubs. It was thought that the "balance of advantage" was against the old plan; and the new certainly gives more complete separation of classes and categories, and forbids the spread of infection in case of epidemic diseases. The disciplinary supervision is, however, easier in the radiating prisons, and Wormwood Scrubs covers so much ground that the difficulties of administration are great. Each block is to all intents and purposes a prison in itself; they hold about 350 prisoners, and are 380 feet long and 44 feet wide. The first block was not absolutely finished until 1878, but it was occupied long before that date. Our anxiety to increase the working strength led us to utilize the ground-floor of cells directly they were built and could be certified as fit for residence. This was done not only before the building was roofed, but before it was carried up to the first floor. The cell corridor, or narrow passage opposite the cell doors, was covered in with tarpaulin, sufficient to protect prisoners, going to and fro, from the weather, and the ward officers on duty when the prisoners were in their cells. These cells were arched, in bricks, with a layer of cement on top, and as soon as possible a deep course of concrete was laid on the cement. But the roofs were not always water-tight, and one curious instance occurred of a convict's astute foresight for his own advantage, which may amuse the reader. It was noticed, after certain heavy rains, that the leakage was very small in one particular cell. There was no obvious reason why this should escape the flood, but on inquiry it was found that it was occupied by the convict who had done the cement work. Anticipating leakage, he had given a double coat of cement to his own cell. He would have been rightly served if I had removed him to another less well protected, but I spared him this retribution.

---

[1] Skintling is reversing each brick so that the air dries every side.

In the earliest days the convicts employed at Wormwood Scrubs were, almost without exception, specially selected men,—"class men," as they are called, or those who, having served a certain number of years, have gained a better status through industry and good conduct. But as my population increased to 300, 400, 500 men, it was impossile to deprive the other convict prisons of all their steadier and more trustworthy elements, and I had to take my men straight from "Separates," or when just completing their first stage of imprisonment. Thus in 1876 I had in the prison, with its wooden hoarding for boundary wall, and many of them occupying the temporary building, men who had seven, ten, twelve years, even life sentences to do. It was natural to expect some increase of misconduct; some change from the uniformly quiet, even admirable, demeanour of the convicts in the earlier days. There was no doubt some such increase, but it was not at all marked, and it yielded quickly to prompt treatment. I soon found that the certainty of punishment was better than its infliction, and that I could prevent misconduct by making it perfectly clear that it would always be very severely dealt with. Yet all the time there was nothing approaching to a dark or punishment cell; no form of punishment[1] except loss of dietaries, the forfeiture of remission, and, more potent than all, the substitution of one kind of labour for another. This last was my most trusted means of securing effort and maintaining discipline. How it worked, and what it effected, will be best explained by a quotation from a report I made to the Directors of Convict Prisons at the time (1876).

---

[1] In one case only was corporal punishment inflicted, although it was of course within the power of the Visiting Director to order it; a Governor cannot do so.

"The existence of two kinds of labour side by side, the merely mechanical with that which is skilled and interesting, has, I grow more and more convinced, a very appreciable effect upon the general industry of the body of the prisoners. Convicts still 'in the clay,' as it is called, will do much to escape the perpetual barrow run, the inevitable pickaxe and spade; a few may seem to compass their ends by misconduct to the extent of positive refusal to work, or by malingering and scheming to deceive the medical officers; but by far the largest proportion wisely prefer fair means to foul; they are satisfied to wait patiently on until by uniform submission and the steady performance of the heavier toil they gain their reward, and are put to more agreeable if not really easier work. Nor does the advantage of this system end when the convict has been at length promoted to the privilege of working at or learning a trade; the knowledge that he may be relegated to the distasteful labour he has just left if he prove idle or neglectful at the new, is a constant inducement to him to do his best. This, in fact, supplies that spur or stimulus to continuous effort of the highest kind, the absence of which has usually been alleged as the strongest argument against the value of 'penal' labour, or labour that is forced. I have been repeatedly struck, in the last year especially, by the eager alacrity with which convict learners throw themselves into their new work. A few figures may be quoted in support of this. At this moment there are in all 92 bricklayers upon the building, and of these only two ever handled a trowel before they entered a prison; the remainder are, therefore, entirely prison taught. Quite a dozen are now first-class workmen, and came here as such from other prisons; 38 were sent here partially instructed, and have since greatly improved; but the balance of 40 remaining I have seen pass under my own eyes, through the several stages, from the clay to carrying the hod; from the hod to the trowel on interior walls, till finally they have graduated, and have been advanced to the honour of 'face-work,' which many execute to entire satisfaction.

"This general argument is, I think, further supported, and strongly, in the cases of one or two real tradesmen, in whom I have found at times, from difficulties of disposition or other causes, a certain disinclination to put forth all their skill. This may display itself in half-heartedness or assumed stupidity, failings difficult to expand into the actual offence of idleness, but tending of course to impede the progress of the work. Sometimes a convict possessed of special skill thinks himself indispensable, and his conceit and presumption cannot be left unchecked without danger to general discipline. With all such, removal to 'the clay' for periods varying according to the circumstances of the case, is a treatment nearly infallible; within my own experience I have found that the convict soon petitions to be restored to his old trade, and by his subsequent behaviour when restored to the privilege, renders it quite unnecessary to repeat the process.

"It may be that there is nothing very novel or startling in these remarks, but I am not aware that they have been committed to paper before, and I am desirous of adding my testimony to the general stock of evidence on the subject, more particularly as it is based upon close personal observation, and an intimate knowledge of the prisoners in my charge, which has been rendered possible by the smallness of their numbers, and my constant presence among them day after day while at work."

It is no new thing to advance that the personal ascendency of the superior authority counts for a good deal in the management of criminal men. Many remarkable instances of this are on record, such as that of old Elam Lynds, the famous governor of the Sing Sing prison, which he is reported to have built for himself, encamping with his convicts on the spot, where they lived in semi-freedom till their gaol was ready. When Lynds was told that a certain convict threatened to murder him, he sent for the man, who was a barber, and made him shave him. "I knew you had said you would kill me," he remarked quietly after the shaving was over. "I despised you too much to believe you would do it. Here alone, unarmed, I am stronger than you, and the whole of your companions too." Lynds' feat of working 900 convicts in the open fields at Sing Sing, with a staff of only 30 warders, so far back as 1830, was deemed marvellous at the time. Another old story is that of Sarafin, the quæstor of Ravenna, who hearing a prisoner had threatened to murder him, sent for him, put a pistol in his hand, and told him to do his worst. Then seeing his would-be assailant pale and trembling, unable to raise a finger against him, he drove him out of the room with blows and contempt.

It would be mere conceit and presumption to compare my experience with such stories as these, although it tends in the same direction. During three and a half years of my life at Wormwood Scrubs, the busiest and most trying years of that prison's existence, it was my duty and my pleasure to be very closely associated with those whose forfeited strength and energy were being utilized in the service of the State; and I think that my constant presence daily, the obvious interest I took in the work, my intimate acquaintance with the workmen, whose endeavours I myself gauged hour after hour, had an undoubted influence upon the convicts under my charge. Their conduct on the whole was admirable; I had only to deal with two attempts at escape, both abortive and hardly seriously intended; they were orderly, submissive, and most anxious to do their best. A day at Wormwood Scrubs then, or now at Portland, or Borstal, would be sufficient to refute the confident and far too hasty assertion of the so-called scientists, "that the criminal is incapable of prolonged and sustained exertion"; that "an amount of regular work which would utterly exhaust the most vigorous and rebellious would be easily accomplished by an ordinary workman." It may be true that constitutional laziness is one of the chief organic bases of crime, although many criminals expend an immense amount of painstaking effort in the prosecution of their nefarious schemes. But there are ways of overcoming this laziness, at least in the largest number, and these may be seen in progress in the English convict prisons. *Laborare est orare.* The regular employment of prisoners in healthful and intelligent labour, in creating as it does and encouraging habits of sustained industry, is surely a more substantial step toward their moralization than any dialectic teaching.

I must confess to a certain friendly feeling for my Wormwood Scrubs workmen, who are to me much what men of the "first fleet" must have been to old Captain Collins, the first Governor of Botany Bay. I have often come across them in the years that have since elapsed, and our mutual recognition has been pleasing to both sides. Once I was in a hansom cab, the driver of which carried a licence which I had got for him, and now showed his gratitude by demanding a good deal beyond his fare. More often it is an appeal for assistance from some poor out-at-elbow wretch, who ranges up alongside me on the pavement, with the insinuating reminder that he "served along with me at Wormwood Scrubs." Not seldom it has been at one of my inspections; the prisoner is a prisoner still, but the face of one and all will light up with conscious pride when asked if he was not one of the prisoners at Wormwood Scrubs. These *rencontres* with old hands are common experiences in every prison official's life. Perhaps the most persistent to claim acquaintance with me was an old convict who used to meet me in the early morning as I left my lodging on my way to my work at Millbank Prison. He was employed at some gasworks in the neighbourhood, and never missed a chance of walking with me as far as the prison gate. On my removal to Wormwood Scrubs he followed me there; one day bringing with him some deeds, title-deeds of a bit of property he owned, which he wished me to buy from him, but I did not feel disposed to make the purchase. I might unconsciously have become a receiver of stolen goods. Another amusing meeting was at the doors of the New Olympic Theatre, when a carriage lout, who had been pestering me with the proffer of his services, whispered the words "Pentagon 3, sir," and I recognized him as a recent resident in the old Penitentiary.

It is not probable that the useful and interesting experiments so successfuly tried at Borstal and Wormwood Scrubs will be repeated elsewhere in this country. Something of the same kind, it is true, is going on at Peterhead, with Scotch convicts. But in England the steady progressive decrease in the convict prison population must perforce put a limit to the works to be undertaken in the future. At the present rate of influx, the three prisons, Dartmoor, Borstal, and Portland, with Parkhurst for invalids, will amply provide for all the convicts on hand. Should the numbers again go up, it will be necessary to find fresh outlets, and the direction in which they should be sought may be easily indicated. Convict labour is to be best employed on works of national usefulness, works that are necessary, but which do not press urgently for execution. No one can deny the value of Portland breakwater, of the forts around Borstal, the enlarged dockyards of Chatham and Portsmouth, of a harbour of refuge at Dover;[1] but it will be readily understood that as their construction would be a heavy burthen on annual budgets, such undertakings are liable to be postponed. This difficulty is in a measure solved by the existence of labour placed by the law at the absolute disposal of the State, labour which must otherwise be idle, or be turned into less remunerative channels. For there is no question that the outside employment of convicts on works is far more profitable than cellular labour at sedentary trades. This is a fact proved incontestably by official reports and figures, and fully disposing of the statements sometimes made to the contrary. Equally fallacious and untrue is the argument that there is no saving as between contract and convict labour in the total cost of such undertakings. A contractor's price for them would have been far higher than the outlay upon maintenance and supervision spread over many years, outlay which would still have had to be met whether convicts were earning their living or not.

---

[1] A work that has long hung fire, and which with reduced numbers will probably be impossible.

It will hardly be denied after an impartial consideration of all the facts I have now set forth, that the prison system of this country can challenge comparison with any in the world. It may be no more perfect than other human institutions, but its administrators have laboured long and steadfastly to approximate to perfection. Many countries have already paid it the compliment of imitation. In most of our colonies, prison systems so nearly resemble that of the mother country, that I have not given their institutions any separate and distinct description. No doubt methods different from ours are employed in the great Empire of India; but they also are the outcome of experience, and follow lines most suited to the climate and character of the people for whom they are intended. Cellular imprisonment would be impossible in India; association is inevitable. Again, it is failure to find suitable European subordinate officers that has brought about the employment of the best-behaved prisoners in the discipline of their comrades, a system, as I have been at some pains to point out, quite abhorrent to modern ideas of prison management. As for the retention of transportation by the Indian Government, when so clearly condemned at home, it is defensible on the grounds that the penalty of crossing the sea, the "Black Water," possesses peculiar terrors to the Oriental mind, and that the Andaman Islands are yet within such easy distance as to ensure their effective supervision and control.

Nearer home we may see Austria adopting an English method. The "movable" or temporary prison, by the use of which such works as the changing the course of rivers have been rendered possible, the raising of the prison edifices of Lepoglava, Aszod, and Kolosvar, has been borrowed from our Chattenden, Borstal, and Wormwood Scrubs. Now France proposes to construct the new prison for the department of the Seine in the outskirts of Paris, and she may yet find that our progressive system is more effective than transportation to New Caledonia for controlling habitual crime. In a country where every individual is ticketed and labelled from birth, where police methods are far more despotic, and the law claims, in the interests of the larger number, to often override the liberty of the subject, the professional criminal might be held at a tremendous disadvantage. It is true that the same result might be expected from the Belgian plan of prolonged cellular confinement; but, as I have already pointed out, this system is more costly, and it can only be enforced with greater or less, but always possible, risks to health and reason.

But prisons are only one part, and perhaps not the most important part, of a penal system. It is obviously right that they should be humanely and judiciously administered, but they only exist to give effect to the fiats of the law, which, for the protection of society, is entrusted with power to punish and prevent crime. How far these two great aims are effected, what should be the quality and quantity of the punishment inflicted, what the amount if any of the prevention secured, are moot points which are engaging and increasing attention. Although great inequalities in sentences exist in this country, dependent as they must be upon the very varying dispositions of the courts and those who preside over them, the general tendency is towards leniency. Imprisonment is used less and less; the terms grow shorter and shorter.[1] The strongest advocates of this growing leniency claim for it that it has helped to diminish crime, and it is certainly contemporaneous with the marked reduction in offences in the last few years. In other words, crime has been least when punishment is least severe. Whether this diminution is not more directly traceable to other causes, and notably to the better care of juveniles, as I have already endeavoured to show, it is impossible as yet to determine. But it is beyond question that imprisonment, almost the only form of punishment now known to the law, is just as, if not really more, effective now-a-days when so many judges observe the axiom laid down by one of the most ardent champions of leniency, "never to send a man to gaol if you can keep him out of it."[1] The wisest of our modern laws have accepted it. Such Acts as the First Offenders Act, and the Summary Jurisdiction Act have done much to keep down the population of our prisons.

---

[1] The reader will see some figures illustrating this, *ante*, vol. i. p. 9.

No one whose daily duties have closely identified him with places of repression can desire to see his fellow-creatures kept for either long or short periods under lock and key. It has been said that the very worst use to which a man can be put is to hang him. To imprison him, to shut him up within the four walls of a cell, to forfeit his labour, his independence, his liberty, is not a very defensible disposal of him either. But incarceration must continue until some other form of punishment has been devised; prisons are still indispensable. Only, they should be constructed, governed, and used in accordance with humanity, justice, and common sense. The first and second are presumably assured under the watchfulness of public opinion, which is quick to criticize the action of prison authorities. The third is not so uniformly certain owing to our somewhat haphazard administration of the penal code. What is wanted is greater discrimination in the infliction of imprisonment. It is no doubt an excessively harsh measure to send a man or woman to penal servitude for twenty-one years in the aggregate for stealing a few shillings'-worth of food.[1] On the other hand, what can result from the repeated imprisonment of hundreds and thousands of individuals for from three to seven days for simple acts of vagrancy, vagabondage, or drunkenness? The last of these, the degrading, besetting sin of this country, is not to be cured in this way. Nor are sturdy beggars, tramps, and vagrants. To invoke the heaviest penalties of the law upon these casual minor offenders is to misuse its powers, and render imprisonment a farce. Some day perhaps a new institution will be devised for them more punitive and repressive than a workhouse, less penal than a prison, where they may be forced to labour for lengthened periods under conditions likely to secure amendment of a permanent kind. With this separation of the criminally weak from the obstinately criminal, we shall reach the last stage of prison reform.

---

[1] Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C.

---

[1] Hopwood, *New Review*, June 1893.

# INDEX.

ABYSSINIAN prisoners, i. 303.
Agricultural colonies, i. 321.
Airey, Sir Richard, i. 51, 54.
Alabama prisons, the, i. 465.
Alcala, female prisons at, i. 345.
Algeciras, an escape to, i. 75.
Alick, Flash, i. 107.
Alkmaar Prison, i. 279.
Almquist, M., Director-General of Swedish prisons, i. 362.
Aloe, use for the tissue of the, i. 97.
Altona Prison, i. 256.
*American Siberia, The*, i. 470.
Amsterdam, the Godshuis of, ii. 425.
Ancient codes, harshness of, i. 3.
Angola penal settlement, i. 365.
Animals, love for, ii. 280.
Annamite convicts, i. 196.
Anthropology, criminal, i. 10, 17—38.
Anthropometry, ii. 471.
Arab exiles, i. 194, 206.
Arenal, Doña Concepcion, i. 350.
Arigonde, Jean, the prison-breaker, ii. 287, 288.
Aristocrats of the old French *bagnes*, ii. 105.
Arkershuus fortress prison, i. 360.
d'Arnheim, the Comte, ii. 106.
"Artel," the; secret society, i. 119.
Artful Dodgers, ii. 353.
Ashtead. Mr., ii. 60.
Aszod Reformatory, i. 241; ii. 399.
Auburn system, the, i. 180, 260, 340.
Australian "runners," ii. 303.
Austria, prisons, i. 240, 294; juvenile offenders, ii. 397.
Aversa, the old prison of, i. 285.
Awful march to Siberia, the, i. 408—412.

BABINSKY's definition of a psychopath, i. 17.
Baden, the prisons of, i. 248.
*Bagnes*, the French, i. 165—172.
Baiocchi, Gian Battista, i. 306—320; ii. 80.
Baltimore, the prisons of, i. 440.
Bandsmen, convict, i. 202.
Barbarous tortures, i. 3.
Barolo-Colbert, the Marchioness, i. 290.
Barré, the murderer, i. 29.
Barrière, Captain de la, Governor of New Caledonia, i. 232.
Bavarian prisons, i. 250.
Belgium, i. 6—9, 92, 259; ii. 401.
Berenger, M., on first offenders, i. 8.
Bertillon method of identification, the, ii. 471.
Bidwells, the, ii. 85.
"Black Book," the, ii. 470.
Blacque Bey, *quot.*, i. 375.
Blandy, Miss, the patricide, ii. 6.
Bligh, Minxie, ii. 59—74.
Blin, the prison-breaker, i. 34; ii. 312.
Blind prisoners, ii. 140—154.
Blush, inability to, i. 24.
Boat, a convict's, i. 84.
Bologna Prison, i. 289.
Borstal Prison, ii. 300, 482—488.
Bosch, General Van den, ii. 426.
Bourail Agricultural Settlement, i. 204, 231.
Boutellier, the murderer, i. 28.
Brass bands for convicts, i. 33.
Bravado, ii. 225.
Bread and water, i. 445.

"Breaking out," ii. 19—21.
Breda Prison, i. 279.
Brick rubbish, burning, i. 148.
Brigands, i. 22, 44.
British system, chief merit of the, ii. 441.
Brotherhood of the Rauhe House, the, ii. 424.
Bruchsal Prison, i. 247—250.
Brush, Warden, *quot.*, i. 442.
Brussels, Congress at, i. 38.
Buncombe, *alias* De Surville, ii. 247.
Burcham, the murderer, ii. 255—265.
Burglars, i. 42, 43, 107—109; ii. 210, 303, 319.
Buried alive, ii. 299.
Buried treasure fraud, the, i. 329.
Byrnes, Inspector, i. 48.

CABLE, Mr. G. W., i. 461.
*Cabo de vara*, the, i. 332—334.
Cadiz Arsenal, i. 324.
Californian prisons, i. 436.
Camorra, despotism of the, i. 299, 305—321.
Campbell, "Shang," the burglar, ii. 303.
Campbell, observations of Dr., i. 49.
Campi, the French murderer, ii. 225.
Campo, the Presidio del, i. 353.
Canala, agricultural settlement, i. 204, 232.
"Canaries," the suit of, i. 72.
Cane, Sir Edw. Du, i. 272.
"Cangue," the, i. 388—390.
Canvas boat, the convict's, i. 84.
Capital punishment, i. 209.
Carbone, the brigand, i. 22.
Carolina, i. 467, 468.
Carpenter, Miss Mary, *quot.*, ii. 438.
Cartagena presidio, i. 342, 343.
Carter, Warden, *quot.*, i. 445.
Carthagena Arsenal, i. 324.
Cavageia, the brigand, i. 22.
Cayenne, i. 191, 192; ii. 293.
Cellular separation, i. 6, 96, 244, 248, 263—280, 292—295, 304, 360, 365, 371, 424, 435; ii. 193, 410.
Cerfbeer, M., i. 292.
Ceuta, i. 342—352.
Chains, i. 170, 218, 325, 326, 372, 465, 471.
Chambreuil, the Marquis de, ii. 106.
Change, the craving for, i. 58, 65, 405; ii. 190.
*Chanson de la Veuve*, the, i. 167, 168.
Chaplains in Delaware prisons, no, i. 439.
Chatham Convict Prison, i. 148, 159; ii. 473.
Chattenden magazines built by convicts, ii. 481.
Cherry Hill Penitentiary, i. 95, 435.
Chesham, the poisoner, ii. 14.
Chester Prison, Illinois, i. 437.
Chicago Prison, i. 437.
Chicago, Prison Congress at, i. 2, 430.
Chinese prisons, i. 385—393.
Christiana prisons, i. 359—362.
Cihcinnati, Prison Congress at, i. 2.
Civilization and crime, i. 3.
Clairvaux Prison, i. 180.
Class of convicts, i. 70.
Cleverness born of isolation, i. 95.
Clockmaking, i. 95, 97.
Coal-mines, i. 465.
*Coatti*, i. 298, 321.
Cochrane, Baillie, i. 286.
Cocoa-nut cups, i. 97.
Coffin, Mr., i. 475.
Cognard, ii. 106.
Coiners, i. 46, 89, 93.
Coleridge, isolation condemned by the poet, i. 277.
Colonization, French penal, i. 184.
Columba Prison, South Carolina, i. 468.
Columbus Prison, Ohio, i. 441, 446.
Commonplace criminals, ii. 135—154.
Commutation of sentence, i. 445.
Complaints, i. 58; ii. 451.
Comrade, an old, ii. 83.
Concord prisons, &c., i. 12, 441.
Confessions, i. 60, 65, 67.

Confinement, solitary, *see* Cellular Separation.
Congenital criminal, the, i. 17—20, *et seq.*
Congresses, Prison, i. 2, 38.
Conscience, a convict's, i. 59.
Conservatism in crime, ii. 210.
Constantinople prisons, i. 375.
Contract system of hiring prison labour, the, i. 453.
Contrition of a burglar, i. 43.
Convict System, result of the English, ii. 472.
Convicts, various classes of, i. 71; tastefulness of French, i. 97; craving for tobacco, i. 102; cause of discontent, i. 133; craving for change, i. 58, 65, 405; ii. 190; at work with a railway-train, ii. 484.
Copenhagen female prison, i. 355.
Coracle, a convict's, i. 84.
Corfu Prison, i. 358.
Corneto, clerical prison at, i. 289.
Corporal punishment, i. 207, 430, 451.
Corralling prisoners, i. 445.
Cosmopolitanism in crime, ii. 89.
County gaol system of U.S.A., i. 432—434.
Courageous old lady, a, i. 42.
Courteilles, Vicomte de, ii. 413.
Couturier, the murderer, ii. 233.
Coxswain of the prison gig, the, i. 74.
"Cracksman," a notable, i. 71, 88.
Crime, i. 3; in U.S.A., i. 475; decrease of, ii. 455.
Crimes Act, Prevention of, ii. 464.
Criminal Anthropology, i. 10, 17—38.
Criminal Register, the, ii. 470.
Criminals, treatment of, i. 15, 17; born, i. 17—20; physical characteristics, i. 21; moral insensibility, i. 28; stupidity, i. 30, 32; intelligence, i. 32; vanity, i. 33; idleness, i. 34, 36; Italian, i. 37; distinctive features, i. 39; tender spot, i. 41; generosity, i. 43—46; gratitude, i. 46; domestic affection, i. 47, 48; double lives, i. 48; clever actors, i. 71.
Crofton system, *see* Irish System.
Cruel punishments, i. 3.
Cumulative sentences, i. 210; ii. 290.
Cunarder, released Fenians on a, ii. 132.
Cunningham, Dr., i. 466.
Custody of the keys, the, i. 156, 157.

*DAMMUSI* of Palermo, the, i. 285.
Darnetal, Female School, ii. 418.
Dartmoor, i. 98, 118, 149, 150; ii. 308, 316, 476.
Davitt, Mr. Michael, ii. 79.
Deathbed, a comrade's, i. 50.
Delage, the embezzler, i. 169.
Delaware prisons, i. 438.
Demetz, M., founder of Mettray, ii. 413.
Denmark; prisons, i. 355; juvenile offenders, ii. 405.
Depôt of the Prefecture, the, i. 177.
Deprivation of water, i. 444.
Desbois, escape of Victor, ii. 310.
Dickens, Chas., on the neglect of youth, ii. 356.
Diet, prison, i. 12; France, i. 181; Austria, i. 245, 296; Saxony, i. 257; Vicaria Prison, i. 283; Rome, i. 289; Japan, i. 381; Sweden, i. 363; Russia, i. 416; U.S., i. 440, 465, 472; bread and water, i. 445; Sing Sing, ii. 123; English, ii. 447.
Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, i. 292, 314; ii. 471.
Distinctive Marks Register, ii. 470.
Disvulnerability of criminals, i. 27.
Dixblanc, the murderess, ii. 9.
Dogs for tracking prisoners, ii. 302.
Dorangeon, the murderer, ii. 232.
Dossor, ii. 60—74.
Dostoïeffsky, the novelist, i. 66, 94, 273.
Drab and black suit, the, i. 56.
Drab and yellow suit, the, i. 72.
Drane, Drusilla, ii. 31, 33.
Driscoll, Father, and the Italian, i. 306.
Duelling in prison, i. 100, 312, 330, 346.

Dungeons underground, i. 5.
Dusselthal Abbey, school for vagrants at, ii. 420.
Dutch prisons, i. 278.

EAGLES, the forger, i. 48.
Edmunds, Christina, the poisoner, ii. 14.
Elmira Reformatory, i. 5, 11—16.
Emotions of criminals, i. 41.
Employment of prisoners, *see* Industries.
Englishman as a French convict, an, i. 211, *et seq.*
*Entierro*, the, i. 329.
Epigrams as a punishment, ii. 428.
Ergastolo, clerical prison, i. 289.
*Ergastolo*, the, i. 293, 297.
Escapes, 329; Realff's attempt in the prison gig, &c., i. 74, 81. 84; from New Caledonia, i. [illegible]; from Nisida with dangerous secrets, i. 313; from Valladolid during a theatrical performance, i. 329; from Spanish gaols, i. 340; Tennessee, i. 462; from the railroad gangs, i. 468; the constant desire to escape, i. 472; the "trusties," i. 473, 474; fruitless attempts of the Bidwells, ii. 85; Lavine, ii. 98—102; Blind Taddy, ii. 152; wounded, ii. 196; Quex's clever escape, ii. 213; a general account of escapes, ii. 282—346; from Borstal, ii. 486.
L'Estrange, *alias* De Surville, ii. 241.
*Étape* prisons, the, i. 409—413.
Evening parties in Concord Prison, i. 441.
Executions in China, i. 388.

FALSE confessions, i. 60—67.
False keys, i. 85.
False passports, i. 91.
False receipt, a, i. 91.
*Fanfares*, a cure for irritability, i. 33.
Farm school at Redhill, the, ii. 354, 363.
Fasset law, the, i. 14.
Fay, Tottie, ii. 18.
Felton, Mr., i. 437.
Female prisoners, i. 41; mutiny, i. 151; ii. 1—74.
Female prison-breakers, ii. 331—346.
Fenian prisoners, ii. 126—134.
Ferri, Dr., *quot.*, i. 17.
Ferrol Arsenal, i. 324.
Feuerbach, Judge, ii. 220.
Find, a, i. 28.
First offenders, i. 8; ii. 351.
Fishing-boats, lads on, ii. 383.
Fitzherbert, Flossie, ii. 45—59.
Flash Alick, i. 107.
Fliedner, Pastor, ii. 420.
Flogging, i. 25, 223, 289, 438, 442, 465, 471.
Folsom Prison, i. 436.
Fonwary Agricultural Settlement, i. 205.
Forbes, Mr. Archibald, his description of Nikosia Prison, i. 374.
Foreign methods of juvenile punishment, ii. 395—440.
Foreigners as prisoners, ii. 155—189.
Forgers, i. 48, 89—92; ii. 82, 85, 90.
Forster, John Paul, the murderer, ii. 223.
Foullois, the murderer, i. 29.
Foxhounds as man-hunters, ii. 302.
François, the anarchist, ii. 88.
Frankfort Prison, i. 256, 470.
Freemantle, nine escapes from, ii. 304.
French burglar, a generous, i. 43; convicts, i. 97; Guiana, i. 183; juvenile offenders, ii. 408; prisons, i. 144, 161—182.
Friends, communicating with, i. 47.
Fry, Mrs., i. 290.
Fulano and his rat, ii. 273.

GAG, a cruel, i. 246.
Galleys, the French, i. 163, 165.
Gang system, the, ii. 479.
Garath, the murderer, i. 96.
Gas-fitter, a clever, i. 86.
Gentlemen in gaol, ii. 75.
Georgia, i. 460.

Germany, i. 9; prisons, i. 247; juvenile offenders, ii. 419.
Ghent Prison, i. 260.
Ghosts, ii. 169.
Gibraltar convict prison, i. 51, 70, 153.
Gig, the prison, i. 74.
Gilles, the prison of St., Brussels, i. 262, 269.
Gladstone, Mr., and the old Neapolitan prisons, i. 282, 286.
Glen Mills Reformatory, ii. 437.
Godshuis, ii. 425.
Goest, Van, i. 280.
Gold used by convicts in ornamentation, i. 98.
Gonnet, the unlucky, ii. 306.
Goodacre, the murderer, i. 28.
Gorgona Agricultural Colony, i. 322.
Gorst, Mr., *quot.*, ii. 415, 416.
Gothemburg Prison, i. 362.
Gover, Dr. R. M., Medical Inspector of Prisons, ii. 197.
Grande Roquette, La, ii. 312.
Grandenz Prison, i. 256.
Gray, Dr., on Chinese prisons, i. 387, 390, 391.
Greece, the prisons of, i. 356, 359.
"Green Cravats," the, ii. 412.
Grice, Mrs. Le, ii. 47—64.
Griffiths, Mr. G. S., i. 438.
Gross Strelitz Prison, i. 256.
Guevarra, Alejandro, the murderer, ii. 281.
Guiana, French, i. 183.
Guillaume, Dr., i. 370.

HABITUAL offenders, i. 10.
Habron, ii. 218.
Hair, plaiting, i. 97.
Hall, Swedish Reformatory at, ii. 432.
Halpin, General, ii. 127, 133.
Hamburg Prison, i. 256.
Hampstead Heath murderer, the, ii. 271—281.
Handcuffs, i. 443.
Hard labour, ii. 446.
Harmonium, a convict's, i. 96.
Hattalt's clerk, ii. 318.
Hayes, Catherine, ii. 6.
Hébrard, the case of Jean, i. 210.
Heilbronn Prison, i. 257.
Heinderech the executioner, ii. 236.
Hemp, hackling, i. 470.
Herford Prison, i. 256.
Hersens, Danish prison of, i. 355.
"Hold-friend," the, i. 326.
Holland, the prisons of, i. 278; juvenile offenders in, ii. 425.
Holtzendorf, Herr, i. 247, 256.
Home, a favourite theme, i. 47.
Homicide, i. 356, 477; ii. 253, 255.
Honest, the wisdom of being, i. 13.
Honour among thieves, i. 117.
Horn, the Rauhe House at, ii. 421—425.
Hospital nurses, prisoners as, i. 50.
Howard, i. 162.
Huercal Overa Prison, i. 341.
Huguenot's experience as a galley slave, a, i. 164.
Hulks, the, i. 155.
Human nature, i. 16, 41, 42.
Hungarian, a troublesome, ii. 156.
Hungarian prisons, i. 242.
Hunger strikes in Siberia, i. 151.
Huntsville Prison, i. 469.

ICELAND, prisons in, i. 355.
Iddesleigh, Lord, ii. 359.
Idleness on prisoners, effect of, i. 450.
Illinois, the prisons of, i. 437.
Illusions of prisoners, ii. 215.
Immigrants, criminal, i. 476.
Imprisonment, i. 3—5; aim of, i. 7; failure, i. 8.
Incorrigible, a peculiar type of, i. 55.
India, ii. 501.
Indiana prisons, i. 436.
Individual treatment of criminals, i. 15.
Industrial schools, ii. 366.
Industries, prison, i. 97, 244, 254, 255, 258, 275, 303, 335, 345, 348, 358, 360—367, 377, 383, 439, 447—449, 451, 470, 472.

Industries in Reformatories, ii. 400, 414, 423, 427, 433, 437.
Infanticides, ii. 14—17.
Informer, an, i. 110, 115.
Ingenuity of French *forçats*, i. 97.
Inglis, Mr., his sketches of criminals, ii. 265, 272.
Inglis, Colonel, Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools, ii. 360, 370—375.
"Inmates" of Elmira, the, 12—14.
Insensibility to pain, i. 25.
Insubordination, i. 143.
Intercommunication, mysterious, i. 115.
Interviewing convicts, i. 57.
Irish-American political prisoners, ii. 126—134.
Irish system, the, i. 297, 298, 347, 368, 370, 391 ; ii. 458—464.
Isaacson, Superintendent, ii. 92, 270, 271.
Ishikawa Prison, i. 377.
Isolation, *see* Cellular Separation.
Italy ; medical philosophers, i. 17, 20 ; prisons, i. 281 ; modern prisons, i. 296 ; juvenile offenders, ii. 428.
Itinerant musicians, ii. 171.

Jack the Rippers, false, i. 67.
Jackson, the murderer, ii. 284, 314.
Japanese prisons, i. 376—385.
Jeapes, the "barmy," ii. 253.
Jeffresonville Prison, i. 436.
Jeffreys, Miss, the murderess, ii. 224.
Jews, ii. 156, 205.
Johnson, Jane, ii. 19.
Joliet Prison, i. 437.
Juvenile crime, ii. 347—439.

Kafka, Israel, ii. 158.
Kaiserwerth Institution, ii. 420.
Karlskrona Prison, i. 362.
Kasbah, the, i. 394.
Kazan Prison, i. 410, 412.
Kelly escapes, ii. 315.
Kennan, Mr. George, i. 119, 397—413.
Kent, Constance, the murderess, ii. 10.
Kentucky, the prisons of, i. 469.
Keys, false, i. 85.
Keys of the prison, the, i. 156, 159.
Kilcoursie, Col., i. 127.
Kingsmill, the Rev. Mr., *quot.*, i. 271.
Knight, Captain, ii. 458.
Knout, the, i. 419.
Koé agricultural settlement, i. 231.
Kolosvar Reformatory, ii. 399.
Krapotkine, Prince, i. 179—182.

Labour, *see* Industries.
Labour camp at St. Louis, i. 205.
Lacenaire, the murderer, i. 28 ; ii. 280.
Lampson, the murderer, ii. 13.
Landskrona Fortress Prison, i. 362.
Langholmen Prison, i. 362.
Languages, the faculty of learning, i. 33.
Lanin, Mr. E. B., *quot.*, i. 404, 411.
La Pommerais, the murderer, i. 28.
Lauvergne, Dr., *quot.*, i. 90.
Lavine, the prince of long-firm swindlers, ii. 91—104.
Lawlessness in Spanish prisons, i. 328—331.
Leary, the juvenile thief, ii. 353.
Lease system of hiring prison labour, the, i. 454.
Lecat, Rosalie, ii. 6.
Left-handedness, i. 25.
Legaineux, the detective, ii. 293.
Le Grice, Mrs., ii. 47—64.
Lepoglava Prison, i. 368.
Lesage, the murderer, i. 28.
Lipari, i. 298, 299.
Lisbon Prison, i. 364.
Livingston, Mr. Edward, the American philanthropist, ii. 436.
Lloyd, the escape of Annie, ii. 333.
Lofthouse Farm School, the outbreak at, ii. 379—388.
Lombroso, Dr. Cesare, anthropologist, i. 17, 20 ; ii. 226, 227.
Long-firm swindlers, the prince of, ii. 91—104.
Louvain Prison, i. 264.
Lucas, M. Chas., i. 272, 288.
Lucipia, M., i. 177, 178.
Ludwigsburg, i. 257.

Lusk Farm Prison, i. 242; ii. 459.
Lynching, i. 479.
Lynds, Elam, ii. 496.

MACÉ, M., *quot.*, i. 32.
Maconochie, Capt., and the mark system, i. 159, 274.
Madrid Prison, i. 341; mutiny, i. 150.
*Maison de force*, i. 172.
Makeshift tools and weapons, *see* Tools.
Malingering, ii. 194—198.
Malmö Prison, i. 362.
Man-hunters, ii. 302, 303.
Mannings, the, i. 28; ii. 6.
Marburg Prison, i. 243.
Marchandon, the murderer, ii. 234.
Marchiondi Spagliardi School at Milan, ii. 429.
Mark system, the, i. 159.
*Martinet*, the, i. 223.
Marwood, Miss, assault on, ii. 47.
Mary-Cliquet, the forger, i. 93.
Maryland, the prisons of, i. 440.
Maschio Dungeon, i. 283.
Mayer, experiences of M., i. 205.
Mendicants, prison, i. 324.
Menesclou, the murderer, i. 28.
Meredith's Home, Mrs., ii. 9.
Mettray, ii. 365, 413—416; the Dutch, ii. 427.
Michigan City Prison, i. 436.
Midgeroo, the man-hunter, ii. 303.
Milan Prison, i. 296; Reformatory, ii. 429.
Mild measures, effects of, i. 10.
Militarism, ii. 416.
Military guard, mutiny of a, i. 145.
Milius, Baron, i. 184.
Millbank, ii. 21; attempted escape, ii. 311, 333.
Millinery, ingenious prison, ii. 63.
Mississippi Prison, i. 468.
Mittermaier, Prof., i. 247.
Moabit Prison, i. 247—256.
Mobsmen, swell, i. 34.
Modena Prison, i. 293.
Montesinos, Col., i. 252, 334.
Moral hospital, the, i. 11.
Moral insensibility of criminals, i. 28.
Moreux, the murderer, ii. 233.
Morocco prisons, i. 394.
Mouatt, Dr., ii. 376, 377.
Mountjoy Prison, ii. 459.
Munich Prison, i. 250.
Murder cases, i. 28, 203, 207, 226, 352; ii. 216—240, *et seq.*; female, ii. 9, *et seq.*
Music for prisoners, i. 6, 12, 33, 202.
Mutilation of limb, i. 25, 395.
Mutiny, i. 150, 444; of a guard, i. 145.

"NAKED PEOPLE" in Siberia, the, i. 417.
Native runners in Australia, ii. 303.
Neapolitan prisons, the old, i. 282.
Negro convicts, i. 467, 476.
Nertchinsk silver mines, i. 425.
New Caledonia, i. 4, 197, 231, *et seq.*
Newcastle, Delaware, prison at, i. 438.
New Hampshire prisons, i. 438.
New Orleans prisons, i. 468.
Niche Prison, i. 367.
Nicholson, Dr., Superintendent of Broadmoor, ii. 214.
Nicolaus old prison, i. 290.
Nicotera, Signor, i. 299.
Nikosia Prison, i. 374.
Nisida island prison, i. 284, 301—313.
Nocturnal adventure, a, i. 157.
Norfolk Island, i. 66, 147.
Norman, Mr., visits a Japanese prison, i. 377.
Norway, the prisons of, i. 359; juvenile offenders, ii. 430.
Nottingham Gaol, daring escape from, ii. 313.
Noumea Convict Depôt, i. 197—204; ii. 290, 292.
Nuremberg Prison, i. 253.
Nurses, prisoners as, 50.
Nya Varfoet Prison, i. 362.

OBERMAIER, Herr, i. 250—252.
Ocaña Presidio, i. 343.
O'Connor, Capt. Underwood, ii. 127.
Offenders, first, i. 8; habitual, i. 10; juvenile, ii. 347—439.

On-Tsong-Lien on Chinese Prisons, i. 390.
Organ, Mr., ii. 464.
Orton, the Claimant, ii. 84.
Oscar of Sweden, Prince, i. 361; ii. 432.
Oscar-Josephine Society, the, ii. 432.
Ourail Agricultural Settlements, i. 204.
Outbreaks, i. 143—147; ii. 379.
Overcrowding in Russian prisons, i. 411—414; in American prisons, i. 435.
Owen, the Denham murderer, ii. 224.
Oxford Gaol, an escape from, ii. 314.

PACINI, Prof., i. 285.
Pain, insensibility to, i. 25.
Palermo, the old prison at, i. 285.
Pallister's escape from Sing Sing Prison, ii. 294, *note*.
Palma Presidio, in Majorca, i. 343.
Palmer, the murderer, ii. 13.
Pankraz Nasle Prison, i. 243.
Papal prisons, the old, i. 289.
Paris, Prison Society, i. 2; Prison Congress at, i. 38; prisons, i. 176.
Parkhurst Act, the, ii. 355.
Parma prisons, i. 293.
Parole system of Ohio, the, i. 445.
Passing food, i. 105.
Passports, forged, i. 91.
Pasteboard chapels, i. 96.
Patriots, i. 295.
Peace, Charles, the murderer, i. 30; ii. 137, 218, 230, 232, 284.
Pellico, Silvio, i. 273, 295.
Penal servitude, ii. 457—460, 467.
Pentonville Prison, i. 254; ii. 308, 442.
Pepe, Peseta, i. 110, 117.
Peri, Signor, i. 292.
Perm Prison, i. 412.
Petersen, Mr., i. 360.
Petit, the aristocrat, i. 33; ii. 107, 311.
Philadelphia Prison, i. 435.
Philanthropic Society, ii. 355, 364.
Photograph, effects of a, i. 30.
Physiognomy, criminal, i. 22.
Pianosa Agricultural Colony, i. 322.
Piedmontese prisons, i. 290, 291.
Pillory, the, i. 438.
Pilsen Prison, i. 243.
Pittsburg, Prison Congress at, i. 2.
Plank box, the, i. 443.
Plato, for prisoners, i. 6.
Plews, *alias* Bonsor, ii. 285, 322—330.
Pocket-money, an incentive to industry, i. 245.
Poerio, Carlo, i. 284.
Poisoners, ii. 12, 14.
Pojarevatz Prison, i. 367.
Police, the, ii. 87, 350.
Pommerais, Comte de la, ii. 233.
Popple, Maimie, ii. 338.
Porcari, Baron, i. 283.
Poronai Prison, i. 384.
Porteous, i. 128—142.
Porter, Mr. R. P., i. 475.
Portland, ii. 473.
Portugal, the prisons of, i. 363—366.
Postponed sentences, the system of, i. 8.
Powell, Capt. J. C., *quot.*, i. 66, 470; ii. 301.
Prado, the murderer, ii. 230.
Pranzini, the murderer, i. 33.
Pratt Mines, prisons at the, i. 465.
Prefecture, the depôt of the, i. 177.
Presidios, the Spanish, i. 342—345.
Prevention better than cure, ii. 347.
Prevention of Crimes Act, ii. 464.
Priests, sculpture by two convict, i. 361.
Prince of thieves, the, i. 49.
Princetown Prison Farm, ii. 476.
Prins, M., i. 277.
Prison Act of 1865, the, ii. 443; of 1877, ii. 448.
Prison Congresses, i. 2.
Prison outbreaks, i. 143.
Prison science, progress of, i. 1.
Prison Societies, i. 2.
Prisoners as nurses, i. 50; as warders, i. 332; female, i. 41.
Probation of first offenders, i. 8.
Progress of prison science, i. 1.
Progressive system, the, i. 240,

297, 355, 360, 368, 369, 380; ii. 466.
Prussia, prisons of, i. 253; juvenile offenders, ii. 420.
"Psychopath," Babinsky's definition of a, i. 17.
Ptitsin, M., i. 415—417.
Public works, ii. 467, 472, 473.
Pucci, Signor, i. 320, 321.
Puncheon, Jasper, *alias* Lavine, ii. 91—104.
Punishment of female prisoners, i. 471; ii. 19.

QUEX, the grumbler, ii. 199.

RABBITS of Nisida, the, i. 303.
Rachel, Mme., ii. 11.
Railway, a convict's, ii. 484.
Railway trucks robbed, ii. 389.
Rat, a tame, ii. 273.
Ratibor Prison, i. 256.
Rauhe Haus at Horn, the, i. 254; ii. 421—425.
Razors, makeshift, i. 86.
Realff, i. 73—85.
Rebellious outbreaks, i. 145.
*Récidivist* Eldorado, a, i. 226.
Recke, Count von der, ii. 420.
Reconvictions, ii. 469.
Red uniform at Nisida Prison, i. 304.
Redhill Farm School, ii. 354, 363.
Reformatories, ii. 355—393.
Refusal to work, i. 36.
Religious sentiment in female prisoners, ii. 27.
Remission of time, i. 36, 445; ii. 468.
Remorse, i. 28, 29.
Rendsburg Prison, i. 256.
Reprisals by Siberian peasants, i. 421.
Revengeful temper, i. 110, 114, 117.
Ribot, M., i. 239.
Riel, the murderer of Mme., ii. 9.
Rimbauer, the murderer, ii. 220.
Road-making, i. 232, 344.
Rogues in prosperity, ii. 89.
Rohlf's escape from Sing Sing, ii. 294, *note*.
"Roll on Time," ii. 283.
Rome, Congress at, i. 2, 38.
Ronkawichnikow Reformatory, ii. 434.
Roquette, La Grande, ii. 312; La Petite, ii. 410.
Rossa, O'Donovan, ii. 127.
Roumanian prisons, i. 366.
Round, Mr., i. 434.
Rufford Road, ii. 174—189.
"Runners" in Australia, ii. 303.
Ruse, a trafficker's, i. 111.
Rush, the murderer, ii. 225.
Rusk Prison, i. 469.
Russia, i. 4, 121; prisons, i. 396—428; juvenile offenders, ii. 433.
Russian Count, the, ii. 81.
Rusty nails, i. 86.

SAFE, opening a, i. 87.
Safety Islands, the, i. 187.
Saghalien Penal Colony, i. 425.
St. Elmo Fortress Prison, i. 310.
St. Gilles Prison, i. 262, 269.
St. Lazare, i. 176.
St. Louis, Prison Congress at, i. 2; labour camp at, i. 205.
St. Petersburg, Prison Congress at, i. 2, 380; central prison, i. 403.
St. Vincent de Paul, i. 165.
Saladero, the, i. 338.
San Sebastian Prison, i. 341.
Sañtona Presidio, i. 343.
San Quentin Prison, i. 436.
Savage, a, ii. 174—189.
Saxony, the prisons of, i. 256.
Scalia, Signor Beltrani, i. 281, 290, 296.
Schaperson, the much ill-used, ii. 110—126.
Schools of Detention, ii. 373.
Schusselberg, the "stone bags" of the, i. 5.
Scougal, *quot.*, 1. 6.
Scraps of iron, value of, i. 86.
Secret despatch, the, i. 118.
Secret Society in Siberia, a, i. 119.
Self-interment, ii. 298, 299.
Self-mutilation, i. 25—27.
Semaphore worked by convicts, a, ii. 485.
Semi-liberty towards end of sentence, i. 240.
Sentences, i. 8—11.
Servian prisons, i. 367—370.